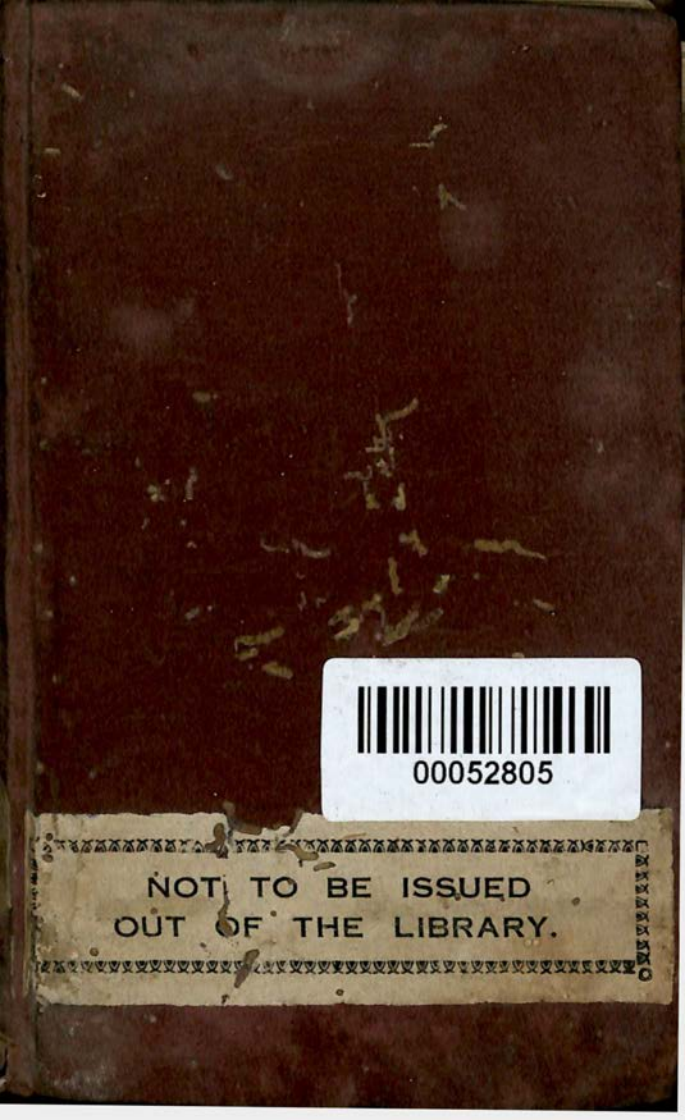
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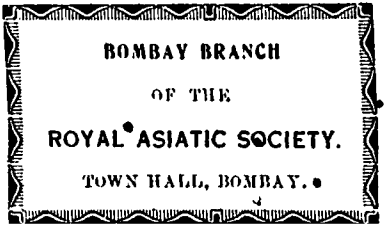

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THE POEMS

POSTHUMOUS AND COLLECTED

OF

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

VOL. I.

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MEMOIR.

ALTHOUGH the following Memoir has certainly not been prepared under any impression of its being extensively needed, the very favourable reception accorded successively to the dramas of *The Brides' Tragedy* and *Death's Jest-Book*, on their first appearance, by a certain class of readers, may yet warrant the belief, that, to such at least, some account of their author will prove acceptable. In publishing therefore this, the concluding, portion of his poetical remains, the friend on whom that office has devolved, and who feels it due to the deceased to append a few explanations in regard to its performance, readily avails himself of the occasion to satisfy, as far as lies in his power, those fair and honest claims of the living, which are involved in a fine apprehension and generous admiration of genius,—the rights of spiritual kindred to the valued privileges of intimacy. He would fain also do his endeavour to connect the memory of the dead workman with his living works, by something more real and distinctive than the letters of a name. Addressed to this double object, and with the favourable circle for which alone it is designed, the editor has no fear that

his biographical attempt will be deemed too minute, or its tone exaggerated: for, though far from intending to make his sketch a vehicle for eulogistic criticism, he will not, by disguising his own estimate of the compositions he has been mainly instrumental in giving to the press, screen himself from the blame of that mistake—if mistake it be—at the expense of others but little chargeable with it,—of him especially who is, of all, the least so, their innocent and unconscious author. It is indeed matter of unfeigned regret with the memorialist, that the duty has not devolved on one with ampler materials at command, and with more skill for their employment. From various causes which have intervened, there seems however no alternative between the present biographer and none. Let this knowledge conciliate the reader; and forestall his disappointment at finding that, for the history of a man of singular genius, and of great attainments, whose life extended over little less than half a century, the collections extant are of so scanty a description. That life was divided into two nearly equal, and almost disconnected, portions,—the first passed in this country, the latter, and incomparably more important, abroad,—and each within a different circle of social and personal influences. Of the earlier period, one in which a youth is necessarily much estranged from home by the ordinary course of education, it so happens that not a single person now remains, from whom a continuous, circumstantial narrative could be expected: and school or college associates, competent at best to speak but to their own detached experiences, are unknown, scattered, dead: whilst of the second portion of his

existence the full and authentic annals must be sought exclusively in foreign lands and languages, and amongst persons who are, in the main, almost (many of them altogether) unknown to his earlier friends. With two or three however of his English intimates he always maintained an unreserved, though fluctuating, intercourse by letter: and it is in the records of this correspondence, diminished somewhat in the lapse of years, that the more vivid and characteristic lineaments of the portraiture here sought to be presented, especially in its later aspect, will alone be found. Such as it is, the editor submits his sketch as the best he is enabled to offer: fully conscious of its inadequacy, but assured that, with all who have felt the spell of the poet's verse, the further revelations of his mind can not fail to deepen the impression of its originality and power.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, author of *The Brides' Tragedy* and *Death's Jest Book*, was, both intellectually and in regard to worldly position, well descended; being the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Beddoes of Clifton, a man of vigorous and accomplished mind and large philosophic views—popularly known as Sir Humphrey Davy's early friend and introducer,—and of Anna, third daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth Esq. of Edgeworth-town, Ireland, and consequently sister of Maria Edgeworth, the distinguished novelist. The Beddoes family, originally of Welsh extraction, had long been settled in Shropshire, in which county the Dr. was born, and where he and his son successively inherited and transmitted a moderate landed property. Having been carefully educated for the

higher branch of the medical profession, Dr. Beddoes graduated M. D. at Oxford, and was soon afterwards elected to the Chemical Lectureship in that University, —a chair which he occupied with energy and ability for several years, greatly elevating its utility and importance. He ultimately established himself at Clifton, with which place he had become accidentally connected as the founder of the Pneumatic Institution; and where he acquired an extensive practice, and earned an European reputation as a bold and original inquirer, and successful experimentalist in physical science. So extensive was the range of his investigations, and so unremitting their pursuit in every direction offering the prospect of a practical benefit to his fellow creatures, —so versatile and numerous his speculations, embracing also many a political and social question of stirring interest in those days of energy and convulsion,—that the *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Beddoes M. D. with an analytical account of his writings*, published by Dr. Stock in 1811, constitute a bulky quarto; an interesting volume in itself, and not the least so to readers of a later day, who, better acquainted with the son, will recognize the distinguishing features of *his* character, there combined as unmistakeably, as are those of his external likeness in the portrait of the father prefixed to the work. Deeply bedded in the nature of each, there rises nakedly to view a certain sturdy independence and paramount love of truth, which, not caring to wear the graces of superficial ornament, and ill-according with the artificial compromises of society, resisted like a rock whatever took the form of an aggression on the liberty of man. From conviction as

well as temperament they were both earnest and consistent liberals, heartily and without the least care as to personal results, throwing themselves into the dangerous arena of political contention in times of remarkable excitement: the father at home, as a pamphleteer on the popular side during the early stage of the first French Revolution,—and the son in our own time, through many adverse years, aiding with voice and hand the labouring cause of national regeneration on the Alps and Rhine. And yet both alike devoid of political ambition, and led by the strongest natural bent to the culture of two more quiet and elevated fields of thought, either of which might have sufficed an undivided regard,—those namely of Medical Philosophy and Poetic Art. For successful achievement in both these provinces, so often exhibited as alien, if not adverse to each other, but with the sanction at least of old mythology rightly combined in the higher minds, the faculty and power was to each of them largely given; though certainly not developed in the same relative proportions. A succession of absorbing physiological investigations, induced by the scientific requirements of a profession to which he was enthusiastically devoted, gave to the father's mind an absolutely philosophic character: the flights of verse in which it sought occasional indulgence, were those of a doubtful, unaccustomed wing, and were fettered by the conventional and torpid style of the day: and it is but indirectly,—in the animated, though accurate, descriptions of the phenomena of disease, and in the vivid, and often sublime language with which its philosophic speculations are invested,—that the penetrative force of its

imaginative faculty is adequately felt. With the son, the direction of whose mind was less governed by external circumstances and was swayed to either poetry or science by little but its own native impulse, this disproportion in their influences was apparently reversed: the poetic faculty alone bore fruit: but the strong, masculine understanding in which it was rooted, put forth eventually other shoots of sturdier growth, which, though they attained not to the flowering period, bore witness to the affinity of the soils, whose dissimilar produce indicated merely the differing order of their cultivation. Under any aspect the kindred depth and vigour of either mind was plainly apparent, and gave rise alike to the highest expectations in those who came within its sphere: expectations, which alike, by the earthly extinction of each, in the very maturity of its ripened faculties, were not allowed to be fully realized.

The subject of this memoir was born in Rodney Place, Clifton, on the 20th July 1803: and in 1809 Dr. Beddoes died, leaving his son to the guardianship of an old college friend and associate in philosophic investigations, Mr. Davies Giddy, under his after-name of Sir Davies Gilbert, the well-known president of the Royal Society. By this gentleman young Beddoes was placed at the Bath Grammar School; and from thence, in June 1817, removed to the Charter-house, where he at once obtained a high standing in the 5th form: and here he steadily progressed until his removal to Oxford, being then 2nd boy in the school. His reputation, during this part of his scholastic career, was considerable: in the first or second year of his

novitiate he obtained the Latin theme prize allotted to the fifth form: and (in the words of a senior school-fellow, wholly unconnected with Beddoes and his family,) "he was considered a very clever boy, not very fond "of society or the usual games of school-boys." This latter peculiarity, arising from no morose or morbid disposition,—for sentimental, as indeed every other, affectation was through life most distasteful to his nature, and he entered readily and without reserve at all times into the amusements and pursuits of those with whom he voluntarily associated,—was but the outward sign of an awakened mind whose craving appetite was elsewhere seeking its congenial food,—in the absorbing study of our older and more imaginative literature, with which he must have acquired an early familiarity. And not only thus: since he certainly had at that time begun to be himself a writer of verse: note-books inscribed, and dating from his first year, at Charter-house, filled with poetic compositions, betray the nature of his employment: he stands committed as a contributor (July 1819) to the columns of the Morning Post: and his first published volume must even then have been in preparation. Many of his poetical MSS., including one piece now printed, are written in so boyish a hand, (quite unlike the masculine character of his later writing,) that there can be no mistake in ascribing them to this early period. In May 1820 Beddoes left Charter-house for Oxford, and was entered a commoner at Pembroke, which had been the college of both his father and Sir Davies Gilbert. Of the ensuing period of his life, the Academic, the record must be scanty, from the sheer dearth of ma-

terial. Several of his contemporaries at Pembroke doubtless remain to whom his name would be familiar, for he was not one to be overlooked in any society, into which the mood might take him: but his intimates, then as subsequently, were few, and the only college friend with whom he appears to have held (certainly to have preserved) a great degree of intimacy, was one who preceded him, by several years, to the grave. With this gentleman, the late Mr. John G. H. Bourne, in after-life Chief-Justice of Newfoundland, from whom Beddoes and the present writer have, almost from that very period, been separated by the course of events, (a man of literary and accomplished mind displayed in various kinds of authorship, and who always avowed the highest estimate of the worth and genius of his friend,) he kept up an unremitting correspondence: of this however not a vestige now remains. It certainly appears that Beddoes obtained no Academic distinction; and almost as certainly that he did not strive for it: perhaps he wanted, or suppressed, the wish; deeming that his true vocation, with the promptings to which his thoughts were then busy, was to be found upon a wider stage. It was in 1821, whilst yet a freshman, that he first appeared as an avowed author, in a little volume of poems, entitled *The Improvisatore*, a duodecimo of 128 pages, printed, and published with his name at Oxford: and dedicated (a young author's proudest filial tribute) to his Mother. In its quality the verse is what all so very juvenile inevitably *must* be; the main portion of it, in matter and style, indicating the ascendancy of Byron and Moore in the literary heaven of the day, but, by

here and there, a dash of novelty in thought and quaintness in expression, not wholly forbidding the expectation of a worthier sequence. The best part of the publication consists of a series of sonnets, called by the author Quatorzains; a specimen of which is given in the appendix to the present volume. Of this little memento of his weakness, as he used to consider it, Beddoes soon became thoroughly ashamed: and long before he left Oxford, he suppressed the traces of its existence, carrying the war of extermination into the bookshelves of his acquaintance; where, as he chuckled to record, it was his wont to leave, intact in its externals, (some gay binding perhaps of his own selection,) but thoroughly eviscerated, every copy on which he could lay his hands. This false dawn was now however about to be lost in the brightness of the real: the second year of his Academic novitiate (1822) witnessed the production, if not the total composition, of *The Brides' Tragedy*, the publication of which was offered to and undertaken by, Messrs. Rivington. From these successive performances of his own, and the kindly interest which he expresses, in the prefatory remarks to the latter of them, for those of many of his dramatic contemporaries, may be readily inferred the purely literary nature of the studies, which then possessed him, and which were necessarily incompatible with the systematic courses of an University. For the honours of the schools,—always lightly, perhaps too lightly, esteemed by him,—he realized in exchange the literary pre-eminence with the undergraduates of Pembroke, and the marvellously-early leaf of a greener and more enduring laurel. Celebrity, in any adequate in-

terpretation of the term, is, it is true, rarely achieved by single works of even greater pretension, outwardly and inwardly, than *The Brides' Tragedy;* and to the general reader of poetry that work, doubtless acceptable in its turn with other poetic novelties, and with regard to the writer's youth appearing a very cleverly-precocious performance, still most probably was nothing more. All however, which, in the nature of things, it was entitled, or could be permitted, to win for its author, it successfully and at once accomplished. It drew forth loud and clear notes of praise, from those whose trumpet-tones ever speak with an echo; by more than one critic high in authority, and in a strain which must have been almost startlingly gratifying to its young author, it was hailed as a production of large and genuine merit,—good in itself, still better in its promise; and this proclamation of its character, as a work of originality and power, raised him to a vantage-ground of noble rivalry with the foremost poets of the time. Amongst other such undeniable testimonies, *The Brides' Tragedy* obtained the rare distinction of critical and highly laudatory articles in the Edinburgh Review and the London Magazine, both at that time in the zenith of their influence; and which, as Beddoes soon afterwards found, had been contributed, in a spirit of generous admiration, by a distinguished dramatic poet, to whom he was personally unknown, but who, together with this public notice, then also extended to him the benefit of his private friendship.* The

* Mr. Procter will, it is hoped, forgive the above allusion, made to him and his alter idem, Barry Cornwall.

tribute however, most remarkable in itself and for the manner of its bestowal, which Beddoes' genius then received, was from the pen of the late George Darley, (a critic of fine talent, thoroughly conversant with our poetic and dramatic literature, and himself gifted with considerable poetic power,)* in his Letters to the Dramatists of the Day, a series then in course of publication in the London Magazine: where, at the close of a comprehensive and rather bloody assize held upon the post-Elizabethan play-wrights, he pauses to do homage to the great and unperverted merits of *The Brides' Tragedy;* a verdict given, not so much for the sake of its author, (a consideration which might have dulled the edge of a separate article's laudation,) but as resulting inevitably from the principles of philosophic criticism, and so partaking of the more imposing character of a wide judicial sentence. This remarkable notice, so calculated at all events to influence the aims and studies of its youthful subject at this critical period of his career, becomes almost a necessary feature in his biography, and as such is reprinted in the appendix.

It was in the summer of 1823 that the editor became acquainted with Beddoes, on his coming to Southampton, the former's then residence, in order to read for his Bachelor's degree, and when he brought an introduction from their common friend, Mr. Procter. This acquaintance, (Beddoes having no other,) soon ripened into intimacy; which led, in the daily inter-

* Witness, besides his avowed poetry, and more especially, The Voyage, the Ruelle, Olympian Revels, and other dramaticles published in the London Magazine of 1823.

course of several months, to an unreserved communication of his literary tastes and opinions, and his own poetical works and projects, and to consequent criticism and discussion: and from the insight thus obtained into the sphere of his mental powers, as much as from the poetic creations actually developed on its surface, was derived the editor's deep and lasting impression of their originality and strength. He appeared to carry on his Academic reading pretty steadily; but the vein of composition was then freely in flow, and the course of regular study doubtless suffered encroachment; more especially as the hours allotted to exercise and social intercourse,—often and often combined in the fine evenings and even nights of a beautiful season in that attractive neighbourhood,—were rarely invaded. And truly it was at this period of his life, more perhaps than any other, with the delicious sense of the laurel freshly twined around his head, and the more intoxicating consciousness of the potent faculty gathering strength within, that Beddoes considered himself as entered on the poet's shining track. He certainly gave himself, with untiring ardour, to the nightly (perhaps daily) company of one, the most impassioned, of the Muses, and found apparently an increasing satisfaction in the intercourse. His poetic composition was then exceedingly facile: more than once or twice has he taken home with him at night some unfinished act of a drama, in which the editor had found much to admire, and, at the next meeting, has produced a new one, similar in design, but filled with other thoughts and fancies, which his teeming imagination had projected, in its sheer abundance, and not from any feel-

ing, right or fastidious, of unworthiness in its predecessor. Of several of these very striking fragments, large and grand in their aspect as they each started into form,

Like the red outline of beginning Adam,

and not unworthy indeed to be associated with that Sistine creation of Michael Angelo, the only trace remaining is literally the impression thus deeply cut into their one observer's mind. The fine verse just quoted is the sole remnant, indelibly stamped on the editor's memory, of one of these extinct creations. Of two others, a dimly-remembered outline of the intended plot, and their appropriate and emphatic titles,—*Love's arrow poisoned*, and *The Last Man*—are the only tokens now left of their having once had a shadowy existence. These abrupt desertions were however not attributable to fickleness of character or infirmity of purpose in the author, but rather, it may be fairly admitted, to that deficiency in the circle of his powers, not less obvious to himself than to his most discerning critic,—namely of the faculty for construction of a story and the development of character therefrom. The want of this plastic skill was sure to make itself felt in the progress of his work, creating difficulties which "the proud full sail of his great verse" only rendered more perplexing: and then, as the simplest mode of escape from the non dignus vindice nodus, recourse was had by the disgusted poet to this Alexandrine method of excision. It is the wont of young play-wrights in general to delight in the home-manufacture of plot and story: unlike the profounder teachers of the Art,—the Greek triad, the delineators of Macbeth and Lear, of Wallen-

stein and the Cenci,—they are loth to take, from the open store-house of historic fact and popular belief, the simple but expressive outlines which await only the master's hand to invest them with life and substance: and Beddoes, at all times rejoicing in the exercise of creative power, carried its tyrannic function into every province of dramatic Art. There was characteristic wilfulness in this; there was pride perhaps; but not vanity,—a passion with him ever too weak to impel or direct his poetic faculty. He was never a writer on merely personal themes: from the period when he had fairly entered on Parnassian ground, his powers were directed, with fixed aim and purpose, to the accomplishment of what should be general and true as works of Art, endowed with a substantive existence apart from the author's: and his own mind, fused into creative fervour, was poured, bright or turbid but ever objectively, into the larger moulds of imaginative form. The field he had selected, in preference to all others, was the Drama; which, if requiring, for the complete development of its wealth, more varied powers than he possessed, was still the best adapted for calling forth, in its direct relation to Man and the troubled inner world, the deeply tragic elements of his poetic nature: and here he systematically set himself to work, with the singleness of purpose and untiring zeal of a youthful devotee. In this year, and the two following, was produced the great bulk of what poetry he has left, besides much that has been destroyed or lost. To destroy, with so many authors the most painful and difficult of tasks, was to him not less easy than to produce: a passage or a scene, if, on a comprehensive

view, it appeared superfluous or misplaced, was never spared from destruction for its own inherent beauty. More than one inspired passage in *Death's Jest-book* was, on this account, left with the fatal mark of condemnation; (e. g. Ziba's very striking legend of the origin of his race, and large portions of the two noble soliloquies of the Duke at the end of the 2nd scenes of Acts I. and II.) but to carry out the sentence was beyond the Editor's severity of judgment. This unhesitating sacrifice of partial, but inaccordant, beauty, despite its claims to a parental forbearance, though indicative perhaps more characteristically of the *man*, in his freedom from vanity, and, latterly, in his indifference to poetic fame, is still also among the surest tests of the true artistic mind. What he did, he was anxious to do well, in itself and for itself: the finely sculptured statue was his aim—in the nobler parts, in the total expression,—not at all the inscription of his name upon the pedestal. He was a poet from strong internal impulse, and delight in its indulgence; and when these deserted him, he became, though personal distinction lay unquestionably at all times within his reach, "contented with oblivion." Under such eclipse of the inner light, however, he had then no thought of falling; and pleasure led him through his flowery tasks with the resistless instinct of the sunny bee. To show the earnestness of his present devotion, by the minute attention which so impetuous a muse did not disdain to give to the security of her footing, an extract of memoranda, made for his own guidance in the mechanics of dramatic Art, is here printed from one of his early note-books: the dramatis personæ, which it

refers to, being characters in his abandoned tragedy of *Love's arrow poisoned.*

"The words of each speaker to be, if possible, always characteristic: e. g.

Those of *Leonigild,* dark, deep, and treacherous: with an occasional simulation of candour; varied by bursts of venomous sarcasm and unholy ridicule; with a roughness of phrase.

Ziba: solemn, antique, mysterious and authoritative; with an antiquity of phrase.

Melchior: rude, coarse, and daring.

Luca: the prose of a foolish old man.

Aurelio: poetical from love or indignation: impassioned; with cadences of gentler feeling.

Erminia: of more gentle innocence; soft and poetical, ascending to pure sublimity of feeling at the end.

The king: majestically high: in adversity confiding in his fortune.

Marcia: Bold and ambitious,—wordily so. Eight or nine variations to be observed.

Character might also be discriminated by appropriating to each mask, if possible, a peculiar style of versification; and metaphors drawn from certain circumstances of nature or art; by a delicacy, or boldness, of language; by distributing to one the antique, to another idiomatic English, to a third latinity &c. to confine inversions, open ëds and parentheses to one &c.

Strength and abruptness of versification, compression of style, rough words, metaphors from night and the tomb, ruin, storms &c. for *Leonigild.*

Continual reference to ancient things and events; strange words, wildness of imagery, a sweeping and enthusiastic style of versification,—like an anthem, rising and swelling,—for the old *Arab.*

Marstonic lines for *Melchior;* metaphors of hell, lower animals: try the effect of using no epithets.

Erminia; golden lines, carefully modulated; soft and tender expressions; metaphors from the beautiful and elegant; more fancy than imagination; gentle and delicate words,—concetti,—"

Of the personal and social bearing of Beddoes, at this time, a slight outline cannot here be misplaced or unacceptable. The most obvious feature of his character then, and indeed at all times afterwards, was its manly, uncompromising independence. On all speculative and literary topics his judgments and opinions were self-evolved; tinctured more or less, as the feeding mind needs must be, with the juices of its pastures, but still the digested product of his own mental action. At that early age,—for he was yet in his minority,—he had made himself master of the whole range of our imaginative literature, and of much in the dead and foreign languages,—and that too in the proper meaning of the word: he had sifted, and sorted, and weighed the various mass, with a discriminating sagacity and firmness of hand, which now, after a lapse of nearly 30 years, and when the editor's own critical estimates have probably been corrected and matured, still appear to him as indicating in the youthful poet a strength and solidity of judgment, as remarkable in their precocity as any of his finer gifts of genius. To the transient popularities of the day, such as might form the undergraduate's literary creed, a mind so idoloclastic would show but little homage: on the contrary, its heterodox tendencies, doubtless sometimes mischievously pushed to extremes, must often have ruffled the

critical harmony of Pembroke. In one of his letters of that period he says significantly: "I saw ——, (the "greatest fool within the walls of my acquaintance,) "the other night, at Oxford, repeating the whole of "The Deformed in raptures. God forgive him!" In these honest, if mistaken, protests against popular favouritism, it may be confidently asserted, there was no leaven of personal jealousy: indeed he was always on the watch to hail and welcome the appearance of any meritorious novelty, more especially in his own province of the tragic drama. Of one such production of the day, 'Montezuma,' the author of which was quite unknown to him, he volunteered a very friendly review for the Oxford Magazine; and wrote his poem of Pygmalion as a bribe, he says, for its insertion. There is little in the anecdotage of poets, more agreeable than the disclosure of their tastes and preferences in regard to other poetry than their own: and such are often indirectly tests and exponents of the true quality of the inspiration breathing in themselves. Among the contemporaries of Beddoes, those whom he ranked foremost, for imaginative power and all the finer poetic endowments, were Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats: to the first, his was an unbiassed homage, given of right and willingly: but doubtless his heart was more with the other twain, whose attraction for the author of The Brides' Tragedy, those who are familiar with the impassioned poetry of that work, and with theirs, will not be at a loss to apprehend: and in them his delight was habitual, genial, and complete. The singularly original and intense character of the poetry of Keats, —in his Hyperion, his Lamia, and all the other mar-

vels, especially the odes, which were too lavishly showered from that little golden book, as pearls among the servum pecus and their kindred drivers, possessed a peculiar fascination for the mind of Beddoes; and traces of its influence are discernible in one of his compositions, the Pygmalion,—the sole instance of a direct impress from another mind, in the whole compass of the latter's poetry. It was not surprising therefore that he should fling his heaviest stone of abuse against an age, whose indignities,—half insult, half neglect,—towards one of its most gifted poets had silenced his voice for ever, and still checked the posthumous publication of his remains. The admiration and delight of Beddoes however fully rested in Shelley alone; in the imaginative force and richly varied harmonies of all his wonderful verse; and more especially in The Cenci, in style so unlike its author's other writings, but which for its sustained power, its nobility of beauty, its grand simplicity of manner and its consummate mastery throughout, Beddoes then and at all times pronounced to be the great poetical achievement of the age, and indeed the very culminating point in the ascension of our literature since the death of Milton: and it was jealousy of the unfounded pre-eminence over Shelley, popularly awarded to Byron, that probably exasperated his criticism on the latter poet, and indeed every other of rival reputation. With those who partake his admiration of Shelley, it will be no unpleasing memento of Beddoes to learn that, finding the risk of expense to be a bar to the immediate publication of the posthumous poems, he offered, in conjunction with two other of the deceased poet's admirers, to incur the hazard: and

it was on their guarantee that the first edition of the posthuma, (that in one vol. 1824,) was published.* Amongst our poets of past ages, he was naturally most drawn to those who had occupied his own demesne,—the drama: and here, at whose shrine was to be offered the real homage of a devout study, there could be no room for choice. In his appreciation of Shakespeare therefore, not merely as the first minister of delight to the thirsters after the deep springs of poetry, but as the highest and soundest teacher of the principles of dramatic Art, no poetical student, English or German, could go beyond him. With our later dramatists,—all indeed except the Elizabethan,—his sympathies were scanty; and he had but little respect for their performances. Poetry, that merely touched the springs of sentiment, however richly and eloquently passionate, unless informed with imaginative intellect, was to him a thing of nought: he would neither accept, nor produce, it. It was the combination of these essential elements in the poetry of the Elizabethan dramatists, that made their best productions—those at least of the earlier of Shakespeare's contemporaries,—of Marlowe, Decker and Chapman, Marston, Webster and Tourneur,—who in this respect, although not in some other important qualifications as play-wrights, came nearest to their great exemplar,—such especial favourites with their young emulator of the nineteenth century. So akin indeed to these gifted

* The whole impression (excepting a few copies that had been distributed or sold) was almost immediately withdrawn by Mrs. Shelley, as part of an arrangement with Sir Timothy Shelley: but the object of Beddoes and his associates was not the less attained in the security and partial circulation of the poems.

writers was he in some of the prevailing elements of his genius, that, by a rather summary criticism, that similarity, developed in his works, has been attributed to direct imitation of theirs. If he was an imitator, it was unconsciously; nay, the resemblance, in aught that lay within the writer's control,—in all indeed, beyond the cognate poetic mind, (thought and passion in combination, the only true imaginative,)—was even in direct opposition to a cardinal axiom in his philosophy of the Art; namely, that the productions of a past age, however excellent and complete in themselves, cannot be more than stimulative and suggestive to the artist in the present; whose working models must ever be formed in the plastic, living material, and not taken from the marble of the tombs. With regard to the social features of Beddoes' character, it may be almost superfluous to say that, when it suited his company, he preferably indulged in literary discussion. Still, to the topic or pleasure of the hour, whatever it might chance to be, he would contribute his full quota: and always heartily, as one who had made up his mind that, not to seem, but *to live* was the essential function of Man. In the tête-à-tête pedestrian tour, or in the mixed circle, he was alike good company: his rich and energetic mind, wherever directed,—in quest of humorous or historic illustrations, of grotesque or poetic fancies, —did worthy service in quickening the atmosphere of thought. He was fond, too fond perhaps, of colloquial contest, (so rarely a decreasing fondness,) and certainly never disguised his estimate of his opponent's argument, as he desired no indulgence for his own: habitudes, which sometimes disturb the polished sur-

face of social intercourse, (though they neither need, nor should,) and assuredly ruffled not his own admirable temper. This latter quality indeed was more than habitual, it was integral with his nature; and, carried by him into all the relations and trials of life, it deserved a higher name. In his after-career, acquaintanceships and intimacies fell off from him, as they will from all; but these occasional sheddings never quickened into reptile life: simply what had ceased to satisfy, passed away from his mind, and he withdrew to something more congenial, or, oftener, into himself. Antipathies he had, both literary and personal, and strong ones, which he cared not to discard, but they never degenerated into enmities: whilst anger, resentment, captiousness, and the thousand forms of uncharitableness were excluded, as things too petty, from his capacious mind. To the sordid vices he was altogether a stranger; nay, to the acquisition of money even after the most allowable fashion, remarkably indifferent: and this, not from heedlessness or indolence, for he was a laborious student, but from sheer superiority to the pleasures and distinctions it confers: thus presenting the rather unusual spectacle of an Englishman in the nineteenth century, who, possessed of the faculties and position that command worldly advantage, was yet content to pass through life with a very moderate, almost philosophic, competence, wholly careless to increase it by any exertions of his own, and positively hostile to the serviceable intervention of family or social influence. In this summary representation of Beddoes, the editor has spoken honestly from his own convictions and those of all other friends, with whom he has communicated, and who

really knew the man. To the stranger, in after-years, his deportment and manner were frequently not winning, from the coldness and reserve so incident to a strong, self-involved nature, utterly indifferent to external favours and applause, and whose pride never took the form of obtrusiveness or pretension. His life however was simple, and thoroughly true to itself; ever, to its inmost depths, calm and imperturbable: and the dignity and grandeur, so conspicuous in his imaginative faculty, may be truly said to have entered largely into his whole being . . . To revert to smaller characteristic traits, it was impossible for any one to be less of an egotist in his discourse than was Beddoes, at that early period, and indeed at all times afterwards: he never alluded to the merely personal,—to matters relating to his family, or his own career, which might not unbecomingly have ministered to a little pardonable vanity: he never once spoke of Charter-house; he rarely mentioned Oxford: his own compositions were a topic, only when introduced by others, and which introduction he neither courted nor encouraged. Indeed his solicitude for his poetical offspring was always scant, and at length altogether failed. Many of them he ruthlessly destroyed; others he abandoned to way-side charity; a large portion of the present volume he did not, and would not, look at during the last twenty years of his life; and he died without making provision for the safety of any part of what has been posthumously published, except the hasty consignment of all to the absolute arbitrament, for life or death, of the present writer.

But this Memoir has at length reached the point,

where the mist of words that darken may be rolled aside, and Beddoes allowed, with his own photographic pen, to portray himself. Having returned to Oxford, he thus writes to Mr. Procter, alluding in his second letter to an expected visit from him and the editor.

5 *Novr.* 1823. Pemb. Coll.

"You really ought to come, for recollect this is Beaumont's College, and Sir Thomas Browne's; and over the way rare Ben domineered for some time with jolly Bishop Corbet, Cartwright and Randolph—and these are not all our phantoms; for is not Port at once a spirit and a red sea, still the Lord of "all the proctors, all the doctors," the master of Masters, and the mistress of Bachelors of arts? But I believe you are a greater admirer of Black tea her younger sister."

* * * * * *

Pemb. Coll. Thursday Evening,
Day of the month undiscovered.
(21 *November*, 1823.)

Your Shelleian diligence and news amply atone for all your sins of epistolary omission; though you have terribly frightened me about Charles I. I had looked for that fragment with great eagerness, having heard from some quarter that a Shakespearean clown had been introduced. To my mind the only error of the Cenci is, that its splendid author seemed to have the Greeks, instead of Shakespeare, as his model in his mind's eye: if he had followed the latter, I see no reason why he should not have been the second English dramatist. If I decipher your letter right, and I am not quite certain that I do, there is a translation of Euripides' Satyric drama, The Cyclops: I am glad of it, for the play, being almost an unique specimen of Greek *humour*, (*wit*, they had in abundance, but very little of the other, which is the soul of comedy, if wit is the mind,) deserves a

spirited translation, such as the poet in question and very few besides, could give. Part of the original is almost *Calibanic.*

What more have I to say, but that I shall remain here almost a month longer, and shall be greatly delighted to see you and K— at the end of your and his week. Pray come if you *can;* and I leave that possibility to your couple of consciences, not to your *fancies.*

From this time until May 1825, when he took his Bachelor's degree, he remained in England; sojourning at Oxford, at Clifton, with his family, or in London, where he kept lodgings for the convenience of occasional indulgence in literary or theatric inclinations; except during a few weeks of the summer of 1824, spent in an excursion to Florence, on account of his mother, there seeking the restoration of her health. Before his arrival she had died; and, remaining only a short time in Italy, he conducted his sisters back to England. By these cares, and by business connected with the attainment of his majority, the preparation for his Bachelor's degree was greatly interrupted; and he felt compelled in consequence to defer his examination till the time above specified. Of his literary tastes and pursuits, during this intervening period, an interesting glimpse is given in the following extracts from his correspondence.

Devereux Court, (Temple)

To the Editor. *February*, 1824.

* * * * * *

Spenser! you do him injustice: I was and am villainously ignorant of him: but I have bought him in folio, and intend to read him piece-meal. Beginning, as all rational

folks do, at the end, I stumbled on "Britain's Ida;" which is extremely like Keats, with a mixture of the Shakespearean play on words. I picked up Daniel too, who is certainly an unconquerable Alp of weariness: his tragedies would have delighted Voltaire; they are a good deal worse than Cato. I have finished the first act of a play; oh! so stupid. Procter has the brass to tell me that he likes that fool 'The last man.' I shall go on with neither: there are now three first acts in my drawer; when I have got two more I shall stitch them together, and stick the sign of a fellow tweedling a mask in his fingers, with "good entertainment for man and ass," understood, as the grammarians, (not the chrestomathic ones,) say.

* * * * * *

April, 1824.

Those three acts, which I cannot possibly show to any eye but that of Vulcan, are absolutely worthless; and you may imagine that I prize your good opinion too well to forfeit it knowingly. You may trust me that they are bad; if good, I should say so and send them, being convinced that the affectation of modesty is the hardest brass of impudence and self-conceit. Be satisfied that they are damnable.

Devereux Court,

To Mr. Procter. (*February*, 1824.)

I write this to leave at your eyrie, for my prophetic spirit tells me that I shall not find you in it. When am I to go with you to see Coleridge? When meet John Lacy? And so there is no answer to him in this month's London: when it does appear it may be signed John Lazy.

The two foregoing questions are meant to be answered, in what way you please: because I think of going out of town about the middle of next week for ten days or a fortnight. I hope you have been committing a murder or two since I saw you, or at least have been with the devil: if not, I cannot recommend you to mercy.

What is this Covent Garden tragedy? and whose? L E L's or Shiel's? or Grimaldi's?

I was at "Much ado" the other night and observed the good effect of the snip-snap system of dialogue, in the scene between Benedict and Beatrice after Hero's repudiation, (IV. I.) but it is only as a relief; and I really cannot like a plan which will go far to exclude poetry, all the tenderer passions, (which are proverbially garrulous,) and almost every thing like eloquence——(rest torn off.)

Bristol, *March* 3, (1824.)

I have just been reading your epistle to our Ajax Flagellifer, the bloody John Lacy: on one point, where he is most vulnerable, you have omitted to place your sting,—I mean his palpable ignorance of the Elizabethans, and many other dramatic writers of this and preceding times, with whom he ought to have formed at least a nodding acquaintance, before he offered himself as physician to Melpomene.

About Shakespeare you don't say enough. He was an incarnation of nature, and you might just as well attempt to remodel the seasons, and the laws of life and death, as to alter "one jot or tittle" of his eternal thoughts. "A star" you call him: if he was a star, all the other stage-scribblers can hardly be considered a constellation of brass buttons. I say he was an universe; and all material existence, with its excellences and defects, was reflected in shadowy thought upon the chrystal waters of his imagination, ever-glorified as they were by the sleepless sun of his golden intellect. And this imaginary universe had its seasons and changes, its harmonies and its discords, as well as the dirty reality; on the snow-maned necks of its winter hurricanes rode madness, despair, and "empty death, with the winds whistling through the white grating of his sides;" its summer of poetry, glistening through the drops of pity; and its solemn and melancholy autumn, breathing deep melody among the

"sere and yellow leaves" of thunder-stricken life, &c. &c. (see Charles Phillips's speeches and x. y. z. for the completing furbelow of this paragraph.)

By the 3rd scene of the 4th act of Macbeth, I conclude that you mean the dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff, which is only part of the scene; for the latter part, from the entrance of Rosse, is of course necessary to create an interest in the destined avenger of Duncan, as well as to set the last edge to our hatred of the usurper. The Doctor's speech is merely a compliment to the "right divine" of people in turreted night-caps to cure sores a little more expeditiously than Dr. Solomon; and is too a little bit of smooth chat, to show, by Macduff's manner, that he has not yet heard of his wife's murder.

I hope Guzman has grown since I saw him, and has improved in vice.

I shall be in London in about a week, and hope to find you in your Franciscan eyrie,— singing among the red brick boughs, and laying tragedy-eggs for Covent Garden market.

So you "think this last author will do something extraordinary:"—so do I too; I should not at all wonder, if he was to be plucked for his degree,—which would be quite delightful and new.

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This March wind has blown all my sense away, and so farewell.

Milan, *June* 8, (1824.)

If I do not dream this is the city of Sforza, and to-day I have seen a picture of his wife by Leonardo da Vinci. Paris, Lyons, Turin and Novara, and beautiful Chambery in its bed of vines; they have passed before me like the Drury Lane Diorama, and I almost doubt whether I have been sitting in the second tier or on the top of the diligence. Paris is far preferable to London as a place of amusement, and the manner of the lower orders is strikingly superior to that of their

island equals. I saw the opera; the ballet much better than ours, but the music was French; the house is not nearly so commodious or elegant as Drury Lane, and the painting and mechanism of their scenery is not so dextrous and brilliant. The Theatre della Scala in this city I have not yet seen; it is considered only inferior to the San Carlo at Naples. Savoy, from the French frontier to Chambery, is the most beautiful country I have yet seen; nothing between the Alps and Milan is equally rich, varied, and delightful: towards the Alps the vines grow thinner and give place at first to corn, then to ragged herbage, and finally mother earth hides her head under a coverlid of snow; and with their country and climate change the inhabitants,—you have the goitred and the cretins instead of the Savoyard of gentle manners and frank countenance. On the frontiers of fertile Italy they brought us a salad of dandelions at dinner.

June 9.

Since I began this letter I have been to the top of the cathedral, and in the pit of the Teatro della Scala—The former is the finest church externally which I have seen; but the interior of Westminster's old abbey is triumphant over the marble simplicity of the Milanese's concave. The roof is finished with pinnacles and battlements of white marble, of a workmanship as exquisite as if it were in ivory; from the summit all the rich country from Alp to Apennine, river and hill, and wood, the cool lakes, and the vineyards of an ardent green, lay themselves at your feet. Last *night* the clouds had unrolled from the mountains, which were themselves as visionary as clouds; the "roof of blue Italian weather" was here and there decorated by a tapestried vapour, silver or pale gold, gathered up among the stars and slowly toiling along the calm air; the sun fell quietly behind the Alps, and, the moment he touched them, it appeared that all the snows took fire and burned with a candescent brilliancy—(I hope you like the opening of my new novel, as

contained in the preceding paragraph.) Now for della Scala —It is a vast theatre,—six tiers of boxes, all hung with silk, disposed like our window curtains, of a light blue or yellow colour; the pit, I should think, almost twice as large as Covent Garden's. The Opera was Tancredi,—Madame Sesta, the prima donna, old but generally preferred to Pasta, —the primo basso a most extraordinary singer, with tones more like those of an organ than any human creature. The scene.y is not, in my opinion, equal to the best at our theatres. One of the drops was a sort of Flemish painting, the subject a village carnival, very well executed. Such a thing would be novel at C. G. if it could be well, but it must be very well, done. Now that silk is so cheap too I think they might be a little more lavish of draperies; but we are not managers yet—The ballet, i baccanali aboliti, incalculably superior to ours or the French, in the exquisite grace of the grouping, the countless abundance of dancers, and the splendour and truth of costume and decoration. The house was about one third full, and the people all talking, so that there was a buz outbuzzing the Royal Exchange all night, except during "di tanti palpiti."—And what else have I seen? A beautiful and far famed insect;—do not mistake, I mean neither the Emperor of Austria nor the king of Sardinia, but a much finer specimen of creation,—the firefly. Their bright light is evanescent, and alternate with the darkness; as if the swift wheeling of the earth struck fire out of the black atmosphere;—as if the winds were being set upon this planetary grindstone, and gave out such momentary sparks from their edges.—Their silence is more striking than their flashes, for sudden phenomena are almost invariably attended with some noise; but these little jewels dart along the dark as softly as butterflies.—For their light, it is not nearly so beautiful and poetical as our still companion of the dew, the glow-worm with her drop of moonlight.

* * * * * *

To night at twelve I leave Milan and shall be at Florence

on Saturday, long before this letter tastes the atmosphere, (pardonnez—I mean the smoke) of London.

P. S. If you see Mrs. Shelley, ask her to remember me, and tell her that I am as anxious to change countries with her, as she can be. If I could be any use in bringing the portrait &c. it would be a proud task, but most likely I only flash over Florence: entering in the flood of the stars and departing with their ebb.

Devereux Court

To the Editor. (25 *Aug.* 1824.)

I should have written to you some time ago, if I had not hoped to see you before this: some business will detain me in town ten days or perhaps a fortnight longer; at the expiration of which I hope to have a month or so for Southampton. Though I depend very little on my poetical faculty, it is my intention to complete one more tragedy, on the comparative merits or demerits of which future determinations will depend. The disappearance of Shelley from the world seems, like the tropical setting of that luminary, (*aside*, I hate that word) to which his poetical genius can alone be compared with reference to the companions of his day, to have been followed by instant darkness and owl-season: whether the vociferous —— is to be the comet, or tender, fullfaced —— the milk-and-watery moon of our darkness, are questions for the astrologers: if I were the literary weather-guesser for 1825 I would safely prognosticate fog, rain, blight in due succession for its dullard months.

* * * * * *

Shelley's book! This is a ghost indeed, and one who will answer to our demand for hidden treasure. The Dirge for the year—that Indian fragment—The boat on the Serchio—and The letter—with Music—are to me the best of the new things, and perfectly worthy of the mind which produced them. The translation of Mercury's hymn too, though questionable as to the fidelity of its tone, is delightfully easy.

What would he not have done, if ten years more, that will be wasted upon the lives of unprofitable knaves and fools, had been given to him. Was it that more of the beautiful and good, than nature could spare to one, was incarnate in him, and that it was necessary to resume it for distribution through the external and internal worlds? How many springs will blossom with his thoughts! how many fair and glorious creations be born of his one extinction!

Clifton, *Novr.* 1824.

* * * * * *

I have been turning over the plays in the British Museum, and verily think that another volume of specimens might be very well compiled. When I go up again, perhaps I shall do it for my private use. I was very much disappointed with the dulness that hid itself under the alluring title, which you must often have admired, to wit, *See me and see me not, or Hans Beerpot's invisible comedy.* Marston's *Sophonisba* contains very good things, and there are some smart and quaintly-worded speeches and characters in some of Middleton's comedies. The dullest thing possible is *The Birth of Merlin*, ascribed to W. Shakespeare: if steam-engines shall ever write blank verse, it will be such as that.

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The four first acts of *The Fatal Dowry* have improved my opinion of Massinger: he is a very effective stage-poet after all.

Clifton, *Dec.* 1824.

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Meantime, lost to German and all humane learning, o'erhusked with sweet dozing sloth, writing now and then some such an unsightly scrawl as this, or scratching a tuneless and abortive verse, I ensconce myself in the hospitality of my Clifton demi-uncle.

* * * * * *

A new tragic abortion of mine has absolutely extended its

fœtus to a quarter of the fourth act: when finished, — if finished,—I think it will satisfy you and myself of my poetical and dramatic impotence . . . The mystery, you see, is torn from Ravenna; which, if it persists, in spite of the dramatic calvinism of the pit, in being alive when it ought to be damned, we'll see.

Clifton, (*January* 1825.)

Day after day since Christmas I have intended to write or go to London, and day after day I have deferred both projects: and now I will give you the adventures and mishaps of this present sunday. Remorse, and startling conscience, in the form of an old, sulky, and a shying, horse, hurried me to the 'Regulator' coach-office on Saturday. 'Does the Regulator and its team conform to the Mosaic decalogue, Mr. Book-keeper?' He broke Priscian's head, and, through the aperture, assured me that it did not: I was booked for the inside:—"call at twenty-six Mall for me,"—"Yes, Sir, at ½ past five, A. M."—At five I rose like a ghost from the tomb, and betook me to coffee. No wheels rolled through the streets but the inaudible ones of that uncreated hour. It struck six,—a coach was called,—we hurried to the office, but *the* coach was gone. Here followed a long Brutus-and-Cassius discourse between a shilling-buttoned-waistcoatteer of a porter and myself, which ended in my extending mercy to the suppliant coach-owners, and agreeing to accept a place for Monday. All well thus far.—The biped knock of the post alighted on the door at twelve, and two letters were placed upon my German dictionary,—your own, which I at first intended to reply to viva voce, had not the second informed me of my brother's arrival in England, his short leave of absence, and his intention to visit me here next week. This twisted my strong purpose like a thread, and disposed me to remain here about ten days longer. On the 21st at latest I go to London. Be there and I will join you, or, if not, pursue you to Southampton.

The Fatal Dowry has been cobbled, I see, by some purblind ultra-crepidarian—Mc Cready's friend, Walker, very likely; but nevertheless, I maintain, 'tis a good play, and might have been rendered very effective by docking it of the whole fifth act, which is an excrescence,—re-creating Novall, and making Beaumelle a great deal more ghost-gaping and moonlightish. The cur-tailor has taken out the most purple piece in the whole web,—the end of the fourth Act,—and should red himself into toleration through the prejudices of the pit, when he should have built his admiration on their necks. Say what you will, I am convinced the man who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling fellow, no creeper into wormholes, no reviver even, however 'good. These re-animations are vampire-cold. Such ghosts as Marloe, Webster &c. are better dramatists, better poets, I dare say, than any contemporary of ours, but they are ghosts; the worm is in their pages; and we want to see something that our great-grandsires did not know. With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think that we had better beget than revive; attempt to give the literature of this age an idiosyncrasy and spirit of its own, and only raise a ghost to gaze on, not to live with. Just now the drama is a haunted ruin.

Devereux Court, *March* 1825.

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In the first place lo! I am expert in reading German, even so far as now to be employing an hour a day or so in the metrical translation of the old, obscure, tedious 'Niebelungenlied: about one hundred lines is all as yet finished of this work,—a grain from the mountain of 9560, of which it is compact. As usual I have begun a new tragedy, which at present I think of completing. I understand that Mr. Thos. Campbell has in some newspaper, in a paltry refutation of some paltry charge of plagiarism, regarding his paltry poem in the paltry Edinburgh, touched the egg of my Last Man. The

gentleman is completely addled, and the steam of my tea-pot will never be powerful enough to supply the place of incubation; nevertheless sometime or other I will treat it, not in the style of Hopkins and Campbell. You have seen or heard of the Oxford Magazine; I am told that it is the progeny of my College and one or two others—its best and principal contributor in the *Praed* line being one ingenious Mr. ——, a clever youth, who is my successor in the literary chair at Pembroke. They have dunned me for a contribution, and, though I anticipate precocious dullness and an early death, I believe I shall be foolish enough to write them some special bad rhymes. Should you think of going on with German I can get you a book or two. * * * Learn it by all means: its literature touches the heaven of the Greek in many places, and the language is as easy as possible, to my notion more so than French. I have been seriously studying it since New Year's day only, and can read Schiller with little difficulty,—Goëthe, in his poems and un-vulgarised-and-cant-stuff'd writings, easily.

For many reasons at this moment it is impossible for me to Southamptonise. I must soon go to Ireland: at present the law is on me,—you know what a beast it is,—and, after my return from the Emerald mother of potatoes, I shall have to settle my affairs, sell, and pay, and impoverish myself to the bone, and then set off for Germany; but be sure I do not leave England without seeing you, nor, if I can *but finish*, without dropping into the press some frail memorial of my existence. The state of literature now is painful and humiliating enough: any one will write for £15 a sheet;—Who for love of art, who for fame, who for the purpose of continuing the noble stream of English minds? We ought too to look back, with late repentance and remorse, on our intoxicated praise, now cooling, of Lord Byron:—such a man to be so spoken of, when the world possessed Goëthe, Schiller, Shelley!—

O self-satisfied England! this comes of always looking at herself in the looking-glass of the sea, I suppose.

(*March*, 1825.)

Not quite so much as you deserve, my dear K—, not quite a quire of spoiled paper accompanies this. I believe the valuable autumn-hued envelope is the most deserving of the collection. Read if you can and the Lord have mercy on you and pardon your wilfulness. I cannot find your barking-cloud song—I dare say it is in my desk, which is apud te in——, but I wrote in the coach, which brought me from Southampton to London five months since, a famous one beginning

Ho! Adam the carrion crow,
The old crow of Cairo, &c.

which is sung, with much applause, by one of my dramatis personæ in the unfinished drama No. 3 in my possession. I am clear of the Oxford, but have been dunned for No. 2; and, as I shall very likely be there in a week, or so, I shall give 'em some such stuff as Net'ley Abbey, which I turned up in looking for the canine cloud, because I want to get a criticism, which I have just begun on 'Montezuma,' a thing I like vastly, to be printed, and hope they'll be bribed by my rhyme to swallow my reason. And there is an excellent sonnet of mine to a terrier, whose biography and portrait I will append pathetically! All that one hears of Schiller inclines one to admire him much more than his fat, leather-chopped, fish-eyed rival with the mock star of Von-ity on his padded coat. I have read that fellow's Tasso; which is a disgraceful apology for the conduct of the Duke of Ferrara, and represents poor Torquato, who was no great wit I fear, as an absolute, spoiled, poetic madman, a sort of Italian Tom Campbell,—as touchy as tinder, and as valuable. This was bound in a volume with his Iphigenia in Tauris, a poem faultlessly delightful, unless it be a fault that, instead of being an

imitation of Euripides, it is a victory over him. I never felt so much disgust, or much more admiration, for any poet than for this Goëthe, as I read through it: and I believe every one, who reads all his works, must have this double feeling of contempt of, and delight in, him,—both nearly measureless,—but he has no principle; in thinking of Schiller, you have more to admire than the paper he has written on.

The metrical translation, I was rash enough to speak about, stands thus: Niebelungen-lied (German) 9965 lines:

Translated ——— 120 do.

You see why I don't send it: it is waiting to be finished. Meantime I have abandoned my last new act, and begun the third of that which I was writing at Southampton. I believe I may make an end of one or two in this way.

Be so good as to read, (if you can or do intend it,) with a pencil in your hand, and scratch all that is more particularly detestable and bad than the rest.

I will do 'The Last Man' before I die, but it is a subject I save up for a time when I have more knowledge, a freer pencil, a little menschen-lehre, a command of harmony, and an accumulation of picturesque ideas and dramatic characters fit for the theme. Meantime let Tom Campbell rule his roast, and mortify the ghost of Sternhold: it is a subject for Michael Angelo, not for the painter of the Marquis of Granby on the sign-post. Did I tell you, I had a very dull interview with that dealer in broken English, Dr. Spurzheim, the ambassador from Golgotha? He is a strange breeches-full of mankind, and seems inclined to the asinine.

* * * * * * * *

Pembroke College, *April* 1825.

(*enclosing the* 'Pygmalion.')

I received the box last night, the letter this morning. Don't be in a hurry with the MSS.: I wish that I could get you to state an unbiassed opinion: allow me to think you may

be a little partial. I wrote this Pig-stuff this morning: what d'ye think of it? Don't look at J. J. Rousseau: his is much better, because prose. I have not hit what I aimed at,—the beautiful philosophy of the story,—but have fallen, as usual, into diffuseness and uninteresting delay. I wish, if you read The Second Brother again, you would write down all your criticism: mark the MSS. in pencil, and send me a critical epistle. I really think it is very bad. * * Adieu.

Pemb. Coll. *June* 1825.

(after renewing an invitation to visit Oxford at the ensuing Commemoration "a high and solemn act of Academic mummery at which Chantrey is to receive a degree of LLD.")

Here is another attraction which I had well nigh forgotten —the new number of the Oxford Quarterly is to be produced on the occasion, in which there will be a translation of a very curious high German piece of Schiller's called the 'Philosophische Briefe,' executed by your obedient servant.

Oxford is the most indolent place on earth. I have fairly done nothing in the world but read a play or two of Schiller, Æschylus, and Euripides. * * I do not intend to finish that Second Brother you saw, but am thinking of a very gothic-styled tragedy, for which I have a jewel of a name; DEATHS JEST-BOOK: of course no one will ever read it. * *

Oxford idleness, the heat of the day, and the clock, which is just striking the hour for my lecture on Comparative Anatomy, break me off. * *

He had now taken his Bachelor's degree, (a common one,) and was at length at liberty to enter upon that larger sphere of action, for which he had long become fit and eager. Of the two professions, between which he at all deliberated, he soon decided in favour

of that of Physic; to which his father's distinguished example, and its own inexhaustible field for the exercise of his powers, could not fail to invite him. And he chose wisely; as success at the Bar was more than doubtful to one, who lacked alike the excitable physical temperament so essential for the flux of speech, and the complacency to devote his energies to the investigation of a verbal philosophy: the studies, in which lay a constraining attraction for him, must have their bases out of man's sight, in the illimitable. This decision led him to Göttingen, which he expected to find preferable to Edinburgh as a place of medical study; and which he always afterwards represented as possessing superior advantages to those of any other school of anatomy in Europe. Here he entered heartily upon a course of congenial study, continuing at Göttingen the full period of residence (four years) allowed to students in that university; making however, (occasionally and rarely,) excursions to neighbouring museums and galleries of art; and paying one short visit to England, in the spring of 1828, for the purpose of taking his M. A. degree at Oxford. During this lustrum of his mental progress, its direction to the scientific, and from the merely literary, became more and more marked and apparent: not that the imaginative character of his mind actually underwent a change; it was, in reality, strengthened and expanded in this newer sphere of thought; and, in ceasing to be exercised as a distinct faculty, this essential element of his nature was only the more widely and influentially combined in the development of its other spiritual functions. He now moved to various continental universities and schools

of science, as the attraction of distinguished adepts and professors drew him in succession. These were not the flying visits of a man oppressed with leisure, and in quest of mere novelty: his range of circuit was far less extensive than might have been supposed, and he often returned upon his steps. In 1829, and two following years, we find him residing at Wurzburgh, where he obtained the degree, without however then (or subsequently) assuming the title, of Doctor in Medicine: afterwards at Strasburgh: in 1832 and several subsequent years, at Zurich, (always with him a favourite place of residence): in 1841 at Berlin: in 1843 at Baden en Suisse, and again at Zurich: from 1844 to 1846 at Baden, Frankfort, Berlin. He came to England in the autumn of 1842: and in 1846 he paid "the native land of the Unicorn," and his own, a much longer, and a final, visit. Of the operations and direction of his mind, during this long and most important season of its expansion, some partial views are presented in the remaining portion of his letters, which, though penned in truthful unreserve for no eye but his correspondent's, the editor now fearlessly lays open to the reader, bespeaking only for the writer, in return for the gratification thus imparted in their vivid presentments, so full of singularity and mind, that kindly interpretation of aught startling in speculation or expression, which every observer, worthy of the privilege, will accord to the workings of a noble spirit, and which, in the remarks prefixed to his translation of Schiller's *Philosophic Letters*, Beddoes has himself emphatically claimed for that more troubled outpouring of a kindred nature; which is, he says, "principally

" valuable as a 'psychological curiosity;'—a mental " phenomenon, unveiling, as they do, the feverish " doubts and anxieties of a sensitive mind, at its high- " est degree of fermentation. All men of intellect and " imagination will feel, if they dare not avow it, that, " at some crisis of their earlier years, they were shaken " by the same tempest, and haunted by similar phan- " toms. Still some expressions will appear extrava- " gant, some feelings over-stretched: let us remember, " that they are poured out of one of the most extraor- " dinary minds of an extraordinary nation; that they " are the early visions of the Michael Angelo of Ger- " man literature, the young Titan, Frederic Schiller. " And we present them not as a settled finished pic- " ture, for study and example; but as an ever-moving " reflection of the passing storm of opinion in the waters " of a young heart, troubled by the spirits of doubt " and imagination. To those who will not accept them " on these terms, we can only say 'Go on in peace;' " knowing that there is nothing which more speedily " and irremediably debases, narrows, and petrifies the " mind, than *the ignorant vanity of criticism*. Im- " pudence and assumption govern that mind only which " is empty of great feelings. Let him, who is quick- " sighted enough to detect an error, remember that it " is in the work of *Frederic Schiller*, and endeavour " to raise his being to the height of the author's, by " passing over, with respect and doubt, what seems to " him mistaken in a work of genius, even to compre- " hend which should be enough abundantly to fulfil " the ambition of most men." The concluding sentence of this quotation, so indicative of the writer's ab-

soluteness of thought and utterance and of the emphatic character of his early literary predilections, is not offered by way of admonition to the present reader; neither is it introductory to a string of metaphysical disquisitions. The following letters assuredly do not spread a 'feast of words' only, but one where flesh and blood also have their place; and they are given, as such correspondence always should be, not in excerpto, but as nearly as possible in extenso, so that the writer's whole nature may be fairly exhibited.

Hamburgh,
To the Editor. Tuesday, 19th *July*, 1825.

My dear K——, und mein lieber herr Thomas,

If you will take the sails of the Harwich packet, walk across the German ocean, tool up the Elbe, and turn into the Roman Emperor at Hamburg, be so good as to enquire for mein Herr T. L. B., No. 12 up two pair of stairs, and you will find him sitting on a horse-hair sofa, looking over the Elbe, with his meerschaum at his side, full of Grave, and abundantly prosaic. To-morrow, according to the prophecies of the diligence, he will set out for Hanover, (we Germans (here a puff!) always spell it with two v's,) and, by the end of this week, mein Herr Thomas will probably be a Dr. of the University of Göttingen. What his intentions further may be, I cannot say precisely, as you and I, between ourselves, recollect that he is not endued with the polar virtue of perseverance, and that the needle with which he embroiders his cloth of life has not been rubbed with the magnet of steady determination. I rather think, however, that he will return to England with a somewhat quaint and unintelligible tragedy, which will set all critical pens nib upwards,—à la fretful porcupine.

When he embarked from Harwich, I observed that his

only companions were two Oxford men, Professors of *genteel larking*, without the depth, vivacity, or heartiness which is necessary to render such people tolerable; he instantly drew his shell over him, and remained impenetrably proud and silent every wave of the way, dropping now and then a little venom into the mixture of conversation to make it effervesce.

Hamburg, where he now is, poor young man, is a new brick built town, a fit place to embellish the ugly genius of the broad, flat-sided, muddy Elbe—the very churches of brick, and emetical unto the eye. The people honest and civil, and, God fill their purse for it, no custom house,—no passport required;—but then the women are of a coarse quality—there are no pictures, no sculpture; and, if one meets more upright and manly forms in life, than in Italy, yet you seek in vain paintings superior to signs, or sculpture beyond a tobacco-stopper. * * * *

Now leb wohl—(for the post leaves us soon)
Fahrend oder reitend
sein Der Genius von
T. L. B.

Dear K——, Cassel, *September* 29, 1825.

If you ever received a shabby small letter from Hamburg, you know that I am a Göttingen Student; it is likely that I shall remain so for some time. This university is a handsome likeness of the caricature given of it in all works of the day, which exhibit Germany to the delight of you people in that island; but if there is more harm, I believe there is also more good in it than in our own.—Blumenbach, who is my best friend among the Professors, is, I fancy, of the first rank as mineralogist, physiologian, geologist, botanist, natural historian and physician; over and above which he possesses an exuberant fancy, and a flow of wit, which is any thing but German;—indeed I suspect that he is the first living writer in Deutschland, for a nearer acquaintance with Goethe

has inclined me to rate him much lower than I had anticipated; out of his works, which fill pretty fully some thirty vols—(not like Mr. Colburn's in capacity of page—) three at most contain what is really good. As a poet he is inferior to his late lordship, and in the novel line somewhere about Mackenzie. The hasty Germans have betrayed their literature, and delivered it to the enemy, by exalting him to the supreme godship thereof; but, ere his bones are cool probably, they will pull down his statue from its pinnacle on the poetic temple, and make it a step to the high altar of some new pen-deity.

They treat their poets as the Romans did their emperors—alive they are golden, heavenly fellows, for whom reviews ascend like triumphal arches;—they die,—a weeping willow and an elegy stick over their graves, and, as the tree draws nourishment out of their decaying corporeal substance, a younger rival sets the roots of his fame in their literary remains, and flourishes as fast as these latter rot. So Goethe has done with regard to Klopstock and Wieland.

Their follies about his sitting between Shakespeare and Sophocles are laughed at everywhere but at the university pothouses, when they grow glorious on the fumes of smallest ale and rankest tobacco. Nevertheless, learn you German, if you are not already master of it, as I suppose: for the solider literature deserves it—History, I mean, and criticism of the true sort. Ludwig Tieck is just about to publish in English and German a number of the Elizabethan fellows: the young folk will then become acquainted with our literary commoners, the steps up to Shakespeare; and, if they do not grow giddy on the ascent, will have an opportunity of contemplating, from the sides and terraces of this mountainous poetry, the molehill which Goëthe and Schiller have thrown up and called the German Parnasse. I am preparing for deep and thorough medical studies; for I find literary wishes fading pretty fast: however, I have writ two acts of an affair,

which, if ever consummated, will be tolerably decent,—better I hope than Campbell, &c. I gave the thing I sent you about Pygmalion to the poor Oxford magaziners, but don't know whether they ever intended to print it.—No one will read it if they do, for their pages are the shortest cut to oblivion one can think of. And now how do you get on in England:—has —— calved any more epicisms?. Have Darley, C. Lamb, Mrs. Shelley, &c. printed? In a word, have you anything worth reading? or that you can read without many struggles? I am here at Cassel, a pretty little capital of a pretty great rascal, the Elector of Cassel, whose father sold some thousands of his wretched subjects to England, that he might expend the price of their heads in making a fine garden and building a palace, in which he can't live. You see what sort of letters I write, and you may bless your stars that they are only quarterly apparitions. I am going to write to Procter just such another, so you may comfort yourself with the thought that there's fellowship in your post office misery.

There are two of the great Rothschild's sons studying here just opposite me. At Leipsic they have printed a Shakespeare in one vol. very decently, and the first edition of Hamlet.

T. L. B.

Extract from a letter to Mr. Procter: also from Cassel.

Here are plenty of sights of all sorts—a picture-gallery containing some most extraordinary great historical pictures of Rembrandt. In his pictorial creations, methinks, this Flemish wonder never got further than Fiat lux. In man-and-woman-making he must have received instructions from some of Nature's worst journeymen. Here is one, a Sampson, (or Simpson, as the Germans call the poor gate-carrier,) betrayed to the Philistines. You stand at the mouth of a great, dark, wide cave, through which comes an overflow of torch-light, glancing and resting on Philistines' heads and beards.

The wild beast of Israel is at bay on the foreground; but then he is the strangest chaos of wild legs and arms!—One, a dodo-like member, he thrusts into your eye, and the rest are in a state of mutiny against nature and their proprietor. Rembrandt would have been wiser had he called it a picture of Menenius's fable of The Rebellion against King Belly. There are many wonderfully mysterious heads of his, which look more like evanescent revelations of people that shall be born, than representations of what men have been. They look out at you as if they were going to dive again into their cloudy elements, and as if they could not last an instant. And they are amazingly contrasted with some of Vandyke's clear and real people, who stand and sit about the walls quietly but quite alive—and knowing that they are so, only they choose to be pictures a little longer.

To the Editor.

My dear K——. Göttingen, *Decr.* 4, 1825.

Up at five; anatomical reading till six; translation from English into German till seven; prepare for Blumenbach's lecture on comparative anatomy, and breakfast, till eight; Blumenbach's lecture till nine; Stromeyer's lecture on chemistry till ten. Ten to ½ past twelve, practical zootomy; ½ past twelve to one, English into German or German literary reading, with a pipe. One to two, anatomical lecture. Two to three, anatomical reading; three to four, osteology; four to five, lecture in German language; five to six, dinner and *light* reading in zootomy, chemistry, or anatomy. Six to seven—this hour is very often wasted in a visit; sometimes anatomical reading till eight; then coffee and read Greek till ten. Ten to eleven, write a little Death's Jest-book, which is a horrible waste of time, but one must now and then throw away the dregs of the day; read Latin sometimes or even continue the anatomy—and at eleven go to bed.

I give you this account of my weekday occupations that you may collect from it how small a portion of time I can

save for correspondence, &c. A few words in answer to your last letter. I will frankly confess to you that I have lost much, if not all, of my ambition to become poetically distinguished: and I do NOT think with Wordsworth that a man may dedicate himself entirely, or even in great part, to the cultivation of that part of literature, unless he possesses far greater powers of imagination, &c. than even W. himself, and, (I need not add) ergo, than I do: or bodily ill health or mental weakness prevents him from pursuing to any good purpose, studies in useful sciences. At the same time I think you will not fear that I shall become at any time a bare and barren man of science, such as are so abundant, and so appallingly ignorant, on this side of chemistry or anatomy. Again, even as a dramatist, I cannot help thinking that the study of anatomy, physiol- psychol- and anthropol- ogy, applied to and illustrated by history biography and works of imagination, is that which is most likely to assist one in producing correct and masterly delineations of the passions: great light would be thrown on Shakespeare by the commentaries of a person so educated. The studies then of the dramatist and physician are closely, almost inseparably allied; the application alone is different; but is it impossible for the same man to combine these two professions, in some degree at least?. The science of psychology, and mental varieties, has long been used by physicians, in conjunction with the corresponding corporeal knowledge, for the investigation and removal of immaterial causes of disease; it still remains for some one to exhibit the sum of his experience in mental pathology and therapeutics, not in a cold, technical, dead description, but a living semiotical display, a series of anthropological experiments, developed for the purpose of ascertaining some important psychical principle—i. e. a tragedy. Thus far to show you that my studies, pursued as I pledge myself to pursue them, are not hostile, but rather favourable, to the developement of a germ which I would fain believe within me.

You will say, " This may be theoretically true, but no such physician has ever yet appeared." I shall have great satisfaction in contradicting you, as Dr. Johnson did the man who denied motion. You talk about too much practice, and so forth—I believe that is what is least to be feared; I am very nearly unconnected, am not apt at flattery or the social humiliations to which the fashionable physician is bound, am perhaps somewhat independent, and have a competence adequate to my philosophical desires. These are reasons why I should reject too much practice, if it did intrude; really I am much more likely o remain a patientless physician. And now I will end this unnecessary subject, by telling you that Death's Jest-book goes on like the tortoise—slow and sure; I think it will be entertaining, very unamiable, and utterly unpopular. Very likely it may be finished in the spring or summer; I shall not, if I can help it, return to England, but shall send it to you or Procter to see what can be done about printing it, with the Pygmalion and the other thing whose name I forget, as it will have a certain connection in a leading feature with them, of which I believe the former is much the best.

As yet I have hardly any German acquaintance here, as I cannot speak the language very tolerably; from one or two specimens with which I am more intimate, and a general external knowledge of the body of students, I can decidedly say, of those here at least, that they have been causelessly and disgracefully ridiculed in our ignorant and flippant travels and periodicals. There is an appetite for learning, a spirit of diligence, and withal a good natured fellow-feeling wholly unparalleled in our old apoplectic and paralytic Almæ Matres; nine students out of ten, at this time of the year, rise at five or six, study the whole day and night, and Saturday night and Sunday morning are set aside for social communication. I never was better employed, never so happy, never so well self-satisfied.

I hope to remain here three years at least; I shall then probably visit Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, some of the Italian universities, and finally Paris; for I intend to devote eight or ten years to these studies, combined with the languages necessary and a slender thread of practical literature. You see I will not fail of being something, by not exercising what talent I have. I feel myself in a measure alone in the world and likely to remain so, for, from the experiments I have made, I fear I am a nonconductor of friendship, & not very likeable person; so that I must make sure of my own respect, and occupy that part of the brain, which should be employed in imaginative attachments, in the pursuit of immaterial and unchanging good.

I am ashamed of having scribbled a letter so full of myself, but I send it because it may entertain you, and I think you require some explanation of my way of studying medicine. Shame on you for having anticipated a regular M. D. to arise out of my ashes, after reduction in the crucible of German philosophy! Apollo has been barbarously separated by the moderns: I would endeavour to unite him. Of German literature, professors here, anecdote and news, in our next, which will not appear before the receipt of your next.

Your's truly,

T. L. BEDDOES.

Could you find a 'Prometheus Unbound' and a 'Cenci,' and send them straight and fearlessly to *bey Keil, Jüden Strasse?*

Lieber K——. Göttingen, (*Dec.* 11, 1825.)

* * * * * *

At present anatomy, anatomy, anatomy, of man, dog and bird, occupy so much of my time, that you must pardon me for being very dull; my head is full of the origin and insertion of muscles and such names as trachelo-mastoideus, cerato- chondroglossus, and Bucco- pterygo- mylo- genio- ceratochondro- cricco- thyreo- syndesmo- pharyngeus. But

this beginning is the worst part of the science, which after all is a most important and most interesting one; I am determined never to listen to any metaphysician, who is not both anatomist and physiologist of the first rank.

You will not expect much literary intelligence; in Germany, as in England, the greatest writers of the century are either corporeally or spiritually dead. The theatre is a much duller affair than I imagined, tho' it is much better than the English, of which we must altogether despair. Fuimus Troes. But here in the almost innumerable universities you are sure to meet with little galaxies of Hofraths and professors; all men of more or less talent and information. The best here in their several ways are Benecke, the English *professor*, a man who understands more English than most natives; Langenbuk and Hempel, anatomists and surgeons; Krauss, Conradi, and Himly, medical professors; Heeren and Saalfeld, historical; and Krause, philosophical — besides the Eichorns and Hugo celebrated Jurists and Divines; and the clever old humorous Blumenbach. One of the most interesting of the idler lectures given here, is by Saalfeld on the History of the French Revolution. This man is a real historian, and no bad orator; but the government people do not much patronize him, as he is extremely free, and if he does not hesitate to condemn Napoleon, has still less remorse in laying bare the infamy of the Polish transaction: he is indeed one of those people who are dreadful to the old continental discipline for his talents and moderation; if he had less of the one, he would no longer be venerated at the university; if less of the other he would be removed from his catheder by the paw of police; and if the latter had effected a total eclipse of the former, he might now be Hofrath and Knight of the Guelphic order.

T. L. B.

My dear K. (1826) April 1. A bad omen!

If you had received all the letters which I had wished to write to you, you would have little to complain of on the score of slack correspondency; but really we people in Germany have as little to say as we people in England, and my thoughts all run on points very uninteresting to you—i. e. on entrails and blood vessels; except a few which every now and then assumed an Iambic form towards the never-ending Jest-book; it lies like a snow-ball, and I give it a kick every now and then out of mere scorn and ill-humour. The fourth act and, I may say, the fifth are more than half done, so that at last it will be a perfect mouse: but such doggrell. Ask Procter else, whom I lately visited with a rhyming punishment for his correspondential sins. Ask him too what he is doing:—I see nothing about editions of poets &c. and yet, I assure you, I see a great deal about literature and its Royal Society—to wit—the Lit. Gaz. which comes, regular and dull, to the tutor of the Rothschilds who live opposite.—What a poetical famine! you must be reduced to Bernard Barton and Hunt's Blacking-bottles; they are the only classical publications of the season. However, if my friend Death lives long enough to finish his jest-book, it will come with its strangenesses—(it contains nothing else)—like an electric shock among the small critics, and I hope to have the pleasure here of reading a cunning abuse of it from the pen of Jerdan.

On the 26th Febry. we had the Burschen in all their glory: Blumenbach and Eichhorn (that is to say, the stream of flowers and the squirrel)—celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their professorships.

[*Here follows a description of the celebration.*]

and about three o'clock in the morning the flower of the German youth was as drunk as a fiddler; intending to hear a lecture at eight. Blumenbach is one of the cleverest men in Germany; his works are distinguished for nicety, acute-

ness, and the minutest acquaintance with the in and outside of nature: but, in his lecture-room, he would be a capital subject for Matthews. He lectures on natural history, that is, his auditors bring his very capital manual in their hands and sit out: in an instant one hears a noise as of Punch on the stairs, and the old powdered professor pushes in, grunting, amid as much laughter as Liston. He then begins a lecture composed of jokes, good stories, imitations, inarticulate sounds and oaths; and, this being ended, goes as he came—a good, clever, merry, old man.

Then there is Langenbuk, the anatomist, who was once a barber: he's the Kemble of this Munden. During his lecture he throws himself into a thousand attitudes; starts, points, and declaims, and paces loftily up and down his little stage:—he too is a man of first rate merit, as anatomist and surgeon.

Heeren squeaks like Velluti, Hugo is lame, and Bouterwek deaf: this is the story about them,—quite a Provençal tale. When young, in their travels Heeren fell in love with the wife of a very fierce grenadier; and one evening, when the husband was out, went to enjoy a tête-à-tête with the lady. To prevent interruption, he placed his friends as centinels, Bouterwek at the bottom, Hugo at the top of the stairs: the man comes in drunk, gives Bouterwek a box on the ear, that knocks him over and deafens him for life; runs up, kicks Hugo all the way down stairs and breaks his leg; and bursts into the room, and does to Heeren—what Bowdler does to Shakespeare.

You'd be quite delighted to see how I disguise myself here: no human being would imagine that I was anything but the most stoical, prosaic, dull anatomist: I almost out-work the laborious Lauerkrauts; and, to tell you truly, I begin to prefer anatomy &c. to poetry, I mean to my own, and practically: besides I never could have been the real thing as a writer. There *shall* be no more accurate physiologist and dissector.

How I envy you the pleasure of dissecting and laughing at such a grotesque fish as the Improvisatore. Don't be malicious and give it to the reviewers—else * * *.

Ask me about poets &c.? talk of anatomists, and I'll tell you something: I have left off reading Parnassian foolery. I can bear a satire still though, and write one too, as Jest-book shall show. Tell me about the Last Man: I am very much obliged to Mrs. S; she has saved me the trouble of spreading the secret of Campbell's ears. T. L. B.

P. S. Why did you send me the Cenci? I open my own page, and see at once what d—d trash it all is:—no truth or feeling. How the deuce do you, a third and disinterested person, manage to tolerate it? I thank heaven that I am sitting down, pretty steadily, to medical studies: labour there can do almost all. Only think of growing old under the laurels of the Literary Gazette or Campbell's Magazine!—Have you seen the Monthly Mag. since its resurrection? To-morrow I electrify Benecke, who has a considerable indifference to Lord Byron, with Shelley: it will give him a new idea of Englishmen.

I will bring Procter a magnificent meerschaum if he'll promise to smoke it yellow,—or you either. Depend on it, 'tis the great help to metaphysics.

Liebst K. Göttingen, *Octbr.* 1826.

Dir, der du so eifrig die Schönen Wissenschaften und Literatur treibst, der in "des lebend goldenen Baum" den singenden Baum von den tausend und einen Nachten suchest, dir dem anbeter der seligen Gottheiten den Musen, u s. w. was Unterheltender kann der Liebhaber von Knaben, der fleissiger Botaniker und phisiolog mittheilen? Well; —I hope that has frightened you: however, as I can still write a little English and it will be a profitable exercise, I will continue in that be-L-E-L-'d and be-Milman'd tongue. That I have not sent you a letter sooner, will be scarce a

cause of compliment or discontent, when you learn that all my sublunary excursions this summer have been botanical ones, and my translunary ones—(it is a good word, and I only recollect it in Drayton's Epistle to Reynolds; has Johnson it?)—a thought or two for a didactic *Boem* (is that richtig?) on myology, which I was prevented from executing, by finding that a preceding genius of the scalpel had led the muses a dance to his marrow bones and cleaver. I wish you would come and see me; not only because it would save me the chagrin of *dosing* you (the shop!) with superfluous solutions of nonsense in ink; but that you might look over my unhappy devil of a tragedy, which is done and done for; it's limbs being as scattered and unconnected, as those of the old gentleman whom Medea minced and boiled young. I have tried twenty times at least to copy it fair, but have given it up with disgust, and there is no one here for whose judgment in such things I would give a fig, or a tea-cup without a handle, (I have one at the critic's service,) consequently neither their praise or blame can lure or sting me onwards. However, we must disappoint disappointments by taking them coolly, and throw a chain bridge across impossibilities, or dig a passage under them, or Rubicon-ize them if one has the good saddle-horse Pegasus to ride; and I will find out some way of bestowing my dulness on you in its ore of illegibility. I gave you (or did I not?) a caricature of three professors last letter, and now you shall have a little more Göttingen scandal.

Tobias Mayer is professor of natural philosophy; a little fellow in top-boots, with a toothless earthquake of a mouth, and a frosty grey coat: He never can find words, repeats his *also*-s &c., and, by endeavouring to make up for want of eloquence by violent action, he literally swims through his subject. His dad was a good astronomer, and published a famous map of the moon. This "Wife for a month" of the earth revenged the publication of her secret hiding-places

on the most natural subject of female heavenly malice,—his wife,—thus ingeniously. Top-booted Toby, in his lecture, was talking of her sonnet-ship; and came to the subject of her portraits:—"among others," said he, "Tobias—To-bias-Mayer,—who was—among others—was my father."

Tieck has published in the Urania Taschenbuch for 1826, a story called Dichter-leben, which is a very well-worked adventure of Marlow and Green's with Shakespeare; the latter however is too German:—and he announces an English translation, probably by himself, to be published at Leipsig under the title of the Lives of Poets: but you are a bad Marlowite, or none at all: I like the man on many scores. Here is a Dr. Raupach, who lays a tragedy or two in the year: mostly wind-eggs: but he's the best of the folks about Melpomene's sepulchre in Germany. Schiller, you know, took her out of the critical pickle she lies in, and made a few lucky galvanic experiments with her, so that the people thought she was alive when she was only kicking. Do you know that a French Dr., Medicine too, has published a gossiping tour in England in letters, in which he criticises our late friend Barry C. under the name of Procter. The fellow's book is all out of Blackwood, excepting a plate or two of autographs out of the forgotten Forget-me-not. Goëthe is preparing a new edition of his rhymed and prosy commissions, xxxx vols. for ten dollars:—Who'll buy, who'll buy? they are as cheap as oysters, if not so swallowable.

In the neighbourhood of Göttingen is a slight chalybeate spring, and a little inn with a tea-garden, whither students and Philistines (i. e. townsmen who are not students,) resort on sundays to dance and ride on the merry-go-round,—an instrument of pleasure which is always to be found on such places, and is much ridden by the German students, perhaps because it, as well as waltzing, produces mechanically the same effects as their week-day hobby-horse, the philosophy of Schelling &c. doth physically—i. e. a giddiness and con-

fusion of the brain. Behind this Terpsichorean τέμενος rises a woody rocky eminence, on which stands a fair high tower, and some old mossy and ivy-hugged walls, the remains of an old castle, called the Plesse.—The date of the tower is said to be 963: if this be true, it may have earned a citizenship among the semi-eternal stony populace of the planet: at all events it will be older than some hills, which pretend to be natural and carry trees and houses,—e. g. Monte Nuovo. On this hill, and in the holes and vaults of the old building, resides a celebrated reptile, which we have not in England,—the salamander. He is to a lizard what a toad is to a frog; slow, fat and wrinkled; of a mottled black and yellow. It is true that under his skin one finds a thick layer of a viscid, milky fluid, of a peculiar, not disagreeable, smell, which the beast has the power of ejecting when irritated, and by this means might, for a short time, resist the power of fire. Where the vulgar fable has its origin, I am altogether ignorant. I believe it comes from the middle ages; from the monkish writers of natural history perhaps,—and they might have had a spite against the poor amphibium, because he is unorthodox enough to live a long while after you have removed his stomach and intestines,—and therefore condemned him to the flames for impiety against the belly-gods, Ἀδηφάγια and Ἀκρατόποτος. The servants at the altars of these thundering deities (v. Euripides Cyclops 327.) may adduce physiological authority for the immateriality of their adored Paunch. J. Baptista van Helmont placed the soul, which he nicknamed Archæus, in the stomach; and, whatever the clergy know more about the spirit in question, I do not think they are inclined to let the cat out of the bag. This is a pleasant doctrine for aldermen and kings, the dimensions of the soul perhaps corresponding with the size of its habitation.

To return to our Muria-spring, the aforesaid tenement or tenements of fantastic-toeness, and what I had intended to

tell you: it was here that an unhappy Hungarian, who came to Göttingen three or four years ago to study medicine, and had wandered to propitiate his archæus with beer and tobacco at this place, was smitten with the charms of the tavern keeper's daughter. She was insensible, and he desperate: he left Göttingen and built a hut under a rock in the Plesse wood, where he lived two years, descending occasionally to feed his eyes upon the beauties of the cruel one. But either the lady departed or his passion burnt out, for, at the end of this time, the hermitage was left by its love-lorn founder; and it now remains as an object of curiosity for folks, who see it, hear his tale and laugh at it. Such is, alas! the state of sentiment in this part of Germany: and probably, if Werter's hermitage stood here, it would be equally profaned. Hard-heartedness and worldly prudence has its paw upon the poor planet: and, as Chaucer sung long ago, Pity is dead and buried in gentle heart,—but we have lost the sepulchre. And we, fellows, who cannot weep without the grace of onions or hartshorn, who take terror by the nose, light our matches with lightning, have plucked the 'tempest winged chariots of the deep' of its winds, and imped its pinions with steam:—We, who have little belief in heaven and still less faith in man's heart,—are we fit ministers for the temple of Melpomene? O age of crockery! no—let—scandal and satire be the only reptiles of the soul-abandoned corse of literature! T. L. B.

My dear Procter, (*Oct.* 1826.)

This Göttingen life is little productive of epistolary materials, or of any adventure interesting beyond the town-walls; and I have not been six miles from the circuit of these during the last year. However I meditate and must perform a pilgrimage to Dresden for the sake of its pictures; and then I hope to pick out a few plumbs to communicate to you. These matters, I take it for granted, retain their

interest for you, because *I* have a lingering attachment to them, and in sincerity I acknowledge that you possess a truer and more steady feeling for the beautiful in imagination: and the law-studies will probably only compress and concentrate it. You will give me leave to believe that you will not and cannot entirely abandon the studies and labours which have many years pretty exclusively possessed you, and by which you have obtained a distinguished reputation: and, if you do not, I shall take it. Me you may safely regard as one banished from a service to which he was not adapted, but who has still a lingering affection for the land of dreams: as yet at least not far enough in the journey of science to have lost sight of the old two-topped hill. I wish indeed that the times were more favourable to the cultivators of dramatic literature, which from a thousand causes appears to be more and more degraded from its original dignity and value among the fine arts.

And yet I believe that the destined man would break through all difficulties, and re-establish what ought to be the most distinguished department of our poetic literature: but perhaps enough has already been done, and we ought to be content with what times past have laid up for us. If literature has fallen into bad hands in England, it is little worse off than in Germany, for living and active are few writers above a secondary rank, and they almost unknown beyond the shadow of the double eagle's wings. Jean Paul is lately dead, and a new edition of his voluminous writings is proceeding from the press: I have read little of his, and that little has pleased me less:—in his happier moods he resembles Elia, but in general he is little better than a pedantical punster. Tieck has made a good little story by threading together the few facts we have of Marlowe's life; and an English translation is advertised by a Leipzig bookseller, probably by himself:—when it appears I shall send it to you by the first opportunity, without waiting for your

order. A quantity of our modern indifferent fellows have been cheaply reprinted by different speculating booksellers—e. g. — — — &c. a pity that they have no good selector, who could spare them the pains of recondemning paper and print to the remaking of such trash; it would be as reasonable of dyers to reprint the London waistcoats and breeches of 1810 or 16, for a pattern and a poem of this sort are equally long-lived—and deserve to be so.

In the neighbourhood is a little lake—See-burge? See. We went there botanizing a few weeks ago, and were entertained by our boatman with a genuine legend. A castle had formerly stood on the edge of the water, and the ruins of it still exist on the rocks and under the waves. It was formerly inhabited by a knight, who had a confidential cock and a prying servant. Once a month the master, to keep his ears awake to the language of his crowing oracle, partook of a mysterious dish: and it was decreed that, whenever a second pair of ears were able to receive and comprehend Chanticleer's conversation, the castle should fall. At last then the servant removed the cover of the monthly viand and found a *snake* under it: he tasted some of this boiled worm of the tree of knowledge, and was from that day forth an eavesdropper of the confidential twitters in sparrows' nests and hen-coops:—the prophetic cock soon began to use fowl language and proclaim the approaching downfall of the towers of See-burg. The servant who had translated colloquys between fly and fly, bee and flower, did not fail to comprehend the warning; rushed to his master, who was already on his horse and riding out of the castle gate: the walls trembled, the towers bowed, the groom rushed after his master and seized the horse's tail, the knight plunged his spurs into the sides of his steed, leapt to land, and left his treacherous servant among the waves and ruins.

Near are also the Gleichen, two castles belonging to the family of Ernst von Gleichen, famous for having two wives;

W. Scott has told the story somewhere: a grave is shown at Erfurt as containing the relics of the three, and at one of his castles a large bed; but it appears that this three-headed matrimony is fictitious and altogether unsupported by historical documents. These castles overlook a prettyish valley, which was a favourite haunt of poor Bürger, the ballad-writer: he was a private teacher in Göttingen, and probably starved, or at all events hastened through the gates of death, by poverty and care. Schiller was supposed to be envious of him, and did him a great deal of mischief by illnatured criticism: but Bürger had more notion of the right translunary thing than his reviewer.

About Weber? Were you at the death? His fellow countrymen and fellow fiddlers were well pleased with his burial, or intended burial, honours. Was it to fill your sheet that you sent a good deal of advice or remonstrance in your last to me? Perhaps you forget it. I only mention it to observe that it is a little singular that a dramatic writer, a person who has observed and knows something of human character, should take the trouble to attempt corrections of the incorrigible, and pour so much oil upon a fire by way of extinguishing it. Allow me to say that you are mistaken if you think I wilfully affect any humour; even that of affecting nothing: I always make a point of agreeing with every thing that a fool pleases to assert in conversation, and only combat assertions or opinions of a person for whom I have respect: "verbum sat." You people in England have a pretty false notion of the German character, and flatter yourselves, with your peculiar and invincible insular self-complacency, that you know all about it: for national vanity I believe after all you are unequalled. The Frenchman rests his boast on the military glories of la grande nation, the German smokes a contemptuous pipe over the philosophical works of his neighbours, but the Englishman will monopo-

lize all honourable feeling, all gentle breeding, all domestic virtue: and indeed has ever been the best puritan.

Your's ever, T. S. BEDDOES.

I have just bought three salamanders. They are pretty fat yellow and black reptiles, that live here in the ruins of an old castle in the neighbourhood: on the Hartz I hear they are larger. It is not a bad retributory metempsychosis for the soul of a bullying knight.

D's Jest Book is finished in the rough, and I will endeavour to write it out and send it to you before Easter: at all events I think parts of it will somewhat amuse you: οἱ πολλοὶ will find it quite indigestible. W. A. Schlegel is professor at Bonn, a ten-years'-old Prussian university on the Rhine. His brother Friedrich is in Austria, and writes puffs for the Holy Alliance. No Austrian is allowed to study here. Göttingen is infamous for liberality. I intend to study Arabic and Anglo-Saxon soon. Goethe married his maid servant and drinks brandy. Thus one finds Castaly in Cogniac, another —— in Hyson.

To the Editor. Göttingen, *April*, 1827.

My dear K——,

This is an odd bit of paper, but you must excuse it; the company of stationers shut up their doors as soon as the company of clouds take their station in Apollo's high road; or to speak un-Euphuistically, the paper venders are in bed; I have no Göttingen vellum, for I seldom write a letter, and feeling a little that way inclined, a rare state of inspiration at present with me, I shall not thwart the rising deity, because the rags on which he is to vent his fury are not exalted to the highest perfection of paperhood. Forgive me if I write bad English; I am just now the only English person here, and live in the most enviable solitude. The few Germans I associate at all with are away, as it is vacation time,

and I am waited upon by a slow Teutonic damsel, as speechless as the husband of the Silent Woman could desire.

I would not believe your enemy, if he said that you were so indolent as you describe yourself. I know what indolence and idleness is too, pretty well, and am not now altogether free from attacks of these evil ones; and recollect with dread the state of mental flatulence, which I endured for some time, really in a great measure because,—thanks to the state of education in England, I did not know what to study. You probably describe a passing mood of this nature otherwise—but conscience is ever the best adviser. I read very little of the German polite literature, as they call it, but lately I was induced to look into some of Tieck's original writings, in consequence of the very agreeable impression I received from some critical remarks of his on Shakespeare:—much truer, and more imbued with a feeling of the actual existence of Shakespeare's men and women, than the cold philosophizing abstractions of Schlegel. He (Tieck) has written a good deal: Tales and Dramatic Tales:—some of these latter are very long, mostly in two parts of five acts each, but excessive agreeable reading, with a vein of gentle Ionic humour, which never lets one sleep; he is never very strong or deep, but altogether displays more general power as a dramatist, than any of the more celebrated Germans. He particularly delights in presenting nursery tales in a dramatic form: he has a Puss in boots, Blue beard, Fortunatus, and Little Red Riding Hood. This last is short, but a most delightful absurdity. The Dramatis personæ are the heroine, Grandmother, a Huntsman who is in search of the Wolf, The Wolf (Mr. M'cready's part, as villain) Dog, and Robin Redbreasts, (special allies of Red Ridinghood's because of their sympathy in colour,)—and a Cuckoo. The scene discovers the Grandmother sitting alone on a sunday morning, and expecting her little relative; she comes with some cake, and chatters with the old lady some time,—is particularly

eloquent in praise of her red riding-hood. She goes, and leaves the house door open, to the dismay of the old lady.—On Red Ridinghood's return through the forest, she makes acquaintance with the Redbreasts, and meets the Huntsman, who announces the incursion of a ravenous wolf.. To this principal personage the reader is now introduced: he relates his history to the dog, how in his youth he was a cosmopolite and philanthrope, deserted his barbarous clans-wolves, and came into the village to gain knowledge and to be useful in his generation: here he became acquainted with a she-wolf in the neighbourhood, whose person was peerless, and after whose spotless life and amiable manners one might have written a Whole Duty of She wolves: however, his vita nuova, like Dante's, was broken off by the death of this his fairly fair;—she was murdered by a peasant at her evening repast on a lamb: and now Sir Isgrim is become Childe Harold in wolf's clothing, he contemns the canine, hates and vows vengeance on the human, kind, and devotes to the manes of his lost lady the head of Little Red Ridinghood, whose father slew the Fornarina and Queen Elizabeth and Ninon and Mrs. Fry of she-wolf-hood.—The dog, his friend, is a good natured fellow, a temporizing, phlegmatic Græculus esuriens, who praises all government as long as he has a bone to pick,—attempts to dissuade Sir I.,—fails, and retires.—Little R. R. meantime has got her custard and pot of honey, to take to her Grandmother this evening, although it is growing dark;—and now follows a scene of omens and warnings. She and another little girl blow off the seeds of dandelions' heads, to see how long they shall live;—the one blows a long time in vain, but the scarlet woman with one puff sends all her pappus adrift:—but vain is this omen of Flora's.—Red Ridinghood's father is probably a radical and takes in the Mechanic's Magazine, for his little one is a complete philosopher, and retorts the exultation of her fellow dandelion-blower, by reducing the phenomenon to natural principles.

She has blown the dandelion's head clean at one puff because she has good lungs, and will therefore live longest; and sends away t'other little one, crying. A peasant crosses her, and advises her not to go this evening through the wood, as it is nearly dark and the wolf's abroad: this has no effect; and now her household gods stir themselves, for the last time, and produce a wonder to deter her. Enter the Cuckoo:

Cook- for Grandam- koo another time,
Gook- not,- koo, the wood,—koo- night.
Gook- look,- koo, through,—
Gook- brook,- koo who,—
Gooks- looks,- koo thee there,
Cuck- a wolf,—or a bear.—
Cuck- cannot—cuck- any more,—
Spooking for- koos is a bore,—
Cuckoo! woe to thee—Cuckoo!

Little R. R. Cuckoo, you fool, learn to speak better English. Koo night,—indeed! ha! ha!

(*Enter* Dog.)

Dog. Bow vow, Bough vow, (probably a cockney dog)
Bow, your way home—
How couldst thou come,
Bow—alone—vow?
Boughs cloudy are,
Cows browse not there,—
Vows wolf to tear—
Bow, thou- thee to bits—
I bows now and quits. [*Exit.*

She goes on; reaches her grandam's chamber. The Wolf enters, lying on a bed, and R. R. H. admires the size of her nose, eyes, teeth: at this cue the Wolf seizes her, and in the struggle the bed curtains fall before them: the Robins fly in at the window and discover the murder to the Huntsman, who is without: he shoots into the room and kills the Wolf, —Curtain falls.

This is a trifle; but 'Fortunatus,' 'Emperor Octavian,' and 'Genevra' contain very beautiful things, and are more animated with a dramatic spirit, than any of those tasteless fatality-plays, with the translations of which Mr. Gillies has so liberally presented our Blackwood-reading public.

I am studying Arabic, and think of taking the field against Hebrew in the winter. I am reading Dante's Vita Nuova: it is a simple confessio amantis,—interwoven with curious Ptolemean Astronomy and Catholic Theology. The sonnets, &c. are much more to my taste than that Petrarchan eau d' Hippocrène sucré: did P. and Laura ever come into your head, in the scene between Slender and Sweet Anne? My next publication will probably be a dissertation on Organic Expansion; or an enquiry into the laws of Growth and Restoration in organized matter.

I am now already so thoroughly penetrated with the conviction of the absurdity and unsatisfactory nature of human life, that I search with avidity for every shadow of a proof or probability of an after-existence, both in the material and immaterial nature of man. Those people,—perhaps they are few,—are greatly to be envied, who believe, honestly and from conviction, in the christian doctrines: but really in the New Testament it is difficult to scrape together hints for a doctrine of immortality. Man appears to have found out this secret for himself, and it is certainly the best part of all religion and philosophy,—the only truth worth demonstrating: an anxious question, full of hope and fear and promise, for which nature appears to have appointed one solution,—Death. In times of revolution and business, and even now the man, who can lay much value in the society, praise, or glory of his fellows, may forget, and he, who is of a callous, phlegmatic constitution, may never find, the dreadful importance of the doubt. I am haunted for ever by it; and what but an after life can satisfy the claims of the oppressed

on nature, satiate endless and admirable love and humanity, and quench the greediness of the spirit for existence? but

As an almighty night doth pass away
From an old ruinous city in a desart,
And all its cloudy wrecks sink into day:
While every monstrous shape and ghostly wizard,
That dwelled within the cavernous old place,
Grows pale, and shrinks, and dies in its dismay:
And then the light comes in, and flowery grace
Covers the sand, and man doth come again
And live rejoicing in the new-born plain:
So you have seen great, gloomy centuries,
(The shadow of Rome's Death,) in which did dwell
The men of Europe, shudder and arise:
So you have seen break up that smoke of Hell,
Like a great superstitious snake, uncurled
From the pale temples of the awakening world.

These lines were written in the album of a man, who had busied himself during his pretty advanced life with political speculations, and watched the progress of the American and French revolutions with interest and expectation. No English person or English reader in Göttingen could, or would, understand them: for this reason I began to think they might be good, and have therefore rewritten them for you.

T. L. B.

(From Göttingen, *May*, 1827.)

"One of my friends sent me, a week or two ago, the following poem, which he had transcribed out of an old album in the library at Hamburg: the date 1604 was on the binding of it. The lines are written in a neat, old English hand.

My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with Love,
Mount Love unto the moon in clearest night,
And saie, as she doth in the heaven move,

In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight.
And whisper this but softly in her ears,*
How oft doubt hange the head and trust shed tears.
And you, my thoughts, that seem mistrust do rarye,†
If for mistrust my mistris do you blame,
Saie, though you alter yet you do not varye,
As shee doth change and yett remaine the same.
Distrust doth enter hartes, but not infect,
And love is sweetest, seasoned with suspect.
If shee, for this, with clouds do mask her eyes
And make the heavens dark with her disdaine,
With windie sights‡ disperse them in the skyes,
Or with thy teares desolve them into rayne.
Thoughts, hopes, and love, returne to me no more,
Till Cinthia shyne as shee hath done before.

W. S.

I have communicated the lines, with a strict regard even to the interpunctuation, exactly as I received them."§ Benecke, in the Wünschelruthe (Divining-rod, a dead Göttingen periodical,) No. 34. April 27, 1818. Göthe gave this translation in his periodical, "Ueber Kunst und Alterthum," Vol. 2, No. 3. Stutgardt, 1820, p. 32.

Here grunteth the old pig of Weimar:

"Aus einem Stamm-buch von 1604."

(*Then follows the German version, with a running commentary of verbal criticism by T. L. B.*)

Shakespeare"!!!

Göthe has done no good here; first he says, out of an

* Shakespeare bestowed ears rather on such erratic stars as Bottom, than on the moon. T. L. B.

† "To carry," of course. T. L. B.

‡ Benecke says this is rightly spelt for the time, taking for granted that the verses were written *before the book was bound*—and swallowing the W. S. It remedies a jingle between sighs and skies;—so far good. T. L. B.

§ (I too, T. L. B.)

Album of 1604—whereas the book was bound in 1604: was it bound before, or after, the sheets were written on? I suppose, according to English custom, it was a blank book bought by some dilettante for a scrap MS. book. Such are seldom very soon filled; and therefore, in all probability, the lines were written, *here* at least, in the latter days of Shakespeare. Two lines, which I need not point out to you, give the thing a possibility. But who is Cynthia? In the sonnets, &c. is no Cynthia mentioned, and altogether there is scarce any evidence of Shakespeare's being in love in a sonneteering way. He was probably too well acquainted with the tricks of authorship, too intimate with the artifice and insincerity of poetry, to think of availing himself of it in any serious passion at this time of his life. (See sonnet 130.) His sonnets I take to be early * productions, dictated by an ardent attachment to W. H. who was younger † than himself, and written all before he had become a poetical artist. It may be that these lines were written hastily by him for W. H. or perhaps some court gentleman, to serve as a complimentary poem or song for his lady. But is there any necessity for raising so great a spirit, is it absolutely necessary that no other W. S. could have written these lines? The internal evidence is so little satisfactory to my feelings, that I cannot think Göthe pardonable for his temerity, in printing Shakespeare's name at the end of the verses, upon such deficient historical grounds. Compare too the Italian frivolity, the careless, superficial playfulness, the constrained elegance and roundness of this little bit of verse, with the deep and ardent expressions of that wondrous book of sonnets, where he has turned his heart inside out, and given us to read all that the tender and true spirit had written on the walls of his chamber: the former is as the

* See sonnets 32 and 21.

† Sonnet 96, compared with the exaggerating melancholy 73rd.

dimple of the coquetting man of the world to the ἀπειρίθμον γέλασμα—the starry, tremulous, universal smile of an ocean of passion, which ebbed and flowed about the roots of a love, as firm and sacred as the foundations of the world. So far from being ready to attribute any thing he *could* have written to Shakespeare, I am inclined to deny the authenticity of many smaller pieces and songs, such as that to Silvia in The Two Gentlemen of Verona. At this period of his life, (forty years of age), his spirit was at rest, he was wearied of the light airs and recollected terms

"Of those most brisk and giddy-paced times;"

that feeling was awakened to full consciousness, which dictated the true, self-condemning expressions of the 110th sonnet, and he was yearning for the quiet truth of enjoyment, the peace of life. He had long learned that there were mysteries in the feelings and passions of the soul, some of which he had too rashly revealed: that the most exquisite happiness is silent, its delights unutterable. He had uncovered to profaner eyes some of the furthest sanctuaries of the heart, he had lent to vulgar tongues the sacred language of truth and divine passion, and it was this repentance and sorrow for the violation, which speaks so sorrowfully in that little poem, which deterred him from printing the compositions in which he had made his own soul a thoroughfare for the world. At this time, wearied and disgusted, as he clearly was, with the fate which had necessitated him to feed hard eyes with the emotions of his eternal nature, could he have so returned to the cold conceits, with which he had dallied before he had learned the truth and sacredness of human feeling? I cannot think so. But that an old fellow of letter press, an author of our days, who would send the paper wet with his own heart's blood to the printer, that fools might wonder and book-men adore his art, should think so, is what we can but expect from this vulgar, prostituted age. I fear that printing is a devil whom we have

raised, to feed and fatten with our best blood and trembling vitals. I (excuse, if you laugh at, this egotism of insignificance) will not again draw the veil from my own feelings to gratify the cold, prying curiosity of such as the million are, and will remain T. L. B.

P. S. You will hardly thank me for this letter: I have gone on with it, without attending to the laws and purposes of correspondence; but send it, that you may gather, from the êxpressions, a way of thinking which grows upon me daily. Do you think I am right, both with relation to the lines which have occasioned them, and the sentiment in general, or in neither?

A Tuesday in *Oct.* Göttingen

My dear K, (1827)

This week has been more productive of epistolary fruits to me than the foregoing three months. On Saturday came a young Scotch lawyer, Mr. F——, with a note from the conveyancing phœnix which has arisen from the ashes of the late B. C——, and a tall Swiss, who expects to become professor of the Teutonic languages in Univers: Londin: The latter acquaintance pleased me much the more of the two; he is a man of good, and extensive education, with an interest for all human sciences and arts,—and smokes his newbought large Göttingen pipe well. The law gentleman is editor of the new Foreign Review, who was recruiting for contributors, and wanted to catch me: however I am not magazinish-inclined, and do not augur well of the undértaking of young editors, who are well info.med of hardly anything but their own superior capacities, an occult science enough. Still, as it is always as well to give Cerberus a sop, when one has a thought of one day retreading the Tartarus Emeticus of modern literature, I treated him to a promise of an article upon modern Hebrew literature of the unholy kind. The writer of this is to be a native of Odessa, a man

who has a quantity of brain but no breeches, and for Hebrew utterly incomparable, for I presume there are few Jews, or Christmas-pious folks who can or have translated Schiller, written songs, &c. in that desolated and abandoned language. Moreover he utterly refused to button up his reason and belief in the prophetical old clothes, into which the shoulders of the events of later years have been thrust: he hath, alas! never been christened; is a deep philosopher, a lauder of Spinosa; in fact a choice morsel for the torch which Calvin, &c. brandished; a fellow after Julian's heart: but then he, who would sup with the devil, must needs have a long spoon—and that is wanting to my Russian Pyrrho. This treatise, if I can get him to write it, will be admirable for all people who know, or don't know, anything of the Jews. The Mr. F—— brought too a copy of his Bijou, for which Procter has written. This for Göttingen is an unfortunate name: Blumenbach tells, in his "at home" on natural history, a tale of a M. Bijou in Paris, who was a collector of a peculiar description * * *

You wish to convince me of my error regarding the publication of expressions of feelings, which are ours for the enjoyment of domestic happiness. I repeat that I regard it as a profanation: does not Shakespeare grant it? and who, but him, had built an ear for the tyrant vulgar, where it might eaves-drop and overhear the secret communings of human souls?—It would be worth while to consider the domestic lives of all the greater poets of modern times: for the ancient lacked those refinements and domestic enjoyments of which we speak. Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, all who have come next to the human heart, had found no object in life to satiate the restless yearnings of their hearts, and appease at the same time the fastidious cravings of their imaginations. Dissatisfaction is the lot of the poet, if it be that of any being; and therefore these gushings of the spirit, these poutings out of their innermost on imaginary topics,

because there was no altar in their home worthy of the libation. It is good that we should see, from these involuntary overflows of the soul, what it is that moves within us: such is the manna of the tree of life. But to force it, to count one's fingers, and take the sweat of our Grub-street brows for the true juice, the critical drops which the soul's struggles must press from our veins ere it be genuine: to pant for fame, to print and correct our tame frigid follies, to be advertised in the newspapers with the praise of the Literary Gazette, is really abundantly pitiful, and as ridiculous as the crowning of the pedant Petrarch. To annoy and puzzle the fools, and amuse oneself with their critical blunders, is the only admissible plea for printing, for any one who has been a few years from school,—excepting poverty, Mr. C——; excepting avarice, Sir ——.

Göthe has, as you probably by this time know, published an interlude to Faust, in which he gives him, as a playfellow, our fair witch of Troy, Helena, who bestows her name on the piece. I have read it once, and not very carefully, through, and found nothing very extraordinary: fine passages, which remind one of Euripides and Iphigenie, and graces, such as his better productions contain, are there: and a spirit plays upon the surface of his fancies, which announces the presence of a creator; but on the whole it is not palpable,—it dances o'er the brain and leaves no footstep there. Still there is something irritating in it, and it is probably a hieroglyphic in which the man portrays the passage of antique fable into the middle ages. The best thing, perhaps, is a great, fearful, old housekeeper of Menelaus, who frightens Helen from Sparta to the castle, where Faustus receives her, follows and threatens her, and at the end of the piece lays aside the mask, mantle and cothurn, and discovers herself to be Mephistopheles. A review of it is to be inserted in the Foreign Review, from the pen of the professor of Nostrum Literature elect in London. I can really send

you nothing of my own: I have a pretty good deal in fragments, which I want to cement together and make a play of,—among them is The last man;—they will go all into the Jest-book, or the Fool's Tragedy, the historical nucleus of which is an isolated and rather disputed fact, that Duke Boleslaus of Münsterberg in Silesia was killed by his Court-fool, A. D. 1377; but that is the least important part of the whole fable. I have dead game in great quantities; but when or how it will be finished Æsculapius alone knows. I will give you a song out of it, which seems to me bad,—but my English vocabulary is growing daily more meagre, and I have neither much time, nor much inclination, to keep up my poetical style by perusing our writers:. I am becoming daily more obtuse for such impressions, and rather read a new book on anatomy than a new poem, English or German. Yet let me assure you that your idea of my merits as a writer is extravagantly surpassing my real worth: I would really not give a shilling for anything I have written, nor sixpence for anything I am likely to write. I am essentially unpoetical in character, habits, and ways of thinking; and nothing but the desperate hanker for distinction, so common to young gentlemen at the University, ever set me upon rhyming. If I had possessed the conviction, that I could by any means become an important or great dramatic writer, I would have never swerved from the path to reputation: but seeing that others, who had devoted their lives to literature, such as Coleridge and Wordsworth, men beyond a question of far higher originality and incomparably superior poetical feeling and genius, had done so little, you must give me leave to persevere in my preference of Apollo's pill box to his lyre, and should congratulate me on having chosen Göttingen, instead of Grub-street, for my abode.

Indeed all young verse-grinders ought to be as candid, and give way to the really inspired. What would have been my confusion and dismay, if I had set up as a poet,

and, later in my career, any thing real and great had started up amongst us, and, like a real devil in a play, frightened into despair and fatuity the miserable masked wretches who mocked his majesty. These are my real and good reasons for having at last rendered myself up to the study of a reputable profession, in which the desire of being useful may at least excuse me, although I may be unequal to the attempt to become a master in it: and I assure you that the approbation, which you have pleased to bestow upon a very sad boyish affair, that same Brides' Tragedy, which I would not now be condemned to read through for any consideration, appears to me a remarkable and incomprehensible solecism of your otherwise sound literary judgment.

Now it being a star-and-moonlight night, and a bevy of ladies crossing the water in a boat, we'll let them sing,—but methinks its d—d Moorish and obscure—

(Here followed his lyric, *Wild with passion, sorrow-beladen.*)

You hardly deserve it, for, the last time, you didn't say thank'ye for a great something snake which I had caught and caged in a sonnet for you; however so much, to show you what you might have expected, and to induce you to thank the disposition of providence, which will preserve to you any part of your personal property, which you would wantonly devote for a box of such like. Such verses as these, and their brethren, will never be preserved to be pasted on the inside of the coffin of our planet. Thank you for Mr. Hood; he seems to be pretty tolerable, and not at all in danger to be too deep for his readers. Apollo have mercy on him!

Your's truly,
T. L. B.

My dear K.—— [From Göttingen.] *Feby.* 1829.

A day sooner or later than this letter will arrive, I hope, at No. 3, Figtree Court, at length, the celebrated Fool's

Tragedy or Death's jest-book. I have written to Procter, announcing the fact to him, and leaving to him whether he will interest himself about its furtherance to the press, as I acknowledge I have no right to expect it from him.

If you are in town get it, either from him or Bourne, and be critical. There is some wretched comic part in it, which I can neither improve nor give up. I hope however that it is no unworthy cotemporary of The Briton Chief. Allan Cunningham's anniversary I have seen here, and I suppose shall never see another: all the folks seem to have been trying who could be most stupid. Procter's Temptation however is a redeeming exception, and makes the book worth something, till he reprints it. There is a freedom, and a degree of poetical and dramatic management, in it, which I only regret to see in such company, and thrown away on a purposeless scene for a temporary purpose. I should like to see a play in that way; and why could not, and should not, he give it us? He is only about as much too brief, as I am too long-winded: but he can correct his failing more easily. My cursed fellows in the jest-book would palaver immeasurably, and I could not prevent them. Another time it shall be better, that is to say, if the people make it worth my while to write again. For, if this affair excites no notice, I think I may conclude that I am no writer for the time and generation, and we all know that posterity will have their own people to talk about. You are, I think, disinclined to the stage: now I confess that I think this is the highest aim of the dramatist, and I should be very desirous to get on it. To look down on it is a piece of impertinence, as long as one chooses to write in the form of a play, and is generally the result of a consciousness of one's own inability to produce any thing striking and affecting in that way. Shakespeare wrote only for it, Lord Byron despised it, or rather affected this, as well as every other, passion, which is the secret of his style in poetry and life.

In my preface I have made use of an essay on Tragedy by Southey's Dutch friend, Bilderdijk, which is, I think, extremely satisfactory, and establishes the independence of the English Drama of all Greek authorities, on an undeniable historical foundation. B. to be sure is directly opposed to the English in taste, but this is nothing to the purpose; he has given us good weapons, if we can only use them. Is it not really a ridiculous fact, that, of all our modern dramatists, none (for who can reckon Mr. Rowe now-a-days?) has approached, in any degree, to the form of play delivered to us by the founders of our stage? All—from Massinger and Shirley down to Shiel and Knowles—more or less French: and how could they expect a lasting, or a real, popularity? The people are in this case wiser than the critics; instinct and habit a truer guide than the half and half learning and philosophy of Ramblers, Quarterly's, and Magaziners. Poor Mr. Professor Milman will really be quite horrified, if he should live to read the Jest-Book, at the thought that a fellow, of so villainous a school as its author, should have been bred up at Oxford during his poetical dictatorship there. I hope he will review me. Indeed I only lament that so much absurdity in reviews is likely to escape me, on account of my foreign residence. Luz is an excellent joke . . . For the rest, the play is too long, the first Act somewhat in Briton Chief style, the second dull and undramatical, the three latter better in all respects: so begin with Act III. Scene 3, if you want to read to the end without being greatly bored. There are too many songs, and two of them are bad, somewhat Moorish and sentimental. Weakness you will find in the second, and beginning part of third Scene of fourth Act. A sweet, but tedious, sop for the admirers of the pretty, I have thrown in at Scene 3 of Act v.: but, if I err not, you have somewhere found among my MSS. a sort of dying glorification of a young lady, which is better, and just fitted for the occasion.

My friend Isbrand I recommend to your attention: he is a nice fellow. As to the Deaths, I am doubtful. Procter will abuse their song as vulgar, and will be right; but Death is a vulgar dog, and not admissible at any other court than Duke and Fool Isbrand's. I thought of making Isbrand allude to Göthe and Chateaubriand, when he proposes to make his new fool, minister; but the former must not be, even in jest, ridiculed by any one who has a sense of his very great and various merits.

By the way, his Faust, as he wrote it, has been played lately, and with great success, at Brunswick; a hint to those who think that good and stirring poetry will be rejected by the public: for the Germans, (vide Kotzebue, and The Robbers,) have more taste for melodrama, and that right prosy, than our good bloody-minded cockneys. But then the patents, the patents! To them we are indebted for our dramatic desertedness, for the translations from the French, for Beasley's operas, Peake's comedies, and the Chief's Tragedy. I have been lately reading the comedies of Holberg the Dane, of whom his own countrymen and many Germans speak so highly, although Schiller talks of the filth and ribaldry into which H. sinks, and Schlegel speaks of the atmosphere of his plays as one, in which "there pours down continually a heavy shower of cudgels." These two good latter people have only read the elder German translation, which was good for nothing. Holberg writes with a great deal of humour, draws characters rudely, but decisively, and the Danes are right to be proud of him. Another living Dane, Ingemann, has written two very good W. Scottish historical novels, on subjects out of his national history. My Russian is a very curious, clever, and learned fellow, without a farthing in the world, or the talent to make it, and has dug up a great deal of interesting matter relative to the Hebrew doctrine of immortality.

The King of Bavaria is just going to publish the first

volume of his poetical works: he is a man of taste, talent, and rational views,—of course Catholic. Fr. Schlegel died lately at Dresden suddenly: he and his wife, a daughter of Mendelssohn! had both embraced the Catholic religion: he lived in Vienna, wrote proclamations for Francis I. and Metternich, and apologies for the Jesuits: his lectures on the Philosophy of History must be therefore amusing. Müllner, *the guilty*, has just published a tragedy, in which he and Cotta, the bookseller, are the principal characters. A very washy poet, Dr. Raupach, is the most fertile dramatic writer in Germany nowadays: he is at Berlin: a thing, brought out at Cov. Garden last year, was a not-acknowledged translation of his Isidor and Olga; 'twas called the "Serf."

Shakespeare was not wrong in letting Antigonus be shipwrecked in Bohemia. Valdemar the IInd. of Denmark, called the Victorious, fetched his wife Margaretha, daughter of the King of Bohemia, by water from Prague. We have only to read Elbe, instead of Sea; for I suppose one may be shipwrecked very well in a river: at all events the Elbe is good enough for a stage shipwreck.

My motto in correspondence is, you are aware, "No trust!" if you don't answer I don't rejoin. I have used some of The Last Man for the end of Fool's Trag. as you will see. T. L. B.

P. S. Shall I review the King of Bavaria, and send him to some paper?

My Dear Procter, Gottingen, 19th *April*, 1829.

Accept my thanks for the patience and attention with which you have read my MS. and for the manner in which you have spoken of it; I fear that, if you had expressed your disapprobation of some of it still more strongly, I should have been obliged to confess that you were right. If you, as I have cause to apprehend, are not too well en-

gaged in other, and more substantial pursuits, you would oblige me still more by specifying the scenes and larger passages which should be erased—(that is to say if I am to let any considerable part remain as it is, for perhaps it might take less time to enumerate such bits as might be retained.) For, of the three classes of defects which you mention—obscurity, conceits, and mysticism, I am afraid I am blind to the first and last, as I may be supposed to have associated a certain train of ideas to a certain mode of expressing them, and my four German years may have a little impaired my English style: and to the second I am, alas! a little partial, for Cowley was the first poetical writer whom I learned to understand. I will then do my best for the play this summer; in the autumn I return to London, and then we will see what can be done. I confess to being idle and careless enough in these matters, for one reason, because I often very shrewdly suspect that I have no real poetical call. I would write more songs if I could, but I can't manage rhyme well or easily; I very seldom get a glimpse of the right sort of idea in the right light for a song—and eleven out of the dozen are always good for nothing. If I could rhyme well, and order complicated verse harmoniously, I would try odes; but it's too difficult. Am I right in supposing that you would denounce, and order to be rewritten, all the prose scenes and passages; almost all the 1st and 2nd, great part of the 3rd act, much of the two principal scenes of the 4th; and the 5th to be strengthened and its opportunities better worked on? But you see this is no trifle, though I believe it ought to be done.

Can you tell me whether Vondel's Lucifer has been translated? it is a tragedy somewhat in the form of Seneca. J. van Vondel was born at Cologne 1587, (according to Van Kampen), and Lucifer published in 1654.

Milton born in 1608—published Paradise Lost 1667.

It is to me very unlikely that Milton should have been

acquainted with the Dutch language, for Latin was the learned language in Holland long after this period, and M. was Cromwell's Latin secretary; therefore if he had any business with the Dutch, he would not have transacted it necessarily in their language; and I do not recollect that he visited Holland on his travels; if he had, he would hardly have gone further than learned Leyden:—Both on this account, and because I am rather partial to Holland and the Dutch, (for their doings against Spain, their toleration, their (*old*) liberty of the press, and their literature, wonderfully rich for so small a people,) I was very much pleased and struck on finding two lines in Vondel's Lucifer, which I translate literally:—

> "And rather the first prince at an inferior court
> "Than in the blessed light the second or still less."
>
> Lucifer, Act II.

Does it not seem as if, at certain periods of the world, some secret influence in nature was acting universally on the spirit of mankind and predisposing it to the culture of certain sciences or arts, and leading it to the discovery even of certain special ideas and facts in these? I do not know whether the authors of philosophies of history have as yet made this observation, but it is sufficiently obvious, and might be supported by numerous instances. So in our times Scheele and Priestley, the former in Sweden a few weeks later than P., discovered oxygen gas. A little time before we have half a dozen candidates for the title of appliers of the powers of steam in mechanics, &c. Middleton's Witch and Macbeth present, in the lyrical parts, so close a similarity that we can hardly doubt of the existence here of imitation on one side. I cannot but think that M. was the plagiarist, and that some error must have occurred with regard to the dates of the two pieces.

The King of Bavaria has commenced poet, and a very

sorry one he appears to be from the newspaper extracts: Kings, as well as cobblers, should keep to their craft, and Louis is a very reputable king: but still every inch a king, as you may see from his having made Thorwalsden a Knight of the Bavarian Crown! That you may see that I am not the only careless dramatist going, I quote you three lines from Oehlenschläger's new play—"The horsemen in Constantinople," where his great strapping tragic hero says in rage and despair—

"Ha! know the porkers what the old boar suffers,
"They would raise up a dismal grunt, and straight
"Free him from torture."——

This is as literally translated as possible: and do not disbelieve me if it should not happen to be in the German translation, which of course is more likely to be in London than the Danish original—I have it from the latter; probably it is not in the German, which I have not seen. Moreover Oehenschläger is one of the very first of continental dramatists, perhaps the first, far above Müllner, Grillparzer, Raupach, Immermaner, &c. His countryman Ingemaner is said to be a rival near the throne. I will sacrifice my ravens to you; but my crocky is really very dear to me: and so I dare say was Oehenschläger's pigstye metaphor to him. Your's ever, T. L. BEDDOES.

To the Editor.

My dear K. April the last, 1829. Göttingen.

You will probably by this time have heard, from Procter and Bourne, the decision of the higher powers with regard to Isbrand and his peers: the play is to be revised and improved. The whole summer therefore will be occupied in this business, and in the autumn, on my return to town, we will finally revise and consult with the booksellers, &c. I have requested Procter, if he can find time, to specify his objections, and, as soon as he has done that, I shall do the

same by you. What you have brought forward is, I believe, quite right and shall be adopted. With regard to the ruling unamiability of the prominent characters, the weakness of the women, &c. you are right: and here also I have hit upon an important improvement, as it appears just now to me, which I think you will approve: Instead of some weak, Balaam, two-page scenes, I will introduce a formal wooing of Amala by Adalmar, which she shall gently, but pretty firmly, decline: he shall then be supported by the arguments and authority of her father, the dull old gentleman: Amala shall then declare herself most peremptorily against it, and appeal to Adalmar's generosity: he will give her up honourably, but it must appear that they are really, or going to be, married, for the purpose of bettering Athulf, by means of this disappointment and his contrition. After this, the Cain and Abel scene will tell better: it shall be ameliorated and curtailed. The other lady can hardly be brought much more forward. Having lost her love in the 1st act, she would be infinitely tedious in the four latter: but her scene of meeting with the raised-up Wolfram, which really is capable of being rendered perhaps the finest in a poetical point of view, is to be rewritten, which you will find necessary. The charge of monotony in character is well grounded; but I can hardly do anything in this case, for the power of drawing character, and humour,—two things absolutely indispensable for a good dramatist,—are the two first articles in my deficiencies: and even the imaginative poetry I think you will find, in all my verse, always harping on the same two or three principles: for which plain and satisfactory reasons I have no business to expect any great distinction as a writer: being allowed to be better than what is absolutely bad, and not quite an imitator, is not enough for any lasting celebrity. Read only an act of Shakespeare, a bit of Milton, a scene or two of the admirably-true Cenci, something of Webster, Marston, Marlowe, or in fact any thing

deeply, naturally, sociably felt, and then take to these Jest-books—you will feel at once, how forced, artificial, insipid, &c. &c. all such things are. To keep me up, you must be a daily reader of Walker, Shiel, and the Lit. Gazette Parnassians: Believe me, it's only just now for want of a better; and that better, or those dozen betters, will rise whenever the public should favour this class of productions: they are in England beyond a doubt, but opportunity, whose merit is great too, has not, and probably will not call them forth. Procter has denounced the carrion crows:—I can spare them: but he has also, as "absolutely objectionable," anathematized "Squats on a toadstool," with its crocodile,—which I regard as almost necessary to the vitality of the piece. What say you? If a majority decide against it, I am probably wrong. If you say it is nonsense, I and Isbrand reply, that we meant it to be so: and what were a Fool's Tragedy without a tolerable portion of nonsense? I thought it consistent with the character and scene, and, in its small way, and in comparison with the other minor merits of the play, a set off, like the nonsense of Wagner in Marlowe's, and the monkies (not monkey-cats as some translators say,) in Göthe's Faustus,—not to speak of higher nonsense in higher compositions.

Here is something of old Walther von der Vogelweide, who wrote in the earlier part of the 13th century; but in his old German it is infinitely better.

(Here was inserted the poem printed in this vol. p. 198.*)*

The King of Bavaria has not yet published: but very flat specimens of Her Royal Highness, his muse, have appeared in the papers.

I must now send to the post.

Yours truly. T. L. B.

My dear K——, Wurzburgh, *July* 1830.

Your letter finds me at leisure—(excuse all mis-spellings,

my mother tongue begins to fade away in my memory, and I was just going to write this word, analogically, like pleasure) —and I will reply to, though perhaps not answer, it. All about the play annoys me, because I have utterly neglected it, and feel not the least inclination to take any further trouble in the matter: however, perhaps I may try this season; it cannot be printed this summer, and in autumn perhaps something may be done. This indifference is of itself almost enough to convince me, that my nature is not that of one, who is destined to achieve anything very important in this department of literature; another is a sort of very moderate, somewhat contemptuous, respect for the profession of a mere poet in our inky age. (You will conceive that such a feeling accords well with, and perhaps results from, a high delight in first-rate creators and illustrators of the creation, as Æschylus, Shakespeare &c., and a cordial esteem for those who, as highly polished moderns, have united their art with other solid knowledge and science, or political activity,—Camoens, Dante, and, lower down, many French and English accomplished rhymers, and now Göthe, Tieck &c.) In the third place a man must have an exclusive passion for his art, and all the obstinacy and self-denial which is combined with such a temperament, an unconquerable and always enduring will, always working forwards to the only goal he knows; (such a one must never think that there is any human employment so good, (much less suspect that there may be not a few better,) so honourable for the exercise of his faculties;) ambition, industry, and all those impolitic and hasty virtues which helped Icarus to buckle on his plumes, and which we have left sticking in the pages of Don Quixote. I am even yet however seriously of the opinion, that it is ornamental and honourable to every nation and generation of mankind, if they cherish among their numbers men of cultivated imagination, capable of producing new and valuable works of art: and, if I were soberly and mathematically convinced of my own

genuineness, ('inspiration,' as the ancients would say,) I might possibly, though I won't promise, find spirit and stability enough to give up my time to the cultivation of literature.

If dreams were dramatic calls, as in the days (or nights) of Æschylus, I might plead something too. He, according to Athenæus, sleeping in a vineyard, probably after acting a part in some Thespian satyric dialogue, had a vision of Bacchus descending to him, and bidding him arise and write tragedies. The author of Agamemnon had a good right to relate such a nocturnal visit, if it had been paid to him, or even to invent it, if a less divine night-mare had invited him to mount his hobby-horse. We will not ask how many have won in this, or any other lottery, and the number they saw in their slumbers. I, in my bed in Wurzburg, did dream that I bought in an old book-shop, for a small moiety of copper money, a little, old, dirty, dogs-eared, well-thumbed book, and thereon in great agitation and joy saw, at the first glance into the dialogue, ('twas a play-book,) that it contained half a dozen genuine and excellent unknown plays, which no one could have written whose name and nature was not W. S. To return to reality, I will say then that I will try to write over again this last unhappy play, though I have no appetite to the task; and then I would wish to have it printed, with any other little things that you may have and think worth printer's ink, because a second edition is not to be thought of, and any consequent publication of mine very improbable. It is good to be tolerable, or intolerable, in any other line, but Apollo defend us from brewing all our lives at a quintessential pot of the smallest ale Parnassian; such hope or memory is little soothing for any one, whose mind is not quite as narrow as a column of eights and sixes. I sometimes wish to devote myself exclusively to the study of anatomy and physiology in science, of languages, and dramatic poetry, and have nothing to hinder me, except un-

steadiness and indolence: which renders it extremely probable, if not absolutely certain, that I shall never be anything above a very moderate dabbler in many waters: if another very different spirit does not come over me very, very soon, you will do well to give me up. Indifference grows upon us, and that renders my case very desperate. Once more about the crocodile song: I have sent Bourne another song, instead of it, about an old ghost; one in the place of the second song of the bridal serenaders, which was *very* common-place, and ought to have been abused by you; though I put these three purposely together; one something Moorish in rhythmus and expression, not equal to him, (his song style is the best *false* one I know, and glitters like broken glass,—he calls us, and will shew us a beautiful prospect in heav'n or earth, gives us a tube to look through, which looks like a telescope, and is a kaleidescope,)—but a tolerable watery imitation; the second a specimen of the bad, but very popular sentimental if-oh!-and why? lovesong; and the third in the style which, to my conviction, is the right and genuine one in tone, feeling, and form, for a song of the tender and more poetic kind.

No critic however will see what I meant, and indeed I may have failed in my purpose, for Bourne seemed to like the first as well as the third. I do not know whether I have written to you about song-writing; it is almost the only kind of poetry, of which I have obtained a decided and clear critical theory.—In some letter, either to you or Bourne, I said a good deal about it; but what need of it? you have Shakespeare, and the dramatists, Herrick, Suckling, &c., and know what I mean. It is not easy to write a song with ease, tenderness, and that ethereal grace which you find among these writers &c. &c. &c. Tieck's tale, "Dichter-leben," in Urania 24-5 or 6, relates more to Marlow than Shakespeare, though this latter and Kit's crony, Robert Green, contribute their groat's-worth of wit to illustrate his repentance; and

Nash is there too, and Hemings, in good keeping—I don't know whether it's translated:—is William Lovell, by the same, among your novels from the German? a capital thing. Indeed T. is always clever, but has studied so much in the old English and Spanish school that he is scarcely to be called popular among his countrymen, though everywhere acknowledged and dreaded. I have learned much from his writings, from him and Wieland more than from any German writer. Some prejudice or other kept me a long while from reading anything of Kleist's, because I had somewhere read a vile magazine translation of his "Spring," and I hate poems about the seasons; the other day I took up his "Käthchen von Heilbronn"—a chivalrous play, and was very agreeably surprised. My criticism is never worth much touching poetry of a loftier character, but I confess I am inclined to look upon Kleist as a person of very great talent for the romantic drama; there is evidently an inoculation from the Shakespearean vein in the piece, and a nature and simplicity which sends howling the pompous pasteboard affectations of Müllner, Rauper, and other Calibans, who lick the shoe of Gries's translated Calderon.—His prince of Homberg and other works I have not yet read, although I really believed, a week ago, that I was acquainted with everything worth reading in German belles lettres, from the Niebelungen-lied down to Tieck's last novel.

How is it possible that it could have escaped your tact for the drama, that the first act of Death's Jest-book must end with the last words of Wolfram, all the rest being superfluous and derogatory? You will see it clearly if you look into the scene again, and draw your pen through all the Ah!'s and Oh!'s and Hells which follow. You have never, any of you, said a word about the preface:—is it to be printed or not? I think better not: it is ill written, and contains nothing new excepting the quotation from Bilderdijk, which I prize highly as the historical vindication of the Shakespear-

ean form, and therefore a decisive refutation, of all application of Aristotelian maxims to our drama, for those who require an authority besides that of the feelings of the people.

I believe I shall leave the crocodile where he is; and put the "old ghost" into the shoes of Adam and Eve, about whom I care nothing: and I prefer being anonymous, as aforesaid. I hardly venture to open my M.S.: I read Shakespeare and Wordsworth, the only English books I have here, — and doubt,—and seem to myself a very Bristol diamond, not genuine, although glittering just enough to be sham. Wurzburg is one of the oldest Universities in Germany: a very clever professor of medicine, and capital midwife brought me here; and a princely hospital. Franconian wines are mostly white; Stein, Leisten, Gressen, are the best. Wurzburg lies amidst vine-covered hills, and the Maine flows away at a considerable breadth. I stay till August's end; then perhaps to Florence; so you had better write before that time. T. L. B.

P. S. I have made a mistake about Kleist. There are two German *Boets* of the name, Christian Ewaldo Kleist, born 1715, died of the wounds he received at the battle of Kunnersdorf in Frederick the Great's army, Aug. 24, 1759; wrote "The Spring" &c: Heinrich von Kleist, the dramatist,—committed suicide, in partnership with Mrs. Adolphise Sophia Henrietta Vogel, in a wood near Potsdam. Nov. 21, 1811. Tieck has translated *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, and attributed it to Massinger: I must ask him, Why? The poisoning and painting is somewhat like him, but also like Cyril Tourneur,—and it is too imaginative for old Philip.

My dear K——, Wurzburgh, *January*, 1831.

Another winter in Wurzburgh: I do not know when I shall summon courage enough to return to your deuced dear island. You might have written to me before this, as you

have now matter enough in the Gunpowder plot, of which our literary periodicals speak so mysteriously, that I am totally at a loss whether it be a merry, political hoax, of which the Germans have as yet no conception, or a serious Irelandiad: and then the sixpenny old dramatists? I have some idea of raising my ghost, (in the never-ending Death's Jest Book,) at the close of the fifth Act, and amalgamating the last scene of the third with the last of the fifth. The first Act must in that case be cut in two, which is practicable enough; but then I am at a loss for business and a good blow at the end of the third, and a play in four acts is a cripple:—either three or five. In the first, the deed must be committed, the consequences of which employ the following: in the second, a reaction attempted, and a second seed sown for ripening in after-time: in the third, which needs not to be the most powerful as I once thought, the storm gathers, doubts rise, or the termination, which appears to be at hand, is interrupted by some bold and unexpected invention; a new event, the developement of a character, hitherto obscure, a new resolve, &c., gives a fresh turn to the aspect of the picture: in the fourth all is consummated, the truth is cleared up, the final determination taken, the step of Nemesis is heard: and in the fifth the atonement follows. The first, fourth, and fifth, must be most attractive and interesting, from the collision of passions and the events occasioned by them: the second is a pause for retrospection, anticipation; in the third is rather the struggle, between the will of man and the moral law of necessity, which awaits inevitably his past actions,—the pivot of all tragedy. I have really begun a little to alter the ill-fated play in question. What do you say to a drinking song like this, at the beginning of the present second Act? I am not in the least satisfied with it . . . On second thoughts, I will not bore you with it: indeed it is utterly useless to send you anything, for you always forget to criticise and abuse properly, which it is the duty of every

friend to do, as long as the confided piece remains in M.S. Otherwise you should have observed how stupid and superfluous almost all the second Act of Death's Jest Book is; how commonplace the second bridal song in the fourth; &c. &c. ad infinitum. You may give me credit for carelessness, if you will not for want of superabundant vanity, (a spice is necessary, and self-esteem the wise it call); it is eight years since I have published anything, and how long will it be before I am again under the press? heaven knows. I think the reading populace ought to be much obliged to me for my forbearance: 'tis a pity that other young, rhyming gents are not equally economical of their tediousness: Campbell is really a good example,—or would be, but I fear his poverty, and not his will, consented. Leopold Schefer, a good novelist, proposes, for the purpose of resuscitating the drama, to return to the custom of the Greeks, i. e. to keep all the theatres closed through the greater part of the year, and to open them during a few holiday weeks, once in three years, I think, at Easter, Christmas, &c. for the representation of plays for a prize;—a good chimæra. Many things are quite absurd, and destructive of all poetry, in arrangements which appear not of the slightest consequence; I am convinced that playbills, for instance, are very pernicious; one should never know the actors' names and private circumstances, the spectators would then be compelled to identify them with their dramatic characters, the interest would be much purer and undivided, the illusion carried as far as it can, and ought to, be. How can people enter deeply into the spirit of a tragedy, for instance,—(in comedy it is a matter of less consequence—) whose question is, How do you like Kean tonight? Is not Claremont delightful in Rosenkranz? &c.—Othello, Richard, and Rosenkranz are here obliged to play Claremont and Kean, instead of the reverse. The actor, on the other hand, deprived of his private name and existence, must feel more convinced of the reality of his five-act life,

would be liberated from the shackles of timidity and the temptations of individual vanity, would care less about his creditors, and be unable to try and please the ladies, as Mr. —— with the handsome leg, &c.,—wink to his friends in the pit, &c. &c. To whet curiosity and occasion astonishment, is not the least important object of the dramatist; the actors might have learned from Scott, that anonymous mysteriousness is one of the most effective arts for this purpose. A distant idea of the use of this concealment probably caused the custom, observed in the announcement of a new play,—principal characters by Messrs. Doe and Roe; but the names of the people in the drama ought to be printed with the necessary key, (father, son, &c.), not those of the gentleman who lodges at the pastrycook's, wears the threadbare coat, &c. The Greeks, (from whom we can learn much, if we understand their motives,) were in possession of this secret; and this is the real meaning of their masks, which have so much bothered the critics; and these were doubly useful,—they deceived to a certain degree, not only the spectator, but also the actor with the semblance of an heroic and unknown person, and prevented the annoying familiarity of the people on the stage. Of course I do not wish to see their sort of masks on our stage—(our passionate drama renders them impossible, though it might be an interesting experiment to try them once in an adaptation of Agamemnon, the Bacchæ, Antigone, or Electra,—to conclude with the Satyric Drama, the Cyclops:) it is only to be lamented that we have no other means of completely disguising our actors, and making Richard, Hamlet, Macbeth, as absolutely distinct and independent individuals, as Œdipus and Orestes must have been. The Athenians would, I am sure, have pelted their fellow citizen and neighbour, as the pathetic, hobbling, ulcerous Philoctetes, off the stage with onions: only a conviction of his reality could have reconciled their frivolous imaginations with him, or subdued them to compassion:—and

Agamemnon, or Hercules, unmasked would have been saluted with their nicknames from all sides. Othello's colour is a sort of mask, and this is a reason, perhaps, why Shakespeare has given him so much less ideal language, and more simple household truth, than his other characters; the whole play is barer of imagery than any other of his; except the musicians, with their silver sound, there is no conductor for laughter from the tragic characters. Shakespeare seems really to intend more illusion than elsewhere,—and is not the purpose gained? The witches, Peter and the nurse, the gravediggers and Polonius, in a less degree Kent and Lear's fool, are all more or less purposely destructive of the tragic illusion, and allow time to recover from the surprise, which the course of the events produced: their good is, that they give the hearer to understand that the poet is not absolutely in earnest with his deaths and horrors, and leaves it to him to be affected with them or not as he thinks proper; and secondly that the audience, as well as everybody, is much less inclined to laugh at, and deride the gravity of, a person, with whom his wit and satire has compelled them to laugh:—besides that the change is grounded on the law of oscillation, which pervades all physical and moral nature,—sleeping and waking,—merriment and tears,—sin and repentance,—life and death,—which all depend, and are consequent, on one another.—So much for my dramaturgic ideas on playbills; I don't know that any one else has fallen on them:—what do you think of them as theory? The pause between the Acts,—which the Greeks, and Shakespeare, I believe, did not allow,—is another dangerous innovation: the thread of events is interrupted, one talks to one's neighbour, hears news, and forgets the fictitious in the real events, the state of mind produced by the opening is altered, and, as soon as we are with difficulty brought back to the track over which the poet would lead us, another interruption undoes all again. The actors in the meantime chat

behind the scenes, Cordelia flirts with her papa, Arthur makes King John a pig-tail, Constance comforts herself with a cup of tea, Juliet dances with the dead Mercutio,—and all such things occur which breed familiarity and carelessness, and damp the excited imagination, and cool the ardour of the players. These, and some other apparently trifling, things have, I am convinced, done the drama much more harm, rendered it less poetical, and spoiled the audience and performers, than the innocent dogs and horses, who act always better than the bipeds, and are as allowable as painted horses, &c. Agamemnon's chariot was drawn by real horses, I doubt not,—Shakespeare made a good use of his friend's dog, who played Launce, &c. &c. I acknowledge that licenses, patents, theatrical censure, &c. have been far more noxious; the stage must be as free as the press, before anything very good comes again. But these things which I point out can easily be removed; the others probably not before the abolition of tithes, cornbill, &c. If parliament had nothing to do of greater consequence, Lord Melbourne, who dabbled in Drury lane theatricals, might do something for us; and I wish some one would publicly remind him of the subject.—Tieck's continuation of Dichter-leben, is a delightful explanation of Shakspeare's life and sonnets; I suppose it is already translated somewhere: it appeared in his Novellen Kranz Taschenbuch auf 1831.—Adieu, &c.

Answer, and send me the song and death-scene you spoke of: you are lazy enough, and cannot complain of me, unless you improve.

I wish you would tell me what things of Tieck's are translated, as I should wish to introduce him to the English as he deserves. I think he would be, and know he ought to be, much more relished than Göthe, who after all is only a name in England. It is a confounded bore, and baulks me much, that I have no connection with any publisher or journalist in England. I should then have some stimulus,

&c. and do some good; now I can do nothing. T. L. B.

I leave Wurzburg in March—destination uncertain.

My dear K.—— Zurich, *March*, 1837.

I am preparing for the press, as the saying is, among other graver affairs, a volume of prosaic poetry and poetical prose. It will contain half a dozen tales, comic, tragic, and dithyrambic, satirical and semi-moral; perhaps half a hundred lyrical Jews-harpings, in various styles and humours, and the still-born D. J. B.; with critical and cacochymical remarks on European literature, in specie the hapless drama, of our day. I am not asinine enough to imagine that it will be any very great shakes, but, what with a careless temper, and the pleasant translunary moods I walk and row myself into upon the lakes and over the Alps of Switzerland, it will, I hope, turn out not quite the smallest ale brewed with the water of the fountain of the horse's foot. Now then I write to beg you, as the saying is, to send me, in a letter, a copy of a certain scene and song which you, being the possessor of the only existing MS. thereof, once proposed as an amelioration of one in D's J. B. This affair will be very much cut down, a good many faults corrected; a little new matter added to it; and the whole better arranged. But I can hardly consent to eradicate my crocodile song, which, you know, B. C. and all persons of proper feeling, as the saying is, strongly condemned. After all, I only print it because it is written and can't be helped, and really only for such leaders as the pseudonymic lawyer mentioned, W. Savage L. yourself, etc. (if there be yet a plural number left.) G. D. appears to me to have grown deuced grey,—whether it be the greyness of dawn, of life's evening twilight, or of a nascent asinine metempsychosis, I cannot distinguish at this distance. As a specimen, I send you a bit of foolery, and a snack of fine feeling; and, if you don't answer me before June, I shall let another rhymed bore loose at you:

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or, what will be as bad, I hope, a few of my anatomical discoveries and physiological fancies. T. L. P. B.

(*The songs enclosed were those now published under the titles of "The reason why," and "Dial-thoughts."*)

Zurich—the hills covered with snow.

My dear K. (*May*, 1837.)

My best thanks for your prompt and agreeable answer: your part of the letter being much more satisfactory than mine. I know not what the creator of a planet may think of his first efforts, when he looks into the cavernous recesses which contain the first sketches of organised beings;—but it is strange enough to see the fossilized faces of one's forgotten literary creatures, years after the vein of feeling, in which they were formed, has remained closed and unexplored. I shall not be able to make much of the death-scene, it is too diffuse and dithyrambic. Pray do not make too much of my productions: you go too far by much in talking of fashionable publishers and the spring season. Most probably I shall be reduced to print at my own expense, for no Ollier exists at present, I believe, and one can hardly expect to get rid of 100 copies by sale. I know well that publishing at one's own cost is as promising a speculation, as that in Spanish Bonds, for a man who wishes to lose; but the work is so perfectly adapted to remain unread, that it would be unfair to think of mulcting any unoffending bookseller to the necessary amount. At first I intended to have it printed by Baudry or Galignani at Paris, or at Brussells: but it goes on so slowly, in this cold and snowy weather, that it may cost me much more time than I anticipated.

I would gladly send you copies of the four Chapters, containing as many tales, finished, if I had any creature here, capable of writing English, but I cannot endure copying what I have myself written. I do not intend to publish,

or republish, anything of an earlier date, (except Death's Jest-Book). Pygmalion is, if I recollect right, considerable trash; and what the devil is Alfarabi? I thank you sincerely for your kind invitation to F——, of which I think to avail myself one time or other. I have been staying all the winter here, for the purpose of taking an extensive Alpine walk in July and August. It was my intention to have gone up to the top of several mountains, which I have not yet visited—Pilate, the Titlis, &c.—but I fear that the great quantity of snow, which has fallen in the winter, and is still falling at this moment, will hardly be so far melted by the sun of this summer, as yet powerless, as to leave the latter, a tallish fellow, about 10,700 feet above the level of the sea, accessible to wingless bipeds: so I must even content myself with once more treading on the summits of my humbler acquaintance Rigi, Fauli, and Seidelhorn, &c. These summer excursions among the vallies, the glaciers, and the mighty eminences of this magnificent country, are to me the most delightful of all relaxations; without which I should be as dull and sour as the refuse whey, in which no pig has dipped his snout.

I am sorry to acknowledge that the later writings of Landor have not reached our subalpine region. So much the better; there will be something new for me, when I return, that I shall be able to read. Have you read Tieck's Shakespeare Novels (Dichter-leben Th. 1. u 2.)? and is W. S. L's Deer-stealing as true and worthy of its hero? T. a writer whom I prefer very much to the Göethe, about whom the folks in your isle, who manage to wade through his treacherous pages on the back of some square, fat dictionary, are all gone stark, staring, translating-mad.—T. published a year or two ago, in his Novellen-kranz, a biographical romance, in which Camoens plays the principal part,—which I prefer to his Shakespeare, and hold to be the most perfect of his, and consequently of German, *human*

fictions. His dramatic poems, fairy tales, &c. are, I believe, nearly unknown in your part of Europe. But of this anon, when I happen to be in your neighbourhood. Such matters are fitter for discourse over a tankard, than over the channel and across France. What are the votaries of the Muse doing yonder? What is Cosmo de Medici? Paracelsus? Strafford? and Serjeant Talfourd's Ion or John? You must know that Baudry and Galignani print little besides the fashionable novels, which I can seldom manage to read, in spite of the most devoted application, Bulwer excepted, who is very entertaining, so long as he abstains from aspiring to a sublimer or more poetical sphere than the very respectable one of pickpockets and lawyers—(I beg pardon)—and old clothes-men. My fingers are now so cold that I must put them into my pockets, and sing you a very objectionable piece of foolery, enough to ruin the reputation of any one, who wishes to introduce his writings into good society.—Allons! It is a sparkling piece of anecdote, filed out of The Golden Legend, and extracted from Chap. V. of The Ivory Gate or, lesser Dionysiacs—(my new book.)

(*The song extracted was a jocose lyric, entitled The new Cecilia.*)

What stuff! I shall not give you any more extracts, for fear of spoiling your appetite for the promised laughable mouse in toto. To tell the truth, however, I prefer the above, and such like, absurdity to your Pygmalion, and contend that the same is far more poetical. To be sure, it is rather too much in the style of Campbell, but hardly so entirely as fairly to deserve the name of an imitation.

You are desirous of knowing what my thoughts, or superstitions, may be regarding things human, sub-human, and superhuman; or you wish to learn my habits, pursuits, and train of life. Now, as you have not me before you in the witness' box, you must excuse my declining to answer directly

to such questioning. I will not venture on a psychological self-portraiture, fearing, and, I believe, with sufficient reason, to be betrayed into affectation, dissimulation, or some other alluring shape of lying. I believe that all auto-biographical sketches are the result of mere vanity,—not excepting those of St. Augustine and Rousseau,—falsehood in the mask and mantle of truth. Half-ashamed and half-conscious of his mendacious self-flattery, the historian of his own deeds, or geographer of his own mind, breaks out now and then indignantly, and revenges himself on his own weakness by telling some very disagreeable truth of some other person, and then, re-established in his own good opinion, marches on cheerfully in the smooth path towards the temple of his own immortality. Yet even here, you see, I am indirectly lauding my own worship, for not being persuaded to laud my own worship. How sleek, smooth-tongued, paradisaical a deluder art thou, sweet self-conceit! Let great men give their own thoughts on their own thoughts: from such we can learn much: but let the small deer hold jaw, and remember what the philosopher says, "fleas are not lobsters; d—n their souls."

Without any such risk, however, I can tell you how I employ, or abuse, my time. You must know that I am an M. D. of the U. of Würtzburg, and possess a very passable knowledge of anatomy and physiology, &c.: that I narrowly escaped becoming professor of comparative anatomy in the University of Zurich, (having been recommended unanimously for that chair by the medical faculty here,) by means of a timely quarrel in which I engaged, more solito, with several members of the government. Now, being independent, and having all the otium if not the dignitas eines privatis irrenden-gelehrten, sometimes I dissect a beetle, sometimes an oyster, and very often trudge about the hills and the lakes, with a tin box on my back, and "peep and botanize" in defiance of W. W. Sometimes I peep half a

day through a microscope: sometimes I read Italian (in which I am only a smatterer,) or what not: and not seldom drink and smoke like an Ætna.

As sudden thunder—

(*Here followed the lyric which is inserted in Death's Jest-Book*, p. 115.)

And so I weave my Penelopean web, and rip it up again; and so I roll my impudent Sisyphean stone; and so I eat my beef-steak, drink my coffee, and wear my coats out at elbow, and pay my bills (when I can,) as busy an humble bee, as any who doth nothing.

* * * * * *

And here closeth this epistle. I shall hardly write again before I have finished my book, which grows as slowly as a yew-tree, at present the chapters in hand requiring a light-hearted sunniness of style, which I can only command when the birds are singing, and sun is shining on morning dew.

Yours, T. L. B.

I hope to hear from you again before I return to England, and would request you to send me a song which you recommend. I wish to be prodigal of lyrics, and have only about twenty-two or twenty-three as yet; one or two of which are of doubtful merit. In this confounded weather the cold-blooded frogs themselves hardly have the heart to sing out their love-thoughts. What do you say to the new dramatists? An article in a Dublin review, which I looked through a day or two ago, contains extracts, which certainly indicate a beating of the pulse, a warming of the skin, and a sigh or two from the dramatic lady muse, as if she were about to awake from her asphyxy of a hundred years: and the Examiner is quite rapturous about Strafford; although I confess that the extracts, he chooses and praises, appear to me not exactly dramatic. One is a dialogue between two people describing Pym's appearance, action &c. in a style,

which has been approved of by critics of late, and considered highly graphic. But is it not very artificial? In Shakespeare such passages are rare, and only in scenes, where the person, whose actions are described, must necessarily be laconic if not entirely speechless, and where the spectators, in their doubt, fear, and wonder, naturally communicate to each other their interpretations of the dumb show before them. For instance, in Hamlet where the ghost, unwilling, or unable perhaps, to speak to his son in the presence of Horatio and the watch, motions him to follow. It is of some consequence to settle one's opinion on a question of this nature. I am not sure that I am right, but I doubt: what say you?

My dear K. Giessen, *Novr.* 13, 1844.

I deferred answering your letter, which I duly received in Baden near Zürich, in August, till I should be able to say where I should fix for some time. Although my arrangements are not yet completed, it is likely that I shall remain here at least the winter. Of course you know that Liebig's chemical school is in this wretched little town: and, wishing to avail myself of his instructions, I have come to it. My journey brought me through Basel, where Paracelsus—(not Mr. Browning's,—the historical Paracelsus, a complete charlatan, seldom sober, clever and cunning, living on the appetite of his contemporaneous public for the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine; mutilated as a child by the jaws of a pig; all his life a vagabond; who at last died drunk, in his single shirt, at Salzburg:)—where Paracelsus burnt Galen's works openly as professor of the university, beginning the medical reform so, as Luther did that in religion by his public conflagration of the bull launched against him. Paracelsus was a poetical fellow in his way certainly, and in his writings a wholesale dealer in a certain style, of which every prudent verse-

manufacturer will avail himself sparingly; no doubt the epithet, given to that sort of flowers of eloquence, was derived from one of his names, for he had many, as he might often need an alias, and, when he wrote at full, denominated himself *Philippus Aureolus Theoprastus Paracelsus Bombastus ab Hohenheim.* He was born at Hohenheim near Einsiedeln, in the canton Schwyz; and his surname was probably Bombast. But the memory of Paracelsus has passed away, with the dance of Death; and the old university, whose walls echoed once to the voices of Vesalius, Œcolampadius, Melancthon, and Erasmus, is just pulled down, to make way for a new building in which teachers of mediocrity will soon dictate to empty benches. Basel has retained a good collection of Holbein's, who was a native of the town, where they tell odd stories of him.

He was employed once in painting a cieling for a patrician, who was somewhat stingy; and knowing how apt the master was to slip from his aerial perch into a vintner's to enjoy himself, he left his counting house every vacant minute to assure himself that the painter's legs were dangling in their proper place from the scaffold. Holbein could not endure such constraint, and, to be able to absent himself unperceived, painted a pair of very sober legs against the wall, which he left as his proxy, while his own were enjoying themselves under the tippling-bench. This monument of his ingenuity remained till within a few years, but every leg has its end, and we have nothing left but a leg-end of those of Holbein. I will spare you all remarks on the liver-pasties and fortifications of Strasburg, the monotony of Manheim, and the militaries of Mainz: referring you to Murray, &c. In Francfort the new monument of Göethe was just unveiled: it is a brönze designed by Schwanthaler, and admirably executed: the pedestal ornamented in haut-relief with groups out of his principal fictions, as Mignonne, W. Meister, and the harper,—Her-

mann and Dorothea, (stiff and disagreeable, perhaps purposely modelled so by the artist, as characteristic of that soporific composition,)—Faust and Meph,—Iphigenia, Orestes, and Thoas,—Egmont,—Götz,—Erlking,—Bride of Corinth,—&c. all graceful and harmonious. Göethe turns his back to the Francfort theatre,—why, I do not know: he certainly would, if he was alive, for the actors are almost as bad as the English,—always with the exception of Dem Lindner, and my old friend Weidner, with whom I helped to keep his sixty-sixth birthday, celebrating the same with a German sonnet, which no doubt you are not in the least anxious to see: so, I'll sing you another song, which I believe is new to you. I have stuck it into the endless Jest-book.

(" *In lover's ear a wild voice cried;*" *the ballad now first printed in this volume.*)

Do not imagine that I do much in the pottery way now. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I write you a German lyric or epigram, right scurrilous; many of which have appeared in the Swiss and German papers; and some day or other I shall have them collected and printed for fun. As for publishing in England, I am not inclined that way: the old Jest-book, repeatedly touched up, is a strange conglomerate, and I have not since had time or inclination to begin a right tragedy. Altogether the old thing, in its present shape, may be hardly worse than the most that's presented to the public: but that would be, in my opinion, no excuse for printing it. All the rhymes, I have seen many a year, are not worth the rags they are printed on: and I think myself entitled to the thanks of the British public, for not having bothered them the last twenty years. Recollect, I might have written as much as ——; and have forborne. I am happy to hear that you have a decent edition of Shakespeare. From what you say, I must, however, suspect that Knight has not acted candidly towards

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Your's, T. L. B.

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I have oft thought,
Thou art so beautiful above all women,
I might be you: but yet tis happier still
To be another, to admire and love thee.

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I hope to see you well, and as happy as a man ought to be; and to make pleasant new acquaintance among the, to me, unknown, new generation of K—'s: and may they flutter and sing in those sunny places of the green wood of life, from which our shadows have passed away.

Pray say whether it will be still convenient to you to see, in three weeks or a month, for an hour or a day,

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My dear K. Temple, London, *May* 29, 1847.

The author of all those celebrated unwritten productions, amongst which I particularly solicit your attention to a volume of letters to yourself, will leave the station for —— at seven o'clock to-morrow, and stay Sunday at that place:

Poor bird, that cannot ever
Dwell high in tower of song:
Whose heart-breaking endeavour
But palls the lazy throng. T. L. B.

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risen up among us during the last ten or twelve years, seemed alike unknown to him: he professed an entire alienation from poetry, particularly his own, to which he would not bear an allusion. Politics, in the abstract, had never much hold upon him: in our insular questions he had now no part or concern: and the course of foreign events, wherein his sympathies were most alive, had been too baffling and dispiriting to render their discussion, or even contemplation, satisfactory. Scientific researches, far and wide in the fields of natural philosophy, and psychological speculations, connected with them or self-prompted, into the profundities within him and around, appeared alone to fill up the measure of his thoughts. His stay in this country had been prolonged, and his movements impeded, by neuralgia; which did not however prevent his making a circuit of visits to his nearest relatives and friends: and he finally quitted England in June 1847, returning to Frankfort, where he remained about a twelvemonth. It would seem that, for some years, his place of residence abroad had been, in some degree, determined by political events. Sympathizing keenly with the efforts made in Poland, Germany, and Switzerland, for the recovery of independence, or the establishment of constitutional liberty, he gave strenuous aid to the liberal party in various ways,—in money, by his open adherence and countenance, by contributions, in verse and prose, to the German press.* With many of the popular leaders

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to such questioning. I will not venture on a psychological self-portraiture, fearing, and, I believe, with sufficient reason, to be betrayed into affectation, dissimulation, or some other alluring shape of lying. I believe that all auto-biographical sketches are the result of mere vanity,—not excepting those of St. Augustine and Rousseau,—falsehood in the mask and mantle of truth. Half-ashamed and half-conscious of his mendacious self-flattery, the historian of his own deeds, or geographer of his own mind, breaks out now and then indignantly, and revenges himself on his own weakness by telling some very disagreeable truth of some other person, and then, re-established in his own good opinion, marches on cheerfully in the smooth path towards the temple of his own immortality. Yet even here, you see, I am indirectly lauding my own worship, for not being persuaded to laud my own worship. How sleek, smooth-tongued, paradisaical a deluder art thou, sweet self-conceit! Let great men give their own thoughts on their own thoughts: from such we can learn much: but let the small deer hold jaw, and remember what the philosopher says, "fleas are not lobsters; d—n their souls."

Without any such risk, however, I can tell you how I employ, or abuse, my time. You must know that I am an M. D. of the U. of Würtzburg, and possess a very passable knowledge of anatomy and physiology, &c.: that I narrowly escaped becoming professor of comparative anatomy in the University of Zurich, (having been recommended unanimously for that chair by the medical faculty here,) by means of a timely quarrel in which I engaged, more solito, with several members of the government. Now, being independent, and having all the otium if not the dignitas eines privatis irrenden-gelehrten, sometimes I dissect a beetle, sometimes an oyster, and very often trudge about the hills and the lakes, with a tin box on my back, and "peep and botanize" in defiance of W. W. Sometimes I peep half a

day through a microscope: sometimes I read Italian (in which I am only a smatterer,) or what not: and not seldom drink and smoke like an Ætna.

As sudden thunder—

(*Here followed the lyric which is inserted in Death's Jest-Book*, p. 115.)

And so I weave my Penelopean web, and rip it up again; and so I roll my impudent Sisyphean stone; and so I eat my beef-steak, drink my coffee, and wear my coats out at elbow, and pay my bills (when I can,) as busy an humble bee, as any who doth nothing.

* * * * * *

And here closeth this epistle. I shall hardly write again before I have finished my book, which grows as slowly as a yew-tree, at present the chapters in hand requiring a light-hearted sunniness of style, which I can only command when the birds are singing, and sun is shining on morning dew.

Yours, T. L. B.

I hope to hear from you again before I return to England, and would request you to send me a song which you recommend. I wish to be prodigal of lyrics, and have only about twenty-two or twenty-three as yet; one or two of which are of doubtful merit. In this confounded weather the cold-blooded frogs themselves hardly have the heart to sing out their love-thoughts. What do you say to the new dramatists? An article in a Dublin review, which I looked through a day or two ago, contains extracts, which certainly indicate a beating of the pulse, a warming of the skin, and a sigh or two from the dramatic lady muse, as if she were about to awake from her asphyxy of a hundred years: and the Examiner is quite rapturous about Strafford; although I confess that the extracts, he chooses and praises, appear to me not exactly dramatic. One is a dialogue between two people describing Pym's appearance, action &c. in a style,

which has been approved of by critics of late, and considered highly graphic. But is it not very artificial? In Shakespeare such passages are rare, and only in scenes, where the person, whose actions are described, must necessarily be laconic if not entirely speechless, and where the spectators, in their doubt, fear, and wonder, naturally communicate to each other their interpretations of the dumb show before them. For instance, in Hamlet where the ghost, unwilling, or unable perhaps, to speak to his son in the presence of Horatio and the watch, motions him to follow. It is of some consequence to settle one's opinion on a question of this nature. I am not sure that I am right, but I doubt: what say you?

My dear K. Giessen, *Novr.* 13, 1844.

I deferred answering your letter, which I duly received in Baden near Zürich, in August, till I should be able to say where I should fix for some time. Although my arrangements are not yet completed, it is likely that I shall remain here at least the winter. Of course you know that Liebig's chemical school is in this wretched little town: and, wishing to avail myself of his instructions, I have come to it. My journey brought me through Basel, where Paracelsus—(not Mr. Browning's,—the historical Paracelsus, a complete charlatan, seldom sober, clever and cunning, living on the appetite of his contemporaneous public for the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine; mutilated as a child by the jaws of a pig; all his life a vagabond; who at last died drunk, in his single shirt, at Salzburg:)—where Paracelsus burnt Galen's works openly as professor of the university, beginning the medical reform so, as Luther did that in religion by his public conflagration of the bull launched against him. Paracelsus was a poetical fellow in his way certainly, and in his writings a wholesale dealer in a certain style, of which every prudent verse-

manufacturer will avail himself sparingly; no doubt the epithet, given to that sort of flowers of eloquence, was derived from one of his names, for he had many, as he might often need an alias, and, when he wrote at full, denominated himself *Philippus Aureolus Theoprastus Paracelsus Bombastus ab Hohenheim.* He was born at Hohenheim near Einsiedeln, in the canton Schwyz; and his surname was probably Bombast. But the memory of Paracelsus has passed away, with the dance of Death; and the old university, whose walls echoed once to the voices of Vesalius, Œcolampadius, Melancthon, and Erasmus, is just pulled down, to make way for a new building in which teachers of mediocrity will soon dictate to empty benches. Basel has retained a good collection of Holbein's, who was a native of the town, where they tell odd stories of him.

He was employed once in painting a cieling for a patrician, who was somewhat stingy; and knowing how apt the master was to slip from his aerial perch into a vintner's to enjoy himself, he left his counting house every vacant minute to assure himself that the painter's legs were dangling in their proper place from the scaffold. Holbein could not endure such constraint, and, to be able to absent himself unperceived, painted a pair of very sober legs against the wall, which he left as his proxy, while his own were enjoying themselves under the tippling-bench. This monument of his ingenuity remained till within a few years, but every leg has its end, and we have nothing left but a leg-end of those of Holbein. I will spare you all remarks on the liver-pasties and fortifications of Strasburg, the monotony of Manheim, and the militaries of Mainz: referring you to Murray, &c. In Francfort the new monument of Göethe was just unveiled: it is a brônze designed by Schwanthaler, and admirably executed: the pedestal ornamented in haut-relief with groups out of his principal fictions, as Mignonne, W. Meister, and the harper,—Her-

mann and Dorothea, (stiff and disagreeable, perhaps purposely modelled so by the artist, as characteristic of that soporific composition,) — Faust and Meph, — Iphigenia, Orestes, and Thoas,—Egmont,—Götz,—Erlking,—Bride of Corinth,—&c. all graceful and harmonious. Göethe turns his back to the Francfort theatre,—why, I do not know: he certainly would, if he was alive, for the actors are almost as bad as the English,—always with the exception of Dem Lindner, and my old friend Weidner, with whom I helped to keep his sixty-sixth birthday, celebrating the same with a German sonnet, which no doubt you are not in the least anxious to see: so, I'll sing you another song, which I believe is new to you. I have stuck it into the endless Jest-book.

(" *In lover's ear a wild voice cried;* " *the ballad now first printed in this volume.*)

Do not imagine that I do much in the pottery way now. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I write you a German lyric or epigram, right scurrilous; many of which have appeared in the Swiss and German papers; and some day or other I shall have them collected and printed for fun. As for publishing in England, I am not inclined that way: the old Jest-book, repeatedly touched up, is a strange conglomerate, and I have not since had time or inclination to begin a right tragedy. Altogether the old thing, in its present shape, may be hardly worse than the most that's presented to the public: but that would be, in my opinion, no excuse for printing it. All the rhymes, I have seen many a year, are not worth the rags they are printed on: and I think myself entitled to the thanks of the British public, for not having bothered them the last twenty years. Recollect, I might have written as much as ——; and have forborne. I am happy to hear that you have a decent edition of Shakespeare. From what you say, I must, however, suspect that Knight has not acted candidly towards

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in Switzerland, (principally the foremost men in the scientific and literary circles,) he was especially intimate. He was in Zurich during the catastrophe of 1839 (Sept. 8), when the peasantry stormed the town and subverted the liberal government, the most important member of it, his friend Hegetochweiber, a man of distinguished reputation in science, being shot in the tumult. These connexions and opinions rendered him obnoxious to the Hanoverian, Prussian, and Bavarian authorities; whose territories, it is believed, he was, in consequence, at times compelled to quit. Many of his movements however were doubtless unknown to his English friends, as the pauses in his correspondence were often long, and his letters were chary, if not devoid, of personal history, and occupied only with the topics interesting to his own thoughts. It would appear however that he never revisited Italy, and he certainly was seldom in France: the national characters, modes of thinking, and literatures of those peoples not being accordant with his mind, which was altogether Teutonic. He also entertained considerable repugnance, and professed perhaps still more, to much that he came in contact with in English life; to its social hauteur and pretensions, and its empty, ungenial conventionalisms. He always however retained the intention of settling ultimately in his native land; a purpose which he was, more than once, apparently on the very eve of accomplishing; for instance, in 1834, and at other comparatively early periods of his foreign residence: and, in the last months of his existence, he had quite matured his plans for that consummation, so much desired by

his family and English friends, but still, (as if with the circling, hesitating approach of one who doubted the result of a bold adventure,) not till after a spring given to the restoration of his health in Italy. Had it been allowed him to realize that intention, medical practice would doubtless have formed a part, (at least ostensibly,) of his scheme of occupation: wealth, however, with its dependent gratifications, was always little cared for, and, if it ever came to him through that channel, would have come only in the train of a merited scientific reputation. But the greater facilities, offered to him on the continent, for acquiring and interchanging knowledge, as it budded and fruited daily in every branch of science; the intimacies thus formed with men of first-rate ability and attainments; the high standing and appreciation which he had won among them; the stir of political regeneration, so attractive to an earnest nature, and so much more marked and vivifying among the continental decrepitudes than it could have been under the slighter and more shifting abuses in his own country; the ease and independence of the social life; the constant intercourse with the sublimities of nature obtained in his changing abode and solitary rambles in the land of the Switzers, a people whom he admired and liked; all these together invested a foreign residence, at that time, with an attraction too strong for him to overcome, whilst their combination lasted. The utmost which they allowed him to do,—and he did it,—was to leave the access unclosed by which the countervailing influences might in time make themselves felt, and his action unfettered whenever the hour of his return might strike. But

another and more solemn change was to befall: the earthly course drew to its close. At Frankfort, it would seem, occurred the real cause of his death, in a slight wound or puncture, which he received whilst engaged in a dissection, and by which some very noxious virus appears to have been infused into his system. His strength was gradually undermined; and, being advised, and himself inclining, to try the benefit of a purer air, in May 1848, he went to Bâsle, and sought restoration from equestrian exercise in its hilly neighbourhood. In one of these excursions he fell, with his horse, in precipitous ground, (an accident, to which doubtless his enfeebled state of health was conducive,) and broke his left leg "all to pieces." Being removed to the hospital at Bâsle, he there received all the aid and alleviations which skill and kindness could bestow; and, for two months, the utmost exertions were made to preserve the limb,—but in vain: amputation became inevitable, and was performed. During this period, so habitual was his reserve on merely personal topics, (increased probably by reluctance to occasion, what he might consider, useless pain,) that he forbore to communicate his unfortunate condition to his family: and even writing to an old and valued English friend, regarding some urgent business, on the very day that he underwent the operation, he omitted all allusion to that sharp trial, the shadows of whose presence, advancing or retreating, must have then lain dark upon his spirit. In this letter however he indirectly intimates, for the first time, a doubt of his recovery from the illness which he had adverted to, in former letters, as influencing his movements, and now spoke of as still undiminished.

It was not until October, weeks after the amputation, and when he had begun to experience its benefits, that he reported his state, of which he then thought, and continued to think, so very favourably, that he would not hear of any one from England visiting his sick couch, surrounded, as he described it, with every comfort and alleviation. He was indeed well placed and cared for; in an airy and pleasant apartment, receiving the constant attention of surgical and medical friends, in whose skill he had the utmost confidence. For three months his recovery steadily progressed; the limb healed fast; and Beddoes, indulged with books and scientific intercourse, found little that was irksome in his long and close confinement. Nay more: its quietude and seclusion, so accordant with his nature, must have suitably invested the closing period of his existence with a sunset calm; in which the sweet and solemn shadows of the awful Presence, ever near in that abode and then approaching to himself, would softly fall on his capacious spirit and sink, with the fulness of peace, to its very depths. Nor were other appropriate influences wanting, in a place so fitted for their beneficial operation, and under so religious a rule as the Swiss. Throughout his long confinement, Beddoes was regularly, and in the last month very frequently, visited by M. Huber, the chaplain of the establishment, with whom he conversed much; and in the light of whose ministry, we cannot doubt, the foundations of that state of spiritual "calm and resignation," ascribed to him by his colloquist, were searched, and strengthened, and settled. In the few weeks preceding his death, the possibility of such a consummation could not but have been familiar to

the thoughts of one, so capable of reading the serious character of his symptoms, betokening an enemy in the house of life, more deadly and deeply-seated than any malady resulting from the wounded limb. The poison, imbibed at Frankfort, renewed its ravages upon his system; a slow and wasting fever supervened; his whole strength was undermined; and at length ensued delirium, and the other undeceiving last symptoms. In the concluding twenty-four hours he felt conscious of the imminence of death, and calmly spoke of it; and he committed to writing, with a hurrying pencil but collected thoughts, a string of parting bequests and farewells to various relatives and friends. His last act was to write in his Bible, (a German one which he had habitually used,) in a firm, clear hand, this touching and expressive memorial, "Für meine schwester." He died 26th January 1849, and lies at present unnoted in the cemetery of the hospital: but arrangements have been made for bestowing a more distinguishable tomb; and Bâsle, long celebrated for her illustrious graves, will be able to show one more title to that honourable repute, in the resting-place of our gifted countryman.

How stately or enduring a monument he may, by the earnest cultivators of English poetic literature, be deemed to have himself erected in his works, this is not perhaps the fitting place in which to venture a prediction. In his life time, he may certainly be said to have strangely missed his fame: the most golden bough of "the everlasting singing-tree,"—the laudarier a laudatis,—as posthumous events have shown, lay already within his reach, would he but have stretched his hand

to gather it. But even the full and open requital of these his actual, though hidden, claims to distinction, would still have left, for those who best knew that creative mind in all its undeveloped power, the larger portion of their Hope unsatisfied. In either, or in both, of the two noblest fields in which the genius of man can expatiate, and whereon his advancing foot had been so energetically planted,—PHYSIOLOGY in its inmost principles and psychological affinities, and the higher region of POETIC ART,—a far and unfaltering career of triumphant achievement, beyond all present performance and worthier of his own exalted aims, was confidently looked for. Dis aliter visum: another disappointment checks the fondness of earthly expectation, and prompts the better aspiration:

> O hollow wraith of dying fame,
> Fade wholly! while the soul exults,
> And self-infolds the large results
> Of force, that would have forged a name.

Amongst the last injunctions, pencilled by the deceased, was one consigning his MSS. to the editor's disposal, "to print or not as he might think proper:" and such MSS., as the executors could obtain possession of, have been handed over accordingly. They consist entirely of poetry; not a single paper of a scientific character having been discovered; a matter of no little surprise, considering the strong bent of his mind, and the nature of his studious pursuits, during the last twenty years of his life. It seemed scarcely

possible that some of his many trains of philosophical investigation should not have taken a settled form; that isolated observations, at least, and their related inferences, should not have been put by him on record, as the embryo, or illustration, of some novel physiological theory, inducted either in his own mind or in one of kindred vigour. Of his mental aptitude for this the higher field of his scientific profession, and of the care with which he had prepared for its cultivation, there appears abundant cause to indulge in the belief. To a scientific friend his amount of talent was declared by Blumenbach to have exceeded that of every other student, who had received instruction under him, during the fifty years of his professorship. The estimate, in which several years later he was held by some of the most distinguished of his professional brethren, is shown in their unanimous recommendation of him, made in 1835 by the medical faculty of Zurich, on the proposal of Dr. Schoenlien, to a professorial chair in that University; an appointment, which from some formal impediment, and his own indifference, was not carried out. What he wrote on scientific subjects, or committed of his own to the German press, he never communicated to his English correspondents: but there is reason to believe that he printed several papers of that character, whilst residing at Zurich. His devotion however to the cause of philosophic knowledge was at all times earnest and disinterested. Two works, of which he had a high opinion, by living writers in different languages,—one, his friend Dr. Schoenlien, and the other, a countryman of our own, Mr. Grainger,—he was anxious to make adequately known among the literati

of each country; and he undertook the onerous, but unpretending, office of their translator. The version into English of Dr. Schoenlien's work,—a treatise then in MS., on *The Natural History of the diseases of Europeans*, and to extend, when completed, to many volumes,—he determined, should other modes of publication fail, to print at his own expense; "a resolu-" tion," he writes to a friend, "the apparent improv-" dence of which will be amply vindicated after some " years. Since the time of Boerhaave no work, not " even excepting Cullen, has appeared, which has the " like importance of this." In a similar spirit of generous admiration he entered heartily upon a translation into German of Mr. Grainger's "*Observations* " *on the structure and functions of the Spinal Cord:*" an undertaking, which he prosecuted with great diligence, if he did not complete; for, in May 1839, he expresses a hope of having perfected the arrangements for its publication, adding "I know not whether I " should say I am glad, or sorry, that no German ver-" sion has as yet appeared."* Not a trace, however, of either of these translations, in print or MS., has

* Extract of letter from the author, dated "Zurich—April 28, 1838.

"I have been some weeks employed in translating Mr. Grainger's book, on the Spinal Cord, into German: the book will be printed probably in the summer; but, before that happens, I should wish to communicate, either personally or by letter, with the author, on some points, not essentially connected with the enquiry, which have been set in a clearer light by more recent writers. I allude especially to some observations, on the microscopic anatomy of the central organs of the nervous system, contained in the latter paragraphs of the second chapter, which must be either omitted or altered, inasmuch as it is no longer admitted, by the more experienced

been obtained by his English friends; and it may now be inferred that, with such, his more original lucubrations in science have been lost or intentionally destroyed,—in either case irretrievably. It now only remains for the editor to speak of the remaining MSS. so largely confided to his discretion, and of the manner in which he has discharged his trust. Besides those found with the deceased, and transferred by his executors, the editor had in his possession two other portions of Beddoes' MSS.; one consisting of the poems, mostly fragmentary, which were placed at his disposal by their author in 1825; and the other a packet, left in his hands, for consideration, by Beddoes at the close of his visit in 1847, comprising prose compositions,—tales, serious, playful, and grotesque, set in a framework of 'imaginary conversations,' and interspersed with lyrical poems,—the whole entitled (or rather to be entitled, for it was but in an embryo state,) "*The Ivory-gate for* 18—, *containing conversations and criticisms on life and art.*" The poems found in his own possession consisted of little else besides *Death's Jest-Book*, and of this merely such MSS. as the editor had seen at various times, many years previously. These are 1, the first (apparently) complete original, written out certainly in, if not before, 1828: 2, a complete copy, with some, but not extensive alterations, transcribed two or three years later for the press: and 3, a much enlarged version of the first Act

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in these delicate researches, that the peculiar form, ascribed by Ehrenberg, Purkinge, &c. to the primary medullary fibrils in the brain and its dependencies, is to be found in the fresh and uninjured organ."

alone, made not long afterwards, certainly before 1832. Over all these copies, in various parts, alterations and additions, some in pencil, are freely written; and the detached papers contain dramatic passages, which were apparently (many obviously) intended for insertion in that work: thus indicating the incompleteness, to the author's mind, of even this, the most cared for of his poetical remains. It was impossible however for the editor to hesitate one moment in giving to the press a considerable, if not the greater, part of the poems so much, and so long, admired by himself: but, doubtful how far that admiration might be shared by others, and not wishing to satiate even the most admiring, he deemed it the better course in itself, as well as most in accordance with the author's own design, to publish at once only that later portion of the MSS. which could be presented in a moderate compass, as a compact and completed work, fit to challenge sentence on its own pretensions, without reference to the author in any way.—The *Death's Jest-Book* best answered this purpose, and was accordingly published last year,—by itself, and without name or explanation. The preface even was omitted, according to the author's own inclination many years ago: its publication seemed to be still less required at the present time than it was then, the artistic principle which it vindicated, namely the entire distinctness of the Gothic drama, in its object and mode of treatment, from the Greek, being a matter now either admitted or passed by. In preparing this work for the press, the author's latest versions were of course adopted; the enlarged first act, and such of the marginalia and scattered ad-

ditions as could take their assignable places without tampering with the author's text; the editor strictly maintaining the two cardinal rules of preserving the congruous aspect of the piece, and the text pure from all foreign admixture. In his omissions he was less scrupulous, venturing almost totally to discard one of the dramatis personæ,—a feeble comic part, certainly unworthy of its associates, and which Beddoes himself, but for the irksomeness of reconstruction, would gladly have got rid of altogether,—retaining only the few sentences relating to it that are indispensable to the intelligibility of the context. Despite all endeavours after a truer manifestation, *Death's Jest-Book* appears with a form and expression not merely inadequate, but different, to the author's matured conceptions: *how*, in several particulars, has been stated in his correspondence; and, for those of his friendly critics whom the audacity of ghostly *commoration* with flesh and blood especially revolts, his own condemnatory comment, indorsed on the latest M. S. copy, may be here quoted by way of propitiation. "After the resurrection of Wolfram, he "cannot be allowed to have any other intercourse, than "one with his bride, who has been sung to sleep by "her attendants: he then comes and speaks to her "sleeping: she awakes, her attendants return, and she "resigns herself to death: and secondly, in the last "scene to appear at the banquet, towards the end." *

* The predilection of the author for necromantic and spectral fancies has been made the subject of unfavourable comment, as originating in a desire to produce startling effects, and a fondness for the horrible and grotesque, as such and for their own sakes. The fact is undeniable, but not its genealogy,

Still, with all its knots and flaws of unripeness and excess, *Death's Jest-Book* must take its undeniable place in our literature, as the vigorous creation of a genius that delighted to dare boldly, and with commensurate power. Such was at least, and is, the editor's undoubting conviction, and in this faith he acted; and he has already obtained the justification he sought, in the concurrent acceptance so freely given, to the work, by that class of readers whom alone he could either wish, or

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which is assuredly defective, and unjust to Beddoes. He had the propensity, and indulged it to excess,—not always with the happiest effect; and this extravagance and failure are rightly made amenable to censure. But that he made such cheap devices a lover for raising vulgar admiration is little characteristic of a writer, who held it in contempt, and who gave his fantasies to the winds and flames,—not to the press. It was in sooth a propensity, far too over-mastering, and too widely spread into all his mental habitudes, to have its origin near the surface of his character: it had its source far deeper, in the conviction, close and inmost to his soul, of the actuality of spiritual existence; and this profound sense of the immaterial, so unusual in a man of the scalpel and the microscope, underlay the whole frame-work of his thoughts, informing—perhaps unconsciously—as well his sportive fancies as his nobler conceptions. His poetry actually swarms with scintillations of the life not in the flesh, and those, to whom the electric shocks are disagreeable, had better lay aside his pages for the silky strains, which, glossy with external light, are still securest non-conductors of such flashing intercourse with the inner world. This strong present realization of the spiritual, not by any means frequent with either writers or their readers, and, it need scarcely be observed, something entirely distinct from the most positive intellectual, or religious, conviction, is quite Swedenborgian, and might suggest the notion of the author's adoption, (either cause or effect) of that philosophic system. There is not however externally the slightest warrant for such a supposition; and most assuredly the dogmatic experiences of the great Swedish seer would not have been at all to the taste of Beddoes.

expect, to interest: thus relieving him from any lingering hesitation as to proceeding further in the publication of the remains; and constraining him to yield, in the present and completing volume of the posthuma, an especial, if not exclusive, offering to those who have shown themselves endued with the power and will to appreciate the poetry of Beddoes. With this object he has here sought to present, not merely what was choicest or least vulnerable to criticism, but every thing, however defective in form or finish, on which the stamp of the author's mind is impressed; a collection, in short, of kindred character with that of Shelley's Remains, so fittingly bestowed on *his* admirers. For the true lovers of either poet, his shortest passages, and even single lines, will often possess a prevailing charm; and with Beddoes, perhaps, the most frequently, as the more condensed in style, of the two, it seemed as if he could not put together ten syllables in verse, without, by a happy sorcery, inclosing in their scanty confines the very spirit of poesy. Should any reader think otherwise, and find aught superfluous in the present volume, let him condemn the editor, not the author; for most assuredly by the latter not a tithe of its contents would ever have been published: on *his* part, doubtless a becoming chariness, as no artist, with proper respect for the public or his own fame, will tender a defective work to her acceptance, when conscious of the ability to bring a perfect offering to the altar. Death however wholly alters the case; it ceases to be a question of propriety; the potential must give way to the actual. The workman has quitted his forge for ever: all that remains for those left in charge of his glittering store is, care-

fully to gather and preserve whatever may hold a grain of the precious metal, be it the half-wrought vessel or even the untouched ore. Of this simple duty the editor has sought to acquit himself; and that with no idle apprehension that its discharge can in any manner really lessen the reputation of the dead. His true place, wherever it may be, in the literature of his country, has been already won, beyond all risk of forfeiture, by his past achievements. His poetry owes nothing of its influence to mere finish or completeness; not much, though more perhaps than is generally conceded, to constructive art; but nearly all of it to the universal presence of that so potent imaginative faculty with which he was largely endowed, and which is not less perceptible developing and quickening every minutest tendril and excrescence than beating at the central heart. This Spirit of POWER will, it is conceived, be found animating even the disparted sentences—

> ——*syllables* of woe
> From the deep throat of sad Melpomene—

which have been gathered into the present volume; and should nothing else be there, and its function be too often obscured by imperfections, the reader will recollect that it is the *triple* element of all high verse, as action is of oratory. Whatever appeared to himself to be worthy of preservation, the editor has collected in this final publication: it consists principally of the earlier portion of the author's MSS. but comprehends of course all the later lyrics and fragments; also two or three pieces, contributed many years ago to periodicals, and printed without his name. The true date of composition has been, as much as possible, ob-

served in the order of arrangement: the completed lyrics, and some of the fragments towards the end, are doubtless amongst his latest compositions, but scarcely any, even of these, are assignable to the last decade of his life. Nothing foreign has been introduced or required; not even a word to complete the sense: he rarely left a blank in his composition for a happier hour of inspiration: the sense is always carried on, without break, till he drops the pen; though alterations, never other than felicitous, are occasionally interlined. It must be borne in mind however by the reader, that all the posthuma, with hardly an exception, are printed from the rough first drafts,—some probably never even re-perused by the author: and that most of the lyrics have a dramatic character, in connexion with the tales which they were designed to illustrate.

The Brides' Tragedy, being out of print, is included in the present collection.

Since the foregoing sketch was in type the editor has had placed at his disposal the following early reminiscences of Beddoes, which have been obligingly volunteered and supplied by a Charter-house contemporary,* some years his junior: and which the editor gladly appends to his own, not only for their intrinsic value as racy and characteristic particulars, but as conveying the impressions of another mind, and one that, however stored with kindly personal recollections, is yet evidently quite unbiassed by any strong coincidence

* Charles Dacres Bevan, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

of thought or opinion generally. In the vivid picture of the school-boy there given, the independence, originality, and power of the after-man are unmistakeably prefigured: and, if accompanied with less attractive features, (which the editor has not sought to veil,) it must be recollected that much of the better part of our human nature is rarely presented, if even existent, in the boy, and comes only with the "years that bring the philosophic mind." That such was not sparingly developed throughout the manhood of Beddoes, and that from the closing period of these juvenile records, if not sooner, his great strength of will was not unsuccessfully directed to its noblest purpose, self-government, remains a strong conviction with those whose long and close intimacy gave them the surest opportunity of judging. By one such friend,* (the gentleman to whom the reminiscences were addressed and in the letter accompanying their transmission to the editor,) an estimate of this portion of the character of Beddoes has been thus summarily given: "His treatment of others for many years of the latter "part of his life was kind, considerate, benevolent, just. "I have seen in him instances of great self-control and "magnanimous forbearance under great provocation. "Neither tyranny, nor revenge, was one of his failings."

Dear Mr. Phillips, Western circuit, 26 *July*, 1851.

I send you, as you desire, all the particulars that I can now remember, of my school acquaintance with the late Mr. Beddoes, as likely to interest his friends, or illustrate his character and conduct in after-life. I have written them down as they occurred to me, and can vouch for their substantial

* Revell Phillips, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

accuracy; though, after the lapse of so many years, a school-boy's recollection is not generally the most distinct.

To say I had a great affection for him would be an exaggeration, but his abilities made an impression upon my mind, and our intercourse created in me a feeling of regard and interest in his fortunes, which is now changed into very sincere sorrow for the early and painful death of a man calculated to fill an useful and important position in the world.

I first knew Thomas Lovell Beddoes at the Charter-house in 1817 or 1818. We were in the same house, (Mr. Watkinson's No. 15 in the square.) Beddoes was near the top of the school; I his fag, and in constant attendance upon him.

The expression of his face was shrewd and sarcastic, with an assumption of sternness, as he affected the character of a tyrant and bully, though really not much of either; but a persevering and ingenious tormentor, as I knew to my cost.

With a great natural turn for humour, and a propensity to mischief; impatient of control, and indisposed to constituted authority *over* him, he suggested and carried out many acts of insubordination, in the contrivance of which he shewed as much wit, as spirit in their execution; and even when detected in positive rebellion, his invincible assurance and deliberate defiance of the masters, together with the grim composure of his countenance, was so irresistibly comic, that I have seen them unable to speak for laughing when he was brought up for punishment.

Once, when we were forbidden to play at Hockey in the cloisters, where Hockey had been played time out of mind, we determined to resist such a stretch of prerogative, and appointed a match in defiance of the order. Beddoes, who had never before been seen with a Hockey-stick in his hand, signified his purpose of heading one of the sides, and appeared before the whole school in a sort of war dress invented and made by himself; of which the most remarkable parts

were a fillet of rags round his head stuck full of feathers, and a pasteboard shield having for device a fist doubled, with the motto "Manus hæc inimica tyrannis." I shall never forget his look of ferocious gravity, as he marched out at the head of his Myrmidons: the apparition was too much for the Masters, who had assembled to enforce the law, but laughed in spite of themselves, and the whole thing blew over.

Like some other sticklers for liberty, Beddoes whenever he had an opportunity, shewed himself an unmitigated Despot, and as he was head boy in his house, and kept perfect order there except when, for his own purposes, he chose to trouble Israel, the Masters were glad to compound for a few extravagancies, and he did pretty much as he liked; though his likings as well as his dislikes were rather capricious, and used now and then to develope themselves in an odd way.

He had a great knack at composition in prose and verse, generally burlesque—and a great notion of dramatic effect. A locksmith called John Wylie, who worked for the school, incurred Beddoes' displeasure by putting a bad lock on his book-case, and charging for a good one; Beddoes was forced to pay, but John Wylie had no reason to boast of his spoils. His tormentor had prepared, the very next night he came to work, a dramatic interlude representing his last moments, disturbed by horror and remorse for his sins in the matter of the lock, his death, and funeral procession, which was interrupted by fiends who bore the body off to accompany the soul to eternal torments. The getting up was so perfect, and the dialogue, songs, chorusses, and dirge so good in their way, and so personal and little flattering to the suffering soul, that John Wylie departed in a storm of wrath and execrations, and could not be persuaded, for some time, to resume his work. Beddoes never played at a game that required science or practice; he neither liked its discipline or the trouble of learning it; his recreation out of doors consisted chiefly

in wandering about the parts of the Charter-house that were out of bounds, and tormenting the officers and their servants, and the old pensioners who had rooms there. In those days the Pensioners, or as we called them "*Cods*," were not remarkable, as a body, for cleanliness, sobriety, or regularity either of conduct or temper; agreeing with each other only in their hatred of us, their natural enemies.

They should have been, according to the will of the founder, and the terms of the statutes, decayed gentlemen, clergymen and merchants, or broken soldiers or seamen. There were in point of fact, a few of each class; but the greater number had been servants or dependents of the different governors of the Hospital.

The prejudices and infirmities of some of these old men were very remarkable, and did not escape the quick eye of Beddoes, who selected them as the peculiar objects of his visits and attentions. One of them a half witted collector of curiosities he called *Cod Curio:* another who had fought at Trafalgar and had St. Vitus' dance, he christened *Cod Frolicsome*: and a third, a furious idiot, who had a dislike to cleanliness or decent covering, was known as *Cod Sine-Breech*, from his inveterate antipathy to any lower garment. These three were attended by nurses, compared with whom Betsy Prig and Sarah Gamp would have been ministering angels; and it was to piratical expeditions and domiciliary visits to them and their companions, that Beddoes' spare hours were given.

The attacking force generally consisted of himself, one or two particular friends, and their respective fags; myself included. And many a fight we had, with now and then a repulse from *Cod Sine Breech*, who, in extremity, hired a drummer of the guards by way of reinforcement.

These wars were seldom a l'ontrance, but often relieved by truces, which were always ratified over lobsters and oysters, and porter and gin. At these festivities Beddoes shone forth

in his glory. He used to sing and dance in capital extemporaneous imitation of what he had seen on the stage, and he must have been very amusing. For though I was present by no means as a volunteer, and put in front of the battle as a scape goat, besides being liable to a flogging as out of bounds, I could not help entering into the spirit of the expedition, and enjoying it before it was over.

The offices of the preacher, with whom for some reason, Beddoes was at war, abutted upon the cloisters which were within our bounds, and consequently open at all hours to his incursions. He managed, in the course of a few days, to steal the fire irons from every room, and, when the bereaved cook's rage was at its height, he fastened them all round my neck and me to the knocker, so that the least motion made a loud noise, and, as it was late at night, alarmed the household and completely answered Beddoes' purpose, though at the expense to me of a licking, at the hands of the assembled servants.

I should say that at school he was not a *very* good scholar, at least as far as Latin and Greek give a claim to that title; but unusually forward and well read in the best English literature, particularly of the lighter sort, and poetry, and above all dramatic poetry.

He knew Shakespeare well when I first saw him, and during his stay at the Charterhouse made himself master of all the best English dramatists, from Shakespeare's time, or before it, to the plays of the day. He liked acting and was a good judge of it, and used to give apt though burlesque imitations of the popular actors, particularly of Kean and Macready. Though his voice was harsh and his enunciation offensively conceited, he read with so much propriety of expression and manner, that I was always glad to listen: even when I was pressed into the service as his accomplice, his enemy, or his love, with a due accompaniment of curses, caresses, or kicks, as the course of his declamation required.

One play in particular, Maclowe's tragedy of Dr. Faustus, excited my admiration, and was fixed in my memory in this way; and a liking for the old English drama, which I still retain, was created and strengthened by such recitations.

It may be supposed that in a mind like Beddoes's these studies would produce something beyond the bare acquisition of knowledge; and accordingly they resulted in two written compositions, one a novel in the style of Fielding: the other a Tragedy of the old English school.

The novel, which was never printed, was called Cynthio and Bugboo, and was the history of two boys,—a modern edition of Valentine and Orson, and the whole performance, clever enough in some respects, was just such an imitation of Fielding's wildest flights, as a clever schoolboy might make, with all the coarseness, little of the wit, and none of the truth of his original.

The play, which he called "The Brides' Tragedy" was, I think much better: he published it at Oxford, and sent me a copy. It is written in blank verse, with a great deal of vigorous, or rather exaggerated conception of character, and an unnecessary exhibition of the horrible.

It has been said that few persons make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking or expressing themselves, that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own: and certainly if originality be one of the tests of genius, Beddoes possessed this quality in a remarkable degree. One of the most striking proofs of its reality in his case was, as it appears to me, not only the ascendancy which he acquired and retained over his schoolfellows without any apparent effort, even over those who in particular branches of classical learning were confessedly his superiors, but the impression which his personal habits and character left upon those with whom he associated. He had scholarship enough to reach and maintain with ease a high place in the school; but, that point settled, he seem-

ed to abandon all farther competition, that he might establish a supremacy more to his taste. And in this he so far succeeded, that, besides holding undisputed sway in his boarding house, he invented a sort of slang language, which from its quaintness of conception, and excellent adaptation to the popular topics, came into general use, and held its place for some time after his departure. And this not out of any feeling of personal regard, for he was generally unpopular, but from a sheer conviction that the terms employed answered their purpose, better than those in ordinary use, or at least expressed, with greater force to the popular sense, the conventional meaning which they were intended to convey. It may be observed in further illustration of his truth of observation, and happiness of expression, that a nick-name once given by him (and he gave many), never left its owner, and at once superseded all other modes of address.

Beddoes left the Charterhouse some time before I did, and went to Pembroke College, Oxford, about 1820. From that time to 1824, when I went to Balliol, I never heard of him, and was much surprised by his walking into my room one morning. He had then taken his degree, but was altered in no respect, but by having grown from a boy into a man. He seemed to have little or no acquaintance with the men of his own standing, and of course while he was an undergraduate, was at open war with the college authorities, whom he had provoked, according to his own account, by a course of studied impertinence. For instance, he took no pains to conceal, or rather seized on all opportunities of making known, his contempt for his tutor, and went to lecture, with his books uncut. The tutor remonstrated—Beddoes walked out of the room and reappeared with the largest butcher's knife he could buy, with which he began to cut the leaves. The effect produced by his face and gestures was such as to put an abrupt end to that lecture, and to insure

his absence from all future ones. He knew quite enough, however, to pass his examination with ease; and from that time applied himself, almost exclusively, to German literature and German politics, having a strong leaning to ultra liberality, and what is now called rationalism, coupled with a confirmed dislike of all our institutions.

I think he remained at Oxford one or two terms of my residence there, and used sometimes to come and see me, but kept aloof from all society. He soon disappeared, and I heard no more of him till within the last few months, when I was told of his illness and death. B. Hall

THE SECOND BROTHER;

AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARCELLO; ORAZIO; } *Brothers of the Duke of Ferrara.*

VARINI; MICHELE; BATTISTA; } *Nobles.*

EZRIL; *a Jew.*

MELCHIOR.

VALERIA; *Varini's daughter and Orazio's wife.*

ARMIDA.

ROSAURA.

A FEMALE ATTENDANT.

Gentlemen, ladies, guards, and attendants.

SCENE, Ferrara.

THE SECOND BROTHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A street in Ferrara.*

MICHELE *and* BATTISTA *meeting:* MARCELLO *at the side.*

Michele.

FAIR shine this evening's stars upon your pleasures,
Battista Sorbi!

Batt. Sir, well met to-night:
Methinks our path is one.

Mich. And all Ferrara's.
There's not a candle lit to-night at home;
And for the cups,—they'll be less wet with wine
Than is the inmost grain of all this earth
With the now-falling dew. None sit in doors,
Except the babe, and his forgotten grandsire,
And such as, out of life, each side do lie
Against the shutter of the grave or womb.

The rest that build up the great hill of life,
From the crutch-riding boy to his sweet mother,
The deer-eyed girl, and the brown fellow of war,
To the grey head and grandest sire of all
That's half in heaven,—all these are forth to-night;
And there they throng upon both sides the river,
Which, guessing at its hidden banks, flows on,
A water-stream betwixt two tides of flesh:—
And still the streets pour on.

Batt. And where go they?

To the feast, the wine, the lady-footed dance—
Where you, and I, and every citizen
That has a feathered and a jewelled cap,
And youthful curls to hang beside it brownly,—
To the Duke's brother, Lord Orazio's palace.

Marc. (aside). Orazio! what of him?

Mich. Ay, that's a man
After the heart of Bacchus! By my life,
There is no mortal stuff, that foots the earth,
Able to wear the shape of man, like him,
And fill it with the carriage of a god.
We're but the tools and scaffolding of men,
The lines, the sketch, and he the very thing:
And, if we share the name of manhood with him,
Thus in the woods the tattered, wool-hung briar,
And the base, bowing poplar, the winds' slave,
Are trees,—and so's the great and kingly oak,
Within whose branches, like a soul, does dwell

The sun's bold eagle:—as the villain fox,
The weazel, and the sneaking cur are beasts,—
While he, whose wine is in a giant's heart,
The royal lion has no bigger name.
Let men be trees, why then he is the oak;
Let men be beasts, he is their lion-master;
Let them be stars, and then he is a sun,
A sun whose beams are gold, the night his noon,
His summer-field a marble hall of banquets,
With jasper, onyx, amber-leaved cups
On golden straws for flowers, and, for the dew,
Wine of the richest grape. So let's not talk
And breathe away the time, whose sands are thawed
Into such purple tears, but drink it off.

Batt. Why then, away! let's fit our velvet arms,
And on together.—

Marc. (*advancing.*) Nobles of Ferrara,
My gentle lords, have pity for a man,
Whom fortune and the roundness of the world
Have, from his feeble footing on its top,
Flung to deep poverty. When I was born,
They hid my helplessness in purple wraps,
And cradled me within a jewelled crown.
But now—O bitter now!—what name of woe,
Beyond the knowledge of the lips of hell,
Is fitted to my poor and withering soul,
And its old, wretched dwelling?

Batt. What is this?

Methinks that a præ-adamite skeleton,
Burst from the grave in a stolen cloak of flesh,
Ragged and threadbare, from a witch's back,
Who lived an hundred years, would scarcely seem
More miserably old.

Mich. A wandering beggar,
Come to Ferrara with the daily lie,
That bears him bread. Come on, and heed him not.
The stocks, old sir, grow in our streets.

Enter a Gentleman.

How now?
What's your news, sir?

Gent. He's coming through this street,
Orazio, wrapt, like Bacchus, in the hide
Of a specked panther, with his dancing nymphs,
And torches bright and many, as his slaves
Had gathered up the fragments of the sun
That fell just now. Hark! here his music comes.

(*Enter* ORAZIO, *between* ARMIDA *and* ROSAURA, *attended.*)

Oraz. Thrice to the moon, and thrice unto the sun,
And thrice unto the lesser stars of night,
From tower and hill, by trump and cannon's voice,
Have I proclaimed myself a deity's son:
Not Alexander's father, Ammon old,
But ivied Bacchus, do I call my sire.
Hymn it once more.

Song.

Strew not earth with empty stars,
Strew it not with roses,
Nor feathers from the crest of Mars,
Nor summer's idle posies.
'Tis not the primrose-sandalled moon,
Nor cold and silent morn,
Nor he that climbs the dusty noon,
Nor mower war with scythe that drops,
Stuck with helmed and turbaned tops
Of enemies new shorn.

Ye cups, ye lyres, ye trumpets know,
Pour your music, let it flow,
'Tis Bacchus' son who walks below.

Oraz. Now break that kiss, and answer me, my Hebe;
Has our great sire a planet in the sky,—
One of these lights?

Rosau. Not yet, I think, my lord.

Oraz. My lord? my love! I am the Lord of Love;
So call me by my dukedom.—He has not?
We'll make him one, my nymph: when those bright eyes
Are closed, and that they shall not be, I swear,
'Till I have loved them many thousand hours,—
But when they are, their blue enchanted fire

Cupid shall take upon a torch of heaven,
And light the woody sides of some dim world,
Which shall be Bacchus' godson-star.
Rosau. Alas!
Their fire is but unsteady, weak, and watery,
To guess by your love's wavering.
Oraz. Wine in a ruby!
I'll solemnize their beauty in a draught,
Pressed from the summer of an hundred vines.
Look on't, my sweet. Rosaura, this same night
I will immortalize those lips of thine,
That make a kiss so spicy. Touch the cup:
Ruby to ruby! Slave, let it be thrown,
At midnight, from a boat into mid-sea:
Rosaura's kiss shall rest unravished there,
While sea and land lie in each other's arms,
And curl the world.
Batt. Beggar, stand back, I say.
Marc. No; I will shadow your adored mortal,
And shake my rags at him. Dost fear the plague?
Musk-fingered boy, aside!
Oraz. What madman's this?
Rosau. Keep him away from me!
His hideous raggedness tears the soft sight,
Where it is pictured.
Marc. Your clutch is like the grasping of a wave:
Off from my shoulder!—Now, my velvet fellow,
Let's measure limbs. Well, is your flesh to mine

As gold to lead, or but the common plaister
That wraps up bones? Your skin is not of silk;
Your face not painted with an angel's feather
With tints from morning's lip, but the daubed clay;
These veiny pipes hold a dog's lap of blood.
Let us shake hands; I tell thee, brother skeleton,
We're but a pair of puddings for the dinner
Of Lady worm; you served in silks and gems,
I garnished with plain rags. Have I unlocked thee?
Oraz. Insolent beggar!
Marc. Prince! but we must shake hands.
Look you, the round earth's sleeping like a serpent,
Who drops her dusty tail upon her crown
Just here. Oh, we are like two mountain peaks,
Of two close planets, catching in the air:
You, King Olympus, a great pile of summer,
Wearing a crown of gods; I, the vast top
Of the ghosts' deadly world, naked and dark,
With nothing reigning on my desolate head
But one old spirit of a murdered god,
Palaced within the corpse of Saturn's father.
Then let's come near and hug. There's nothing like thee
But I thy contrast.—Thou'rt a prince, they say?
Oraz. That you shall learn. You knaves, that wear my livery,
Will you permit me still to be defiled
By this worm's venom? Tread upon his neck,

And let's walk over him.

Marc. Forbear, my lord!
I am a king of that most mighty empire,
That's built o'er all the earth, upon kings' crowns;
And poverty's its name; whose every hut
Stands on a coronet, or star, or mitre,
The glorious corner-stones.—But you are weary,
And would be playing with a woman's cheek:
Give me a purse then, prince.

Oraz. No, not a doit:
The metal, I bestow, shall come in chains.

Marc. Well, I can curse. Ay, prince, you have a brother—

Oraz. The Duke,—he'll scourge you.

Marc. Nay, *the second*, sir,
Who, like an envious river, flows between
Your footsteps and Ferrara's throne.

Oraz. He's gone:
Asia, and Africa, the sea he went on,
Have many mouths,—and in a dozen years,
(His absence' time,) no tidings or return,
Tell me We are but two.

Marc. If he were in Ferrara—

Oraz. Stood he before me there,
By you, in you,—as like as you're unlike,
Straight as you're bowed, young as you are old
And many years nearer than him to death,
The falling brilliancy of whose white sword

Your ancient locks so silverly reflect,—
I would deny, outswear, and overreach,
And pass him with contempt, as I do you.—
Jove! how we waste the stars: set on, my friends.

Batt. But the old ruffian?

Orax. Think of him to-morrow.
See, Venus rises in the softening heaven:
Let not your eyes abuse her sacred beams,
By looking through their gentleness on ought
But lips, and eyes, and blushes of dear love.

Song.

Strike, you myrtle-crowned boys,
Ivied maidens, strike together:
Magic lutes are these, whose noise
Our fingers gather,
Threaded thrice with golden strings
From Cupid's bow;
And the sounds of its sweet voice
Not air, but little busy things,
Pinioned with the lightest feather
Of his wings,
Rising up at every blow
Round the chords, like flies from roses
Zephyr-touched; so these light minions
Hover round, then shut their pinions,
And drop into the air, that closes
Where music's sweetest sweet reposes.

[*Exit Orazio with his retinue.*

Marc. (*solus.*) Then who hath solitude, like mine, that is not
The last survivor of a city's plague,
Eating the mess he cooked for his dead father?
Who is alone but I? there's fellowship
In churchyards and in hell: but I!—no lady's ghost
Did ever cling with such a grasp of love
Unto its soft dear body, as I hung
Rooted upon this brother. I went forth
Joyfully, as the soul of one who closes
His pillowed eyes beside an unseen murderer,
And like its horrible return was mine,
To find the heart, wherein I breathed and beat,
Cold, gashed, and dead. Let me forget to love,
And take a heart of venom: let me make
A stair-case of the frightened breasts of men,
And climb into a lonely happiness!
And thou, who only art alone as I,
Great solitary god of that one sun,
I charge thee, by the likeness of our state,
Undo these human veins that tie me close
To other men, and let your servant griefs
Unmilk me of my mother, and pour in
Salt scorn and steaming hate!

Enter EZRIL.

Ezr. How now, my lord?

Marc. Much better, my kind Jew. They've weeded out

A troublesome wild plant that grew upon me,
My heart: I've trampled it to dust, and wept it
Wetter than Nilus' side. Out of the sun!
And let him bake it to a winged snake.
—Well, you've been shouldered from the palace steps,
And spurned as I?—No matter.

Ezr. Nay, my lord!
Come with me: lay aside these squalid wrappings:
Prepare that honoured head to fit a crown,
For 'twill be empty of your brother soon.

Marc. What starry chance has dropped out of the skies?
What's this? Oh! now if it should but be so,
I'll build a bridge to heaven. Tell me, good Jew;
Excellent Ezril, speak.

Ezr. At your command
I sought the ducal palace, and, when there,
Found all the wild-eyed servants in the courts
Running about on some dismaying errand,
In the wild manner of a market crowd,
Waked, from the sunny dozing at their stalls,
By one who cries "the city is on fire;"
Just so they crossed, and turned, and came again.
I asked of an old man, what this might mean;
And he, yet grappling with the great disaster
As if he would have killed it, like a fable,
By unbelief, coldly, as if he spoke
Of something gone a century before,

Told me, the Duke in hunting had been thrown,
And lay on his last bed.

Marc. Ha! well! what next?
You are the cup-bearer of richest joy.—
But it was a report, a lie.—Have done—
I read it on your lip.

Ezr. It was too true.
I went to his bedside, and there made trial
Of my best skill in physic, with the zeal
Due to my sovereign.

Marc. Impious, meddling fool!
To thrust yourself 'twixt heaven and its victim!

Ezr. My lord, I think you would not have said so
In the sad chamber of the writhing man.
He lay in a red fever's quenchless flames,
Burning to dust: despairing of my skill,
I sat myself beside his heart, and spoke
Of his next brother. When he heard of you,
He bade be summoned all his counsellors,
To witness his bequeathing his dominion
Wholly to you.

Marc. Why did you let me wait?
Come, let's be quick: he keeps beneath his pillow
A kingdom, which they'll steal if we're too late.
We must o'ertake his death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A saloon in Orazio's palace, brilliantly lighted: at the bottom of the stage open folding-doors, through which a banqueting-room is seen, with a table, at which ORAZIO *and his guests, feasting, are partially visible.*

Music and Song.

Will you sleep these dark hours, maiden,
Beneath the vine that rested
Its slender boughs, so purply-laden,
All the day around that elm
Nightingale-nested,
Which yon dark hill wears for an helm,
Pasture-robed and forest-crested?
There the night of lovely hue
Peeps the fearful branches through,
And ends in those two eyes of blue.

ORAZIO *and* ARMIDA *come forward.*

Armid. What! wrap a frown in myrtle, and look sad
Beneath the shadow of an ivy wreath?
This should not be, my lord.

Oraz. Armida dear,

I'm weary of their laughter's empty din.
Methinks, these fellows, with their ready jests,
Are like to tedious bells, that ring alike
Marriage or death. I would we were alone—
Asleep, Armida.

Armid. They will soon be gone:
One half-hour more—

Oraz. No, it could not be so:—
I think and think—Sweet, did you like the feast?

Armid. Methought, 'twas gay enough.

Oraz. Now, I did not.
'Twas dull: all men spoke slow and emptily.
Strange things were said by accident. Their tongues
Uttered wrong words: one fellow drank my death,
Meaning my health; another called for poison,
Instead of wine; and, as they spoke together,
Voices were heard, most loud, which no man owned:
There were more shadows too than there were men;
And all the air more dark and thick than night
Was heavy, as 'twere made of something more
Than living breaths.—

Armid. Nay, you are ill, my lord:
'Tis merely melancholy.

Oraz. There were deep hollows
And pauses in their talk; and then, again,
On tale, and song, and jest, and laughter rang,
Like a fiend's gallop. By my ghost, 'tis strange.—

Armid. Come, my lord; join your guests; they look
with wonder

Upon your lonely mood.

Oraz. It is the trick
Of these last livers to unbuild belief:
They'd rob the world of spirit. Then each look,
Ay, every aspect of the earth and sky,
Man's thought and hope, are lies.—Well; I'll return,
And look at them again.

(*He approaches the door of the inner room: from which* MICHELE *advances.*)

Mich. You're tired, my lord.
Our visit's long: break off, good gentlemen:
The hour is late.

Oraz. Nay, I beseech you, stay:
My pleasure grows on yours. I'm somewhat dull;
But let me not infect you.

(*Exeunt Michele and Armida through the folding door: Orazio is following them, but is stopped by the entry of an Attendant, from the side.*

What with you?

Attend. A lady, in the garment of a nun,
Desires to see you.

Oraz. Lead her in: all such
I thank for their fair countenance.

Enter VALERIA, *introduced by Attendant, who withdraws.*

Gentle stranger,

Your will with me?

Valer. I am the bearer of another's will:
A woman, whose unhappy fondness yet
May trouble her lord's memory,—Valeria,—
Your's for a brief, blessed time, who now dwells
In her abandoned being patiently,
But not unsorrowing, sends me.

Oraz. My wronged wife!
Too purely good for such a man as I am!
If she remembers me, then Heaven does too,
And I am not yet lost. Give me her thoughts,—
Ay, the same words she put into thine ears,
Safe and entire, and I will thank thy lips
With my heart's thanks. But tell me how she fares.

Valer. Well; though the common eye, that has a tear,
Would drop it for the paleness of her skin,
And the wan shivering of her torch of life;
Though she be faint and weak, yet very well:
For not the tincture, or the strength of limb,
Is a true health, but readiness to die.—
But let her be, or be not.—

Oraz. Best of ladies!
And, if thy virtues did not glut the mind,
To the extinction of the eye's desire,
Such a delight to see, that one would think
Our looks were thrown away on meaner things,
And given to rest on thee!

Valer. These words, my lord,
Are charitable; it is very kind
To think of her sometimes: for, day and night,
As they flow in and out of one another,
She sits beside and gazes on their streams,
So filled with the strong memory of you,
That all her outward form is penetrated,
Until the watery portrait is become
Not hers, but yours:—and so she is content
To wear her time out.

Oraz. Softest peace enwrap her!
Content be still the breathing of her lips!
Be tranquil ever, thou blest life of her!
And that last hour, that hangs 'tween heaven and earth,
So often travelled by her thoughts and prayers,
Be soft and yielding 'twixt her spirit's wings!

Valer. Think'st thou, Orazio, that she dies but once?
All round and through the spaces of creation,
No hiding-place of the least air, or earth,
Or sea, invisible, untrod, unrained on,
Contains a thing alone. Not e'en the bird,
That can go up the labyrinthine winds
Between its pinions, and pursues the summer,—
Not even the great serpent of the billows,
Who winds him thrice around this planet's waist,—
Is by itself, in joy or suffering.
But she whom you have ta'en, and, like a leaven,

With your existence kneaded, must be ever
Another—scarce another—self of thine.

Oraz. If she has read her heart aloud to you,
Or you have found it open by some chance,
Tell me, dear lady, is my name among
Her paged secrets? does she, can she love me?—
No, no; that's mad:—does she remember me?

Valer. She breathes away her weary days and nights
Among cold, hard-eyed men, and hides behind
A quiet face of woe: but there are things,—
A song, a face, a picture, or a word,—
Which, by some semblance, touch her heart to tears.
And music, starting up among the strings
Of a wind-shaken harp, undoes her secresy,—
Rolls back her life to the first starry hour
Whose flower-fed air you used, to speak of love;
And then she longs to throw her bursting breast,
And shut out sorrow with Orazio's arms,—
Thus,—O my husband!

Oraz. Sweetest, sweetest woman!
Valeria, thou dost squeeze eternity
Into this drop of joy. O come, come, come!
Let us not speak;—give me my wife again!—
O thou fair creature, full of my own soul!
We'll love, we'll love, like nothing under heaven,—
Like nought but Love, the very truest god.
Here's lip-room on thy cheek:—there, shut thine eye,
And let me come, like sleep, and kiss its lid.

Again.—What shall I do? I speak all wrong,
And lose a soul-full of delicious thought
By talking.—Hush! Let's drink each other up
By silent eyes. Who lives, but thou and I,
My heavenly wife?

Valer. Dear Orazio!

Oraz. I'll watch thee thus, till I can tell a second
By thy cheek's change. O what a rich delight!
There's something very gentle in thy cheek,
That I have never seen in other women:
And, now I know the circle of thine eye,
It is a colour like to nothing else
But what it means,—that's heaven. This little tress,
Thou'lt give it me to look on and to wear,
But first I'll kiss its shadow on thy brow.
That little, fluttering dimple is too late,
If he is for the honey of thy looks:
As sweet a blush, as ever rose did copy,
Budded and opened underneath my lips,
And shed its leaves; and now those fairest cheeks
Are snowed upon them. Let us whisper, sweet,
And nothing be between our lips and ears
But our own secret souls.—

(A horn without.

Valer. Heaven of the blest, they're here!

Oraz. Who, what, Valeria?
Thou'rt pale and tremblest: what is it?

Valer. Alas!

A bitter kernel to our taste of joy,
Our foolish and forgetful joy. My father!
Destruction, misery—

Enter VARINI *and attendants.*

VARIN. Turn out those slaves,—
Burst the closed doors, and occupy the towers.—

Oraz. Varini's self! what can his visit bring!

Valer. Look there; he's walking hither like a man,
But is indeed a sea of stormy ruin,
Filling and flooding o'er this golden house
From base to pinnacle, swallowing thy lands,
Thy gold, thine all.—Embrace me into thee,
Or he'll divide us.

Oraz. Never! calm thyself.—
Now, Count Varini, what's your business here?
If as a guest, though uninvited, welcome!
If not, then say, what else?

Varin. A master, spendthrift!
Open those further doors,—

Oraz. What? in my palace!

Varin. Thine! what is thine beneath the night or day?
Not e'en that beggar's carcase,—for within that
The swinish devils of filthy luxury
Do make their stye.—No lands, no farms, no houses,—
Thanks to thy debts, no gold. Go out! Thou'rt nothing,

Besides a grave and a deep hell.

Valer. Orazio,
Thou hast Valeria: the world may shake thee off,
But thou wilt drop into this breast, this love,—
And it shall hold thee.

Oraz. What? lost already!
O that curst steward! I have fallen, Valeria,
Deeper than Lucifer, though ne'er so high,—
Into a place made underneath all things,
So low and horrible that hell's its heaven.

Varin. Thou shalt not have the idiot, though she be
The very fool and sickness of my blood.—
Gentlemen, here are warrants for my act,—
His debts, bonds, forfeitures, taxes and fines,
O'erbalancing the worth of his estates,
Which I have bought: behold them!—For the girl,
Abandoned, after marriage, by the villain,—
I am her father: let her be removed;
And, if the justice of my rightful cause
Ally you not, at least do not resist me.

Mich. What are these writings?

Batt. Bills under the Duke's seal,
All true and valid.—Poor Orazio!

Oraz. Why, the rogue pities me! I'm down indeed.

Valer. Help me! Oh! some of you have been beloved,
Some must be married.—Will you let me go?
Will you stand frozen there, and see them cut

Two hearts asunder?—Then you will,—you do.—
Are all men like my father? are all fathers
So far away from men? or all their sons
So heartless?—you are women, as I am;
Then pity me, as I would pity you,
And pray for me! Father! ladies! friends!—
But you are tearless as the desart sands.—
Orazio, love me! or, if thou wilt not,
Yet I will love thee: that you cannot help.

Oraz. My best Valeria! never shalt thou leave me,
But with my life. O that I could put on
These feeble arms the proud and tawny strength
Of the lion in my heart!

Varin. Out with the girl at once!

Rosaur. Forgive them, sir, we all of us beseech.

Varin. Lady, among you all she's but one sire,
And he says *no.*—Away!

Valer. Have pity, my sweet father! my good father!
Have pity, as my gentle mother would,
Were she alive,—thy sainted wife! O pardon,
If I do wish you had been rent asunder,
Thus dreadfully; for then I had not been;—
Not kissed and wept upon my father's hand,
And he denied me!—you can make me wretched:—
Be cruel still, but I will never hate you.—
Orazio, I'll tell thee what it is:
The world is dry of love; we've drunk it all
With our two hearts—

Oraz. Farewell, Valeria!
Take on thy last dear hand this truest kiss,
Which I have brought thee from my deepest soul.—
Farewell, my wife!—

Valer. They cannot part us long.—
What's life? our love is an eternity:
O blessed hope! (*She is forced out.*)

Oraz. Now then, sir; speak to me:
The rest is sport,—like rain against a tower
Unpalsied by the ram. Go on: what's next?

Varin. Your palaces are mine, your sheep-specked pastures,
Forest and yellow corn-land, grove and desart,
Earth, water, wealth: all, that you yesterday
Were mountainously rich and golden with,
I, like an earthquake, in this minute take.
Go, go: I will not pick thee to the bones:
Starve as you will.

Oraz. How, sir! am I not wealthy?
Why, if the sun could melt the brazen man
That strode o'er Corinth, and whose giant form
Stretched its swart limbs along sea, island, mountain,
While night appeared its shadow,—if *he* could,—
Great, burning Phœbus' self—could melt ought of him,
Except the snow-drift on his rugged shoulder,
Thou hast destroyed *me!*

Varin. Thanks to these banquets of Olympus' top
From whence you did o'erturn whole Niles of wine,

And made each day as rainy as that hour
When Perseus was begot, I have destroyed thee,
Or thou thyself; for, such a luxury
Would wring the gold out of its rocky shell,
And leave the world all hollow.—So, begone;
My lord, and beggar!

Batt. Noble, old Varini,
Think, is it fit to crush into the dirt
Even the ruins of nobility?
Take comfort, sir.

Oraz. Who am I now?
How long is a man dying or being born?
Is't possible to be a king and beggar
In half a breath? or to begin a minute
I' th' west, and end it in the furthest east?
O no! I'll not believe you. When I do,
My heart will crack to powder.—Can you speak?
Then do: shout something louder than my thoughts,
For I begin to feel.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News from the court:
The Duke—

Oraz. My brother—speak—
Was he not ill, and on a perilous bed?
Speak life and death,—thou hast them on thy tongue,—
One's mine, the other his:—a look, a word,
A motion;—life or death?

Mess. The Duke is dead.

(*Battista and the other guests kneel to Orazio,*

Batt. Then we salute in thee another sovereign.

Oraz. Me then, who just was shaken into chaos,
Thou hast created! I have flown, somehow,
Upwards a thousand miles: my heart is crowned.—
Your hands, good gentlemen; sweet ladies, yours:—
And what new godson of the bony death,—
Of fire, or steel, or poison,—shall I make
For old Varini?

Varin. Your allegiance, sirs,
Wanders: Orazio is a beggar still.

Batt. Is it not true then that the duke is dead?

Oraz. Not dead? O slave!

Varin. The Duke is dead, my lords;
And, on his death-bed, did bestow his crown
Upon his second brother, Lord Marcello,—
Ours, and Ferrara's, Duke.

Oraz. I'll not believe it:
Marcello is abroad.

Varin. His blest return,
This providential day, has saved our lives
From thine abhorred sway. Orazio, go:
And, though my clemency is half a crime,
I spare your person.

Oraz. I'll to the palace.
When we meet next, be blessed if thou dost kiss
The dust about my ducal chair. (*Exit.*

Varin. I shall be there,
To cry Long live Marcello! in thine ear.—
Pray pardon me the breaking of this feast,
Ladies,—and so, good night.

Rosaur. Your wish is echoed by our inmost will:
Good night to Count Varini. (*Exeunt guests.*

Attend. My lord—

Varin. What are they, sirrah?

Attend. The palace-keys.
There is a banquet in the inner room:
Shall we remove the plate?

Varin. Leave it alone:
Wine in the cups, the spicy meats uncovered,
And the round lamps each with a star of flame
Upon their brink; let winds begot on roses,
And grey with incense, rustle through the silk
And velvet curtains:—then set all the windows,
The doors and gates, wide open; let the wolves,
Foxes, and owls, and snakes, come in and feast;
Let the bats nestle in the golden bowls,
The shaggy brutes stretch on the velvet couches,
The serpent twine him o'er and o'er the harp's
Delicate chords:—to Night, and all its devils,
We do abandon this accursed house. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Varini's palace.

Enter VALERIA *and a female attendant.*

Attend. Will you not sleep, dear lady? you are weary,
And yet thus eager, quick, and silently,
Like one who listens for a midnight sign,
You wander up and down from room to room,
With that wide, sightless eye,—searching about
For what you know not. Will you not to bed?

Valer. No, not to night: my eyes will not be closed,
My heart will not be darkened. Sleep is a traitor:
He fills the poor, defenceless eyes with blackness,
That he may let in dreams. I am not well;
My body and my mind are ill-agreed,
And comfortlessly strange; faces and forms
And pictures, friendly to my life-long knowledge,
Look new and unacquainted,—every voice
Is hollow, every word inexplicable,—
And yet they seem to be a guilty riddle,—
And every place, though unknown as a desart,

Feels like the spot where a forgotten crime
Was done by me in sleep. Night, O be kind!
I do not come to watch thy secret acts,
Or thrust myself on Nature's mysteries
At this forbidden hour: bestow thy dews,
Thy calm, thy quiet sweetness, sacred mother,
And let me be at ease!
Now, thou kind girl,
Take thy pale cheeks to rest.
Attend. I am not weary:
Believe me now, I am not.
Valer. But, my child,
Those eyelids, tender as the leaf of spring,—
Those cheeks should lay their roseate delicacy
Under the kiss of night, the feathery sleep;
For there are some, whose study of the morn
Is ever thy young countenance and hue.
Ah maid! you love.
Attend. I'll not deny it, madam.
O that sweet influence of thoughts and looks!
That change of being, which, to one who lives,
Is nothing less divine than divine life
To the unmade! Love? Do I love? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought,
As in a glory. I was dark before,
As Venus' chapel in the black of night:
But there was something holy in the darkness,
Softer and not so thick as other where;

And, as rich moonlight may be to the blind,
Unconsciously consoling. Then love came,
Like the out-bursting of a trodden star,
And what before was hueless and unseen
Now shows me a divinity, like that
Which, raised to life out of the snowy rock,
Surpass'd mankind's creation, and repaid
Heaven for Pandora.

Valer. Innocently thought,
And worthy of thy youth! I should not say
How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm
And soft at evening; so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous water
Close to the golden welcome of its breast,—
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The shower of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring,
And sometimes ships on fire sunk in the blood
Of their own inmates; others were of ice,
And some had islands rooted in their waves,
Beasts on their rocks, and forest-powdering winds,
And showers tumbling on their tumbling self,—
And every sea of every ruined star
Was but a drop in the world-melting flood.—

Attend. Lady, you utter dreams.

Valer. Let me talk so:
I would o'erwhelm myself with any thoughts;

Ay, hide in madness from the truth. Persuade me
To hope that I am not a wretched woman,
Who knows she has an husband by his absence,
Who feels she has a father by his hate,
And wakes and mourns, imprisoned in this house,
The while she should be sleeping, mad, or dead.—
Thou canst, and pity on thine eyelid hangs,
Whose dewy silence drops consent,—thou wilt!
I've seen thee smile with calm and gradual sweetness,
As none, that were not good, could light their cheeks:—
Thou wilt assist me. Harden not those lips,
Those lovely kissings let them not be stone
With a denial!

Attend. But your father's anger,—
The watchful faith of all the servants—

Valer. Fear not:
Lend me thy help. O come,—I see thou wilt.—
Husband, I'll lay me on thine aching breast
For once and ever.—Haste! for see, the light
Creates for earth its day once more, and lays
The star of morn's foundation in the east.
Come—come— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Place before the ducal palace.

Guards driving ORAZIO *from the gate.*

Guard. Back! desperate man: you cannot pass—
Oraz. By heaven, I must and will:—
Guard. By the duke's order,
The gates are locked on all to-day.
Oraz. By mine,
By the duke's brother's order, or his force,
Open at once yon gates. Slave, by my blood,
But that I think thou know'st me not, I'd make
That corpse of thine my path. Undo, I say,
The knitting of this rebel house's arms,
And let their iron welcome be around me.
My sword is hungry: do't.
Guard. Advance no further:
Another step, and all our swords shake hands
Within your breast.
Oraz. Insolent worm of earth,
To earth and worms for this! [*He draws his sword.*
Guard. Strike all! strike strong!
Strike through him right. [*They fight.*

Enter EZRIL *from the palace.*

Ezr. Peace, on your lives, you traitors!

What! would you stain the holy throne of justice,
The pure and peaceful temple of the law,
The sacred dwelling of Ferrara's soul,
With the foul juices of your drunken veins?
Put up your impious swords.

Guard. Pardon our hasty and forgetful choler:
We but defend our duke against the outrage
Of this intemperate brawler.

Oraz. Cut him to shreds, and fling him to the dogs.—
You wait upon the duke, sir?

Ezr. I am one
Of Lord Marcello's followers.

Oraz. Pray you then,
Speak to your Lord Marcello: let him know
These house-dogs, these his ducal latch-holders
Dare keep the bolt against his brother's knock.

Ezr. Are you then—?

Oraz. I am Lord Orazio.—
Be quick!—O nature, what a snail of men!
The morn is frosty, sir: I love not waiting.—

Ezr. Now all the mercy of the heavens forbid
That thou should'st be that rash and wretched neighbour
Of the duke's crown, his brother!

Oraz. Marcello is my brother; I am his;
If coming of one mother brother us:
He is the duke, and I Orazio;
He elder, younger I.—If Jove and Neptune,

And the third Pluto, being Saturn's boys,
Lying in Rheas' womb and on her breast,
Were therefore brethren, so are he and I,—
Marcello's mother's son, his grandame's grandson,
Marcello's father's babe, his uncle's nephew,
His nephew's uncle, brother of his brother,
Or what you like,—if this same word of brother
Sours the sore palate of a royal ear.

Ezr. Better thou wert the brother of his foe
Than what thou art, a man of the same getting;
As, out of the same lump of sunny Nile,
Rises a purple-winged butterfly,
And a cursed serpent crawls.

Oraz. Heart-withered, pale-scalped grandfather of lies!
Age-hidden monster! Tell me what thou meanest,
And then I'll stab thee for thy falsehood.—

Ezr. Hold him!
Your swords between us!—Now, the duke condemns thee;
And by his mother's, and his father's grave,
And by the dead, that lies within this palace,
His brother's sacred corpse, he dreadly swears;
And by the heaven those three loved souls
Dwell and are blest in, twice he dreadly swears:
By which dread oath, and hate of all thy crimes;
The duke condemns thee,—mixing in his sentence,
Sweet mercy, tearful love, and justice stern,—

To banishment for ever from this hour.

Oraz. O reddest hour of wrath and cruelty!
Banished!—Why not to death?

Ezr. The pious hope,
That bitter solitude and suffering thought
Will introduce repentance to thy woes,
And that conduct thee to religious fear
And humbleness, the lark that climbs heaven's stairs
But lives upon the ground:—Go forth, Orazio;
Seek not the house or converse of a citizen,
But think thyself outside the walls of life:
If in Ferrara, after this decree,
Your darkest, deepest, and most fearful fear
Falls on thy shoulder, digs beneath thy feet,
And opens hell for thee.—So, pass away!

Oraz. Stay, for an instant; listen to a word:
O lead me to his throne! Let me but look
Upon the father in my brother's face!
Let me but speak to him this kindred voice,
Our boyish thoughts in the familiar words
Of our one bed-room; let me show to him
That picture which contains our double childhood,
Embracing in inexplicable love,
Within each other's, in our mother's, arms;
Thou'lt see rejoicing, O thou good old man,
The rigour melting through his changed eyes
Off his heart's roots, between whose inmost folds
Our love is kept.

Ezr. Impossible and vain!
Content thee with thy doom, and look for love
Over the sea-wide grave. Let us be gone!

[*Exit with Guards.*

Oraz. Let me write to him,—send a message to him,—
A word, a touch, a token! old, benevolent man,
Stay with me then to comfort and advise:
Leave one of these beside me: throw me not
Alone into despair!—He's gone; they're gone;
They never will come back; ne'er shall I hear
The sweet voice of my kinsmen or my friends:
But here begins the solitude of death.
I was,—I am; O what a century
Of darkness, rocks, and ghostly tempest opens
Between those thoughts! Within it there are lost
Dearest Valeria,—Marcello, whose heart came
From the same place as mine,—and all mankind;
Affection, charity, joy: and nothing's cast
Upon this barren rock of present time,
Except Orazio's wreck! here let it lie.

[*Throws himself down.*

Enter VARINI *and Attendants.*

Varin. Not in the city? Have you asked the guards
At bridge and gate,—the palace sentinels?

Attend. We have,—in vain: they have not seen her pass.

Varin. And did you say Valeria,—my Valeria,—
Heaven's love,—earth's beauty?

Oraz. (*starting up*) Mine eternally!
Let heaven unscabbard each star-hilted lightning,
And clench ten thousand hands at once against me,—
Earth shake all graves to one, and rive itself
From Lybia to the North! in spite of all
That threatens, I will stun the adulterous gods,—
She's mine! Valeria's mine! dash me to death,—
From death to the eternal depth of fire,—
I laugh and triumph on the neck of fate:
For still she's mine for ever! give me her,
Or I will drag thee to a sea-side rock,
That breaks the bottoms of the thunder-clouds,
And taking thee by this old, wicked hair,
Swing thee into the winds.—

Varin. I would, wild man,
That I could quench thine eyes' mad thirst with her.
She's gone, fled, lost. O think not any more—
Let us forget what else is possible,—
Yea hope impossibly! the city streets,
The quay, the gardens,—is there yet a place
Within night's skirt unsearched?

Oraz. The wood of wolves:—

Varin. Merciful god! that frightful forest grows
Under the darksome corner of the sky
Where death's scythe hangs: its murder-shading trees
Are hairs upon Hell's brow. Away: away!

And never dare to turn on me again
Those eyes, unfilled with—speak to me never,
Until you cry—"Behold Valeria!"
And drop her on my bosom.

Oraz. We'll wind the gordian paths off the trees' roots,
Untie the hilly mazes, and seek her
Till we are lost. Help, ho! [*Exit with attendants.*

Varin. Blessings of mine
Feather your speed! and my strong prayers make breaches
Through the air before you!

[*He sits down on the palace-step.*

Now I'll close my eyes,
And, seated on this step, await their coming.
Strange and delightful meetings, on strange lands,
Of dead-esteemed friends have happened oft,
And such a blessed and benevolent chance
Might bring her here unheard; for on the earth
She goes with her light feet, still as the sparrow
Over the air, or through the grass its shade.
Behind me would she steal, unknown, until
Her lip fell upon mine. It might be so:
I'll wait awhile, and hope it.

Enter VALERIA.

Valer. I know not what it means. None speak to me:

The crowded street, and solid flow of men,
Dissolves before my shadow and is broken.
I pass unnoticed, though they search for me,
As I were in the air and indistinct
As crystal in a wave. There lies a man :—
Shall I intreat protection and concealment,
And thaw the pity of his wintry head?
—No time : they come like arrows after me :—
I must avoid them. [*Exit.*

Enter EZRIL *and attendants.*

Ezr. Pursue, o'ertake, stay, seize that hurrying girl :
Muffle her face and form, and through the bye-ways
Convey her to the palace. Hasten, hounds!
[*Exeunt.*

Varin. Thou magical deceiver, precious Fancy!
Even now, out of this solitude and silence,
Seemed,—it was thy creation,—music flowing,
And a conviction of some unseen influence;
I could have pointed to that empty spot,
And said, there stands the presence of my daughter!
The air seemed shaken by that voice of hers,—
But 'tis all hushed. [*Some of his attendants return.*
How now? speak some of you.
What's here?

Attend. A veil and mantle.—

Varin. Both Valeria's!
Where's she they should have wrapped?

Attend. 'Twas all we found.

Varin. Where?

Attend. On the grass this purple cloak was dropped,
Beside the river.

Varin. And the veil,—which way?
Further on shore, or near those deadly waves?

Attend. The veil, my lord,—

Varin. 'Tis drenched and dropping wet:
Would I were drowned beside her! thou wert white;
And thy limbs' wond'rous victory over snow
Did make the billows thirsty to possess them.
They drank thee up, thou sweet one, cruelly!
Who was in heaven then?

Enter ORAZIO *and Attendants, bearing a corpse that is carried up the stage.*

Oraz. My love, art dead?
Wilt thou not ope thy lips, lift up thine eyes?
It is the air, the sun—

Attend. (to Varini.) We've found the corpse.

Orazio. Her corpse! O no! she is Valeria still:
She's scarce done living yet: her ghost's the youngest!
To-morrow, she'll be—Oh what *she* will be?
No she,—a corpse, and then—a skeleton!—

Varin. Hast looked upon her?

Attend. Death has marred her features,—
So swollen and discoloured their delight,
As if he feared that Life should know her sweet one,

And take her back again.

Varin. If it be so,
I'll see her once: that beauty being gone,
And the familiar tokens altered quite,
She's strange,—a being made by wicked Death,
And I'll not mourn her. Lead me to the corpse.

[*Exit with attendants.*

Oraz. Henceforth, thou tender pity of mankind,
Have nought to do with weeping: let war's eyes
Sweat with delight; and tears be ta'en from grief,
And thrown upon the rocky cheek of hate!
For mark! that water, the soft heap of drops,—
Water, that feigns to come from very heaven
In the round shape of sorrow,—that was wont to wash
Sin from the new-born babe, is hard and bloody;
A murderer of youth; cold death to those
Whose life approved thy godhead, piteous virtue!

Enter EZRIL *and guards.*

Ezr. Here still, unhappy man? then take the doom
You wooe so obstinately.—To the dungeon,—
To the deepest chamber of the dayless rock:
Away, and down with him!

Oraz. I care not whither.
Thou canst not drag me deeper, wrap me darker,
Or torture me as my own thoughts have done.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in the ducal palace.

MARCELLO *alone.*

Marc. I have them all at last; swan-necked Obedience;
And Power that strides across the muttering people,
Like a tall bridge; and War, the spear-maned dragon:—
Such are the potent spirits he commands,
Who sits within the circle of a crown!
Methought that love began at woman's eye:
But thou, bright imitation of the sun,
Kindlest the frosty mould around my heart-roots,
And, breathing through the branches of my veins,
Makest each azure tendril of them blossom
Deep, tingling pleasures, musically hinged,
Dropping with starry sparks, goldenly honied,
And smelling sweet with the delights of life.
At length I am Marcello.

Enter EZRIL.

Ezr. Mighty Duke,
Ferrara's nobles wait on you, to proffer

The homage of their coronets.

Marc. I shall not see them.

Ezr. It was the ancient usage of the state,
In every age.—

Marc. Henceforth, be it forgotten!
I will not let the rabble's daily sight
Be my look's playmate. Say unto them, Ezril,
Their sovereigns of foretime were utter men,
False gods, that beat an highway in their thoughts
Before my car; idols of monarchy,
Whose forms they might behold. Now I am come,
Be it enough that they are taught my name,
Permitted to adore it, swear and pray
In it and to it: for the rest I wrap
The pillared caverns of my palace round me,
Like to a cloud, and rule invisibly
On the god-shouldering summit of mankind.
Dismiss them so.

Ezr. 'Tis dangerous,—

Marc. Begone!
Each minute of man's safety he does walk
A bridge, no thicker than his frozen breath,
O'er a precipitous and craggy danger
Yawning to death! [*Exit Ezril.*
A perilous sea it is,
'Twixt this and Jove's throne, whose tumultuous waves
Are heaped, contending ghosts! There is no passing,
But by those slippery, distant stepping-stones,

Which frozen Odin trod, and Mahomet,
With victories harnessed to his crescent sledge,
And building waves of blood upon the shallows,
O'erpassed triumphant: first a pile of thrones
And broken nations, then the knees of men,
From whence, to catch the lowest root of heaven,
We must embrace the winged waist of fame,
Or nest within opinion's palmy top
'Till it has mixed its leaves with Atlas' hair,
Quicker to grow than were the men of Cadmus—

Re-enter EZRIL.

Ezr. They are departing, with the unequal pace
Of discontent and wonder.

Marc. Send them home
To talk it with their wives: sow them with books
Of midnight marvels, witcheries, and visions:
Let the unshaven Nazarite of stars
Unbind his wondrous locks, and grandame's earthquake
Drop its wide jaw; and let the church-yard's sleep
Whisper out goblins. When the fools are ripe
And gaping to the kernel, thou shalt steal,
And lay the egg of my divinity
In their fermenting sides.—Where is my brother?
The first I'll aim at.

Ezr. 'Mid the poisonous dregs of this deep building,
Two days and their two nights have had his breath
All of one colour to his darkened eyes.

No voice has fed his ears, and little food
His speech-robbed lips.

Marc. 'Tis well. This is a man
Whose state has sunk i'th' middle of his thoughts:
And in their hilly shade, as in a vale,
I'll build my church, making his heart the quarry.
Take him his meal, and place a guard around
The wood below: the rest of my instructions,
For we must juggle boldly, shall be whispered
Secretly in my closet.

Ezr. Will you not
First cast this ragged and unseemly garb,
And hang your sides with purple?

Marc. No: these rags
Give my delight a sting. I'll sit in them;
And, when I've stretched my dukedom through men's souls,
Fix on its shore my chair, and from it bid
Their doubts lie down.—Wilt help me?

Ezr. Duke, thou art
A fathomless and undiscovered man,
Thinking above the eagle's highest wings,
And underneath the world. Go on: command:
And I am thine to do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A dungeon of Cyclopean architecture: ORAZIO *lying on the ground.*

Enter MARCELLO *and* EZRIL.

Marc. Thou hast her then, in secret and secure?
Ezr. Not firmer or more quietly this body
Holds its existing spirit.
Marc. Excellent Ezril!
Thanks, thanks: my gratitude is snail-paced slow,
So heavy is its burthen.—See'st thou yonder?
Ezr. The husband: where his sorrow, strong in error,
Has spurned him down.
Marc. I'll raise the broken man:
Ay, I will place my feet upon his soul,
And weigh him up.—Leave us alone, good Ezril.—
Exit Ezril.
Lie there: I see the winding, darkening path
Into thine heart, its mouth and its recess,
As clear as if it were a forest's cavern,
Open to my approach. Henceforth be thou
Another habitation of my life,
Its temple, its Olympus, next in birth to,

And pressing close beneath the unknown cloud
In which it reigns!
Ho! sleep'st thou here?
Mak'st thou the branch-dividing, light noon-air
Thy bed-room? Rise! what dost thou on the ground?

Oraz. Didst thou say, Rise? I stand. Where am I now,
And how?

Marc. Alive, and in Ferrara.

Oraz. Why, first there is a life, and then a death,
And then a life again, whose roof is death;
So I have heard. 'Tis true: and though I am
Beside you, there's a grave divides our beings,
Which is the second gate of birth to me.—
Leave me to weep and groan.

Marc. What ails thee thus?
Thy nature is o'erturned, thy features all
Forget joy's offices. These sinking eyes,
Whose sight is but a secondary service,
The ashy hiding of thy cheeks,—its cause?

Oraz. Am I so like to marble in my form,
So wicked at the heart? No; thou art bad:
A charitable man would never ask.
And if thou e'er hadst love, or been once human,—
Loved, grieved, or hoped,—thou'dst feel what I have lost.
My wife is dead! thou know'st not what I mean,
And therefore art accurst. Now let me weep.—

Marc. Thou dost me wrong. Lament! I'd have thee do't:
The heaviest raining is the briefest shower.
Death is the one condition of our life:
To murmur were unjust; our buried sires
Yielded their seats to us, and we shall give
Our elbow-room of sunshine to our sons.
From first to last the traffic must go on;
Still birth for death. Shall we remonstrate then?
Millions have died that we might breathe this day:
The first of all might murmur, but not we.
Grief is unmanly too.—

Oraz. Because 'tis godlike.
I never felt my nature so divine,
As at this saddest hour. Thou'dst have me busy
In all the common usage of this world:
To buy and sell, laugh, jest, and feast, and sleep,
And wake and hunger that I might repeat 'em;
Perchance to love, to woo, to wed again.—

Marc. The wonted wheel.—

Oraz. O how I hate thee for't!
I've passed through life's best feelings;—they are her's;
Humanity's behind me. Ne'er I'll turn,
But, consecrated to this holy grief,
Live in her memory: heaven has no more.

Marc. Yes, *she* is there. Let not thy woes be impious,
Lest ye should never meet; but anchor thee

On the remembrance that thou there wilt meet
Her deepest self, her spirit.

Oraz. Thou talk'st to me of spirits and of souls:—
What are they? what know I or you of them?
I love no ghost: I loved the fairest woman,
With too much warmth and beauty in her cheek,
And gracious limbs, to hold together long.
To-day she's cold and breathless, and to-morrow
They'll lay her in the earth; there she will crumble:
Another year no place in all the world,
But this poor heart, will know of her existence.
Can she come back, O can she ever be
The same she was last night in my embrace?
No comfort else, no life!

Marc. She can.

Oraz. What didst thou speak?
Blaspheme not nature: wake not hope to stab it:
O take not comfort's sacred name in vain!
Wilt say it now again?

Marc. There is a way,
Which, if thy heart's religion could permit,—

Oraz. What's that but she? Do it, whate'er it is;
I take the sin to me. Come, what will come,—
And what but pain can come?—for that will be
All paradise concentrate in a minute,
When she,—but she is dead; I saw her corpse;—
Upon my soul thou liest unfathomably:
No god could do it.

Marc. I have earned the taunt.
Seven heavens do fold the secret from thine eye:
Be happily incredulous. Perchance
It were a cursed and unhallowed rite:
Let's think it all a fiction. So farewell!

Oraz. Thou dost not go; thou shalt not leave me thus:
No; by the power thou speakest of, I do swear
It shall be tried: if unsuccessful, then
We shall be what we are.

Marc. Not its success
I doubt, but its impiety. O be quick
To fear perdition!

Oraz. Can I fear aught further
Than what I feel?

Marc. The sting of grief speaks here,
And not the tongue of thought. A month, a year
Pass in reflection: after such a time,
If thou demand'st the same, I'll then assist thee.

Oraz. What? dost thou think I'll live another month
Without her? No. I did not seek this knowledge:
Thou hast created hope, unbidden, in me;
Therefore, I charge thee, let it not be killed!
I pray not, I beseech thee not, again;
But I command thee, by my right to bliss,
Which I have lost in trusting thee, to do it,
Without an instant's loss.

Marc. Must it be so?
To-morrow night in the Cathedral vault
Valeria will be buried: meet me there.
Oraz. Thou wilt not fail?
Marc. I will not, on my life.
Oraz. Then she is mine again,
All and for ever.
Marc. (*aside.*) As thou shalt be mine.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Campo Santo. Night.

Enter MARCELLO, EZRIL, *and* MELCHIOR *leading* VALERIA.

Valer. Whither, and by what law of man or nature,
Do ye thus lead me? Awe of sacred justice,
Dread of the clenched punishment that follows
The tremulous shoulder of pale, muffled guilt,—
Do they not gaze from every silent bed
In this sad place?

Melch. Sheathe that nurse's tongue.
There's wooing 'twixt the moon and Death to night:
This is his cabinet.

Marc. 'Beseech you, lady,
Break not this still submission, and so force us
To stir our power from 'ts feigned, complacent sleep.

Valer. Force! dost thou know me, that thou threaten'st force?

Melch. Why, thou'rt some wealthy sinner, very like,
Whose gloves are worn with lips of richest princes:—
It recks not here. The unfashionable worm,

Respectless of the crown-illumined brow,
The cheek's bewitchment, or the sceptred clench,
With no more eyes than Love, creeps courtier-like,
On his thin belly, to his food,—no matter
How clad or nicknamed it might strut above,
What age or sex,—it is his dinner-time.
—Now with what name, what coronal's shade, wilt scare
Our rigour to the wing?

Valer. I have a plea,
As dewy-piteous as the gentle ghost's
That sits alone upon a forest-grave,
Thinking of no revenge: I have a mandate,
As magical and potent as e'er ran
Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
Undid their fingers from the hanging steel,
And drew them up in prayer: I AM A WOMAN.
O motherly remembered be the name,
And, with the thought of loves and sisters, sweet
And comforting! therefore be piteous to me.
O let my hand touch yours! I could do more
By its sad tremors than my tongue.

Melch. Away!
We own a mood of marble. There's no earth
In any crevice of my well-built spirit,
Whence woman's rain could wake the weedy leaves
Of the eye-poison, pity.

Marc. If I were
Another man than this, Nature's cast child,

Renounced by Life and Death of common men,
And placed by wrongs upon an island-peak,
Methinks I could relent.

Melch. Draw up thyself.
This bearskin, charity, is a great coat
For ragged, shivering sin: thine Indian hate,
That shivers, like the serpent's noontide tongue,
With poisonous, candid heat, must trample on it.

Valer. O icy hearts! but no; soft ice doth melt,
And warms contritely;—I renounce the words,
And roll away the tender side of Heaven
To bare its lightnings. I am innocent,—
As white as any angel's lily wing;
And if you wrong me, mark! I will not weep,
Nor pray against your souls, nor curse your lives,
Nor let my madness wake all things that are
To roll destruction on you,—but be silent,
Secret, as happiness, to man and God,
And let the judgment ripen silently,
Under your feet and o'er you,—mighty, quiet,
Deadly and tedious, as a silent hell.
Now, what ye dare, begin!

Marc. Our purpose glides,
Calm and remorseless as this human orb,
Whose moon, thou see'st, bestows an equal beam
Upon the odorous gardens we passed by,
And the gaunt lips of this new-opened grave.
Canst thou reproach our want of charity,

Beholding this, and all the thoughts it lends?

Melch. 'Tis a fit oracle for such an hour,
And has the caverns of its inspirations,
More true than Delphian, underneath our being.
Let's speak to it.

Ezr. What would'st thou?

Melch. It may teach
This tremulous lady resignation, sir.—
Ho, there! thou maker of this earthen bed;
Thou porter of the gates, art thou below?
Whose grave is this thou digg'st?

* * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

TORRISMOND

AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF FERRARA.
TORRISMOND; *his son.*
The Marquis MALASPINA.
CYRANO; *his son.*
AMADEUS; *a young nobleman.*
GARCIA;
GOMEZ;
MELCHIOR;
GAUDENTIO; } *Courtiers.*

VERONICA: *Malaspina's daughter.*
ELVIRA; *her attendant.*
ERMINIA; *Melchior's sister.*

SCENE; Ferrara.

TORRISMOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the ducal palace.

Enter the DUKE, *Courtiers, and attendants.*

Duke.

WHO has seen Torrismond, my son, to-night?

Garcia. My lord, he has not crossed me, all the day.

(*To Gomez aside.*) You need not say we saw him pass the terrace,
All red and hot with wine. The duke is angry:
Mark how he plucks his robe.

Duke. Gomez, nor you?

Gomez. Your Grace, in Garcia's answer
Beheld the face of mine. I have not lent him
A word to-day.

Duke. Nor you? none of you, sirs?—
No answer! have ye sold yourselves to silence?
Is there not breath, or tongue, or mouth among you,
Enough to croak a curse?—Nay: there's no wonder.
Why do I ask? that know you are his curs,
His echo-birds, the mirrors of his tongue.
He has locked up this answer in your throats,
And scratched it on your leaden memories.
What do I ask for? well: go on, go on;
Be his sop-oracles, and suck yellow truth
Out of the nipple of his jingling pouch.
But tell me this, dogs, that do wag your tails
Round this dwarf Mercury, this gilded Lie-god,
Will you set out and beg with him to-morrow?

Garcia. Why, my good lord?

Duke. Because, my evil slave,—
Because unless he can these sunbeams coin,
Or, like a bee in metals, suck me out
The golden honey from their marly core,
He's like to board with the cameleon:
Because I will untie him from my heart,
And drop him to the bottom of the world:—
Because I'll melt his wings.—Enough!

Garcia. With pardon,
You are too rough.—

Duke. Too rough! were I as loud
As shaggy Boreas in his bearish mood,—
Did I roll wheels of thunder o'er your souls,

And break them into groans,—weep yourselves waves,
And kneel beneath my storming. Worms ye are,
Born in the fat sides of my pouring wealth:—
Lie there and stir not, or I dash you off.

Garcia. My lord—

Duke. I am no lord, sir, but a father:
My son has stuck sharp injuries in my heart,
And flies to hide in your obscurity.
Cover him not with falsehoods; shield him not;
Or, by my father's ashes,—but no matter...
You said I was a duke: I will be one,
Though graves should bark for it. You've heard me speak;
Now go not to your beds until my son
(—It is a word that cases not a meaning,—)
Come from his riots: send him then to me:
And hark! ye fill him not, as ye are wont,
To the lip's brim with oily subterfuges.—
I sit this evening in the library.

An attend. Lights, lights there for the duke!

Duke. For the duke's soul I would there were a light!

Well; on thy flinty resolution strike,
Benighted man! The sun has laid his hair
Up in that stone, as I have treasured love
In a cold heart;—but it begins to boil,
And, if it breaks its casket, will be out.
Find me a book of fables: he, whose world

Grows in his thoughts, methinks, alone is happy.
So now good-night; and do as I have said.

Garcia. We shall.—Good dreams, your grace!

Duke. Good acts, you mean.
He who does ill, awake, and turns to night
For lovely-painted shades,
Is like a satyr grinning in a brook
To find Narcissus' round and downy cheek.

(*Exit with attendants: manent Garcia and Gomez.*

Gomez. I never saw my lord so sad and angry:
His blood foamed, white with wrath, beneath his face,
Rising and falling like a sea-shore wave.
What boils him thus?

Garcia. Perhaps some further outrage,
Reported of his son; for the young lord,
Whose veins are stretched by passion's hottest wine,
Tied to no law except his lawless will,
Ranges and riots headlong through the world;—
Like a young dragon, on Hesperian berries
Purplely fed, who dashes through the air,
Tossing his wings in gambols of desire,
And breaking rain-clouds with his bulging breast.
Thus has he been from boy to youth and manhood,
Reproved, then favoured; threatened, next forgiven;
Renounced, to be embraced: but, till this hour,
Never has indignation like to this,
With lightning looks, black thoughts, and stony words,

Burst o'er the palace of their love, which stretches
From heart to heart.

Gomez. I fear that both will shake;
And that fair union, built by interchange
Of leaning kindnesses, in the recoil
May fall between, and leave no bridge for pardon.

Garcia. The little that we can, then let us strive
To hold them in the lock of amity:
For which our thoughts let us compare within.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A banqueting room in Malaspina's palace.

CYRANO, AMADEUS, TORRISMOND, *and other young lords, drinking.*

Amad. Another health! Fill up the goblets, sirrah!
This wine was pressed from full and rolling grapes
By the white dance of a Circassian princess,
Whose breast had never aught but sunlight touched,
And her own tears: 'tis spicy, cool, and clear
As is a magic fount where rainbows grow,
Or nymphs by moonlight bathe their tremulous limbs;
And works an intellectual alchemy,
Touching the thoughts to sunshine. Now, to whom,—
To what young saint, between whose breathing paps

Love's inspiration lies,—shall we devote
This last and richest draught: with whose soft name
Shall we wash bright our hearts? Say, Cyrano.

Cyran. Let Torrismond be sponsor for this bowl.
He sate so still last night, that by plump Cupid,
That merry, cherry-lipped, delicious god,
Whose name is writ on roses, I must think
He's paid away his soul in broken sighs,
Glass oaths, and tears of crocodilish coinage,
For one quick finger-kiss. Ask him, what name,
Made to be written upon hearts and trees,
And grace a sonnet, shall be sugar here,
Making the juice steam music.

Torris. I beseech you,
Waste not this Araby of words on me:
I'm dull, but not in love.

Cyran. Not ancle-deep?
What means a leaning head, eye-lids ajar,
And lips thick-sown with whispers? Sir, I say,
Before to-morrow you'll be soused in love,
To the ear's tip. In truth, it will be so;
Sure as an almanac.

Torris. I lay my fate
Upon your mercy: e'en tie love-knots in it,
If you've nought else to do. Good Cyrano,
And you, sirs, all pray drink. I fear the fog
Of my most stupid dulness spreads.

Amad. We'll drink

One cup,—one more liquid delight, my friends;
Then for the masquerade at Signor Paulo's.—
Cyran. Ay; dedicated to the sweet To be,
The lady Future of our comrade's love.
A guest. What rhymes unborn are shut within that word!
Amad. Thus then I soak my heart's dear roots in wine,
And the warm drops roll up and down my blood,
Till every tendril of my straying veins
Rings with delight. (*They drink.*
And now, my sons of Bacchus,
To the delirious dance!—Nay, Torrismond,
You'll come with us at least.—
Torris. To night, I thank you,
It is against my will; indeed I cannot;
I'm vilely out of tune,—my thoughts are cracked,
And my words dismal. 'Pray you, pardon me:
Some other night we will, like Bacchanals,
Shiver the air with laughter and rough songs,
And be most jovial madmen.
Amad. Be it so,
If be it must. We bid you, sir, farewell.
Torris. Good night, good lads.
[*Exeunt Amadeus and others: manent Torrismond and Cyrano.*
Now go, dear Cyrano;
Let me not keep you by my wayward mood.

Cyran. If it does not offend you, suffer me—

Torris. Offend me! No; thou dost not, Cyrano;
I do offend myself. Hadst thou but eyes
To see the spirit toiling in this breast,
How low a wretch should I appear to thee;
How pitifully weak! Now tell me, sir,—
I shrink not from the truth, although it stab,
And beg it from your mouth,—what think you of me?

Cyran. Of you, my lord?

Torris. Yes, yes; my words, my manners,
My disposition, will,—how seem they to you?

Cyran. Sir, my heart speaks of you as one most kind;
Spirited and yet mild: a man more noble
Breathes not his maker's air.

Torris. Stay, my good friend;
I did not ask for flattery.

Cyran. Nor I answer it;
Saying, that here I shake him by the hand
That has no better in humanity:
A fine, free spirit.

Torris. You had better say
A whirring, singing, empty wine-bubble,
Like one of these that left us. So I was;
Vain, futile, frivolous; a boy, a butterfly,—
In semblance: but inside, by heaven! a depth
Of thoughts most earnest, an unfuelled flame
Of self-devouring love. Cyrano, Cyrano,

I yearn, and thirst, and ache to be beloved,
As I could love,—through my eternal soul,
Immutably, immortally, intensely,
Immeasurably. Oh! I am not at home
In this December world, with men of ice,
Cold sirs and madams. That I had a heart,
By whose warm throbs of love to set my soul!
I tell thee I have not begun to live,
I'm not myself, till I've another self
To lock my dearest, and most secret thoughts in;
Change petty faults, and whispering pardons with;
Sweetly to rule, and Oh! most sweetly serve.—

Cyran. Have you no father,—nor a friend? Yet I,
I, Torrismond, am living, and the duke.

Torris. Forgive me, sir, forgive me: I am foolish;
I've said I know not what, I know not why;
'Tis nothing,—fancies; I'll to bed;—'tis nothing;
Worth but a smile, and then to be forgotten.
Good-night: to-morrow I will laugh at this.

Cyran. I'll say no more but that I hope you will.
[*Exit.*

Torris. I knew it would be so. He thinks me now
Weak, unintelligible, fanciful,—
A boy shut up in dreams, a shadow-catcher:
So let him think. My soul is where he sees not,
Around, above, below. Yes, yes; the curse
Of being for a little world too great,
Demanding more than nature has to give,

And drinking up, for ever and in vain,
The shallow, tasteless skimmings of their love,
Through this unfathomable fever here.—
A thought of comfort comes this way; its warmth
I feel, although I see it not. How's this?
There's something I half know; yes, I remember,—
The feast last night: a dear, ingenuous girl
Poured soft, smooth hope upon my dashing passions,
Until they tossed their billowy selves to sleep.
I'll seek her, try her: in this very garden
Often she walks; thither I'll bear my wishes,
And may she prove the echo of their craving!

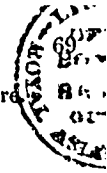
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A garden by moonlight.

VERONICA, ELVIRA *and other female attendants.*

Veron. Come then, a song; a winding, gentle song,
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts;
And more of voice than of that other music
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes;
But most of thought; for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,



If there's no seed remembrance grows not there
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!
Begin before another dewdrop fall
From the soft hold of these disturbed flowers,
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,
And from these words I sink.

Song.

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:—
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravelled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love again.

Elvira. She sees no longer: leave her then alone,
Encompassed by this round and moony night.
A rose-leaf for thy lips, and then good-night:

So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!

[*Exeunt Elvira and attendants, leaving Veronica asleep.*

Enter TORRISMOND.

Torris. Herself! her very self, slumbering gently!
Sure sleep is turned to beauty in this maid,
And all the rivalry of life and death
Makes love upon her placid face. And here,
How threads of blue, wound off yon thorny stars
That grow upon the wall of hollow night,
Flow o'er each sister-circle of her bosom,
Knotting themselves into a clue for kisses
Up to her second lip. There liquid dimples
Are ever twinkling, and a sigh has home
Deep in their red division,—a soft sigh,
Scarce would it bow the summer-weeds, when they
Play billows in the fields, and pass a look
Of sunshine through their ranks from sword to sword,
Gracefully bending. On that cheek the blush
That ever dawns dares be no common blush,
But the faint ghost of some dishevelled rose
Unfurls its momentary leaves, and bursts
So quick the haunted fairness knows it not.
O that this gaze could be eternity!
And yet a moment of her love were more.
Were there infection in the mind's disease,
Inoculation of a thought, even now

Should she, from all the windings of her dream,
Drink my impetuous passion, and become
All that I ask. Break from your buds, dear eyes,
And draw me into you.

Veron. (*awaking.*) Who's there? I dreamt:—
As I do love that broad, smooth-edged star,
And her young, vandyked moons that climb the night
Round their faint mother, I would not have had
Another eye peeping upon that dream,
For one of them to wear upon my breast;
And I'll not whisper it, for fear these flags
Should chance to be the green posterity
Of that eaves-dropping, woman-witted grass,
That robbed the snoring wasps of their least voice,
To teach their feathery gossips of the air
What long, and furry ears king Midas sprouted;
And I'll not think of it, for meditation
Oft presses from the heart its inmost wish,
And thaws its silence into straying words.

Torris. (*aside.*) I am no man, if this dream were not spun
By the very silk-worm, that doth make his shop
In Cupid's tender wing-pit, and winds fancies
In lovers' corner thoughts, when grandam Prudence
Has swept the hearth of passion, thrown on cinders,
And gone to bed:—and she is not a woman,
If this same secret, buried in her breast,
Haunt not her tongue,—and hark! here comes its ghost.

Veron. A fable and a dream! Here, in this garden,
It seemed I was a lily:—

Torris. (*aside.*) So you are,
But fitter for Arabian paradise,
Or those arched gardens where pale-petalled stars,
With sunlight honeying their dewy cores,
Tremble on sinuous, Corinthian necks,—
Where Morn her roses feeds, her violets Night.

Veron. And to my lily-ship a wooer came,
Sailing upon the curvous air of morn,
(For 'twas a sunny dream, and a May sky
The lid of it;) and this imagined suitor,
A glass-winged, tortoise-shell, heart-broken bee,
Was—he you know of, heart. How did he bend
His slender knee, doffing his velvet cap,
And swearing, by the taste of Venus' lip,
If I did not accept his airy love,
The truest heart, that ever told the minutes
Within an insect's breast, should shed its life
Around the hilt of his unsheathed sting.
And then this tiny thunderer of flowers,
Quite, quite subdued, let down a string of tears,
(Little they were, but full of beeish truth,)
Almost a dew-drop-much, on the fair pages
Of transmigrated me; whereon, O Love!
Thou tamed'st the straightest prude of Flora's daughters;
For I did pity Torrismond the bee,

And let him, if his life lived in my love,
Have that for courtesy.—

Torris. (*coming forward.*) O lady! then
Will you deny him now? when here he kneels,
And vows by heaven, and by the sacred souls
Of all the dead and living, in your pity
His hope is folded, in your soul his love,
And in that love his everlasting life.

Veron. Out on my tongue, the naughty runaway!
What has he heard? Now, if this man should be
Vain, selfish, light, or hearted with a stone,
Or worthless any way, as there are many,
I've given myself, like alms unto an idiot,
To be for nothing squandered.

Torris. Lady, speak!
And for my truth, O that my mind were open,
My soul expressed and written in a book,
That thou might'st read and know! Believe, believe me!
And fear me not, for, if I speak not truth,
May I speak never more, but be struck dumb!
May I be stripped of manhood and made devil,
If I mean not as truly unto thee,
Though bold it be, as thou unto thyself!
I will not swear, for thou dost know that easy:
But put me to the proof, say, 'kill thyself;'
I will outlabour Hercules in will,
And in performance, if that waits on will.
Shall I fight sword-less with a youthful lion?

Shall I do ought that I may die in doing?
Oh! were it possible for such an angel,
I almost wish thou hadst some impious task,
That I might act it and be damned for thee.
But, earned for thee, perdition's not itself,
Since all that has a taste of thee in it
Is blest and heavenly.

Veron. Stop! You frighten me:
I dare not doubt you.

Torris. Dare not? Can you so?

Veron. I dare not, for I cannot. I believe you:
It is my duty.

Torris. To the dutiful
Their duty is their pleasure. Is it not?

Veron. 'Twas a rash word; it rather is my fate.

Torris. It is my fate to love; thou art my fate,
So be not adverse.

Veron. How can I say further?
I do believe you: less I'll not avow,
And more I cannot.

Torris. Stay, Veronica!
This very night we both of us may die,
Or one at least: and it is very likely
We never meet; or, if we meet, not thus,
But somehow hindered by the time, the place,
The persons. There are many chances else,
That, though no bigger than a sunny mote,
Coming between may our whole future part,—

With Milo's force tear our existence up,
And turn away the branches of each life,
Even from this hour, on whose star-knotted trunk
We would engraft our union; it may sever us
As utterly as if the world should split
Here, as we stand, and all Eternity
Push through the earthquake's lips, and rise between us.
Then let us know each other's constancy:
Thou in my mind, and I in thine shall be;
And so disseparable to the edge
Of thinnest lightning.—

Veron. Stay: be answered thus.
If thou art Torrismond, the brain of feather;
If thou art light and empty Torrismond,
The admiration, oath, and patron-saint
Of frivolous revellers, he whose corky heart,
Pierced by a ragged pen of Cupid's wing,
Spins like a vane upon his mother's temple
In every silly sigh,—let it play on:—

Torris. It is not so; I vow, Veronica—

Veron. If you unpeopled the Olympian town
Of all its gods, and shut them in one oath,
It would not weigh a flue of melting snow
In my opinion. Listen thus much more:
If thou art otherwise than all have held
Except myself; if these, which men do think
The workings of thy true concentrate self,
Have been indeed but bubbles raised in sport

By the internal god, who keeps unseen
The fountains of thine undiscovered spirit;
If, underneath this troubled scum of follies,
Lies what my hopes have guessed:—why guess thy wishes,
What it may be unto Veronica.

Torris. What need of doubts and guesses? make me firm;
With fixed assurance prop my withering hopes,
Or tear them up at once: give truth for truth.
I know it is the custom to dissemble,
Because men's hearts are shallow, and their nature
So mean, ill-nurtured, selfish, and debased,
They needs must paint and swaddle them in lies,
Before the light could bear to look upon them.
But as thou art, thus unalloyed and fresh
From thy divine creation, soul and body,
Tread artifice to dust, and boldly speak
Thine innocent resolve.

Veron. Thus then I say:
As I believe thee steadfast and sincere,
(And, if it be not so, God pity me!)
I love thee dearly, purely, heartily;
So witness heaven, and our own silent spirits!

Torris. And by my immortality I swear,
With the like honesty, the like to thee,
Thou picture of the heavens!

Veron. Hark! some one comes:—

Now we must part. Henceforth remember thou,
How in this azure secresy of night,
And with what vows, we here have dedicated
Ourselves, and our eternity of being,
Unto each other in our maker's presence.
Good-night then, Torrismond.

Torris. And such to thee,
As thou to me hast given, fairest fair!
Best good! of thy dear kind most ever-dear!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in the ducal palace.

Enter the DUKE *and courtiers.*

Duke. Yes, was it not enough, good Garcia,—
Blood spilt in every street by his wild sword;
The reverend citizens pelted with wrongs,
Their rights and toil-won honours blown aside,
Torn off, and trampled 'neath his drunken foot;
The very daughters of the awful church
Smeared in their whiteness by his rude attempts;
The law thus made a lie even in my mouth;
Myself a jest for beer-pot orators;
My state dishonoured;—was it not enough
To turn a patience, made of ten-years' ice,

Into a thunderbolt?

Garcia. It was too much:
I wonder at your grace's long endurance.
Did you ne'er chide him?

Duke. No, never in his life:
He has not that excuse. My eyes and ears
Were frozen-closed. Yet was it not enough
That his ill deeds outgrew all name and number,
O'er-flowed his years and all men's memories?
Gaudentio, I was mild; I bore upon me
This world of wrongs, and smiled. But mark you now,
How he was grateful.—Tell them, Melchior.

Melch. Linked, as it is surmised, with Lutherans,
And other rebels 'gainst his father's state,
He has not only for their aid obtained
From me, the steward of the dukedom, money,
But also robbed, most treacherously robbed,
By night, and like a thief, the public treasury.

Gauden. I'll not believe it; and he is a villain,
Ay, and the very thief, that did the thing,
Who brings the accusation.

Duke. Knave, I think
Thou wert my son's accomplice.

Melch. Nay, my lord,
He says what all would say, and most myself,
But that these facts—

Gauden. What facts? What witnesses?
Who saw? Who heard? Who knows?

Duke. Our trusty steward.

Gauden. A Spanish Jew! a godless, heartless exile,
Whose ear's the echo of the whispering world.
Why, if *he* only knows, and saw, and heard,
This Argus-witness, with his blood-hound nose,
Who keeps a fairy in his upright ear,
Is no more than a black, blind, ugly devil,
Nick-named a lie.

Duke. Be silent, slave, or dead.
I do believe him: Garcia, so dost thou?
All honest men, good Melchior, like thyself,—
For that thou art, I think, upon my life,—
Believe thee too.

Melch. It is my humble trust:
And, in the confidence of honesty,
I pray you pardon this good servant's boldness.
(*aside*) God help the miserable velvet fellow!
It seems he has forgot that little story,
How he debauched my poor, abandoned sister,
And broke my family into the grave.—
That's odd; for I exceeding well remember it,
Though then a boy.

Duke. Gaudentio, thou dost hear
Why I forgive thee: but be cautious, sir.

Gauden. Cautious,—but honest,—cautious of a villain.

Duke. No more!—But see where comes the man we talk of.

Leave us together. [*Exeunt Courtiers.*

Enter TORRISMOND.

Torrismond, well met!—

Torris. Why then well parted, for I'm going to bed. I'm weary; so, good-night.

Duke. Stay; I must speak to you.—

Torris. To-morrow then, good father, and all day. But now no more than the old sleepy word, And so again, good-night.

Duke. Turn, sir, and stay: I will be brief, as brief as speech can be.— Seek elsewhere a good night: there is none here. This is no home for your good nights, bad son, Who hast made evil all my days to come, Poisoned my age, torn off my beauteous hopes And fed my grave with them.—Oh! thou hast now, This instant, given my death an hundred sinews, And drawn him nearer by a thousand hours. But what of that? You'd sow me like a grain, And from my stalk pick you a ducal crown. But I will live.—

Torris. That you may live and prosper Is every day my prayer, my wish, my comfort. But what offence has raised these cruel words?

Duke. That I may live, you plot against my life; That I may prosper, you have cured my fortunes Of their encrusted jaundice,—you have robbed me.

So, for your prayers and wishes I do thank you;
But for your deeds I wish and pray Heaven's vengeance.

Torris. Is this your own invention, or—O nature!
O love of fathers! could a father hear
His offspring thus accused, and yet believe?
Believe! Could he endure, and not strike dead,
The monster of the lie? Sir, here or there,
In you, or your informers, there's a villain,
A fiend of falsehood: so beware injustice!..

Duke. I never was unjust, but when I pardoned
Your bloody sins and ravening appetites,—..
For which Heaven pardon me, as I repent it!
But I'll not play at battledore with words.
Hear me, young man, in whom I did express
The venom of my nature, thus the son,
Not of my virtuous will, but foul desires,
Not of my life, but of a wicked moment,
Not of my soul, but growing from my body,
Like thorns or poison on a wholesome tree,
The rank excrescence of my tumid sins,—
And so I tear thee off: for, Heaven doth know,
All gentler remedies I have applied;
But to this head thy rankling vice has swelled,
That, if thou dwellest in my bosom longer,
Thou wilt infect my blood, corrode my heart,
And blight my being: therefore, off for ever!

Torris. O mother, thou art happy in thy grave!
And there's the hell in which my father lies,

The serpent that hath swallowed him!

GAUDENTIO *rushes in.*

Gauden. (*As he enters, to those without, the other courtiers, who also enter but remain at the side.*) Away!

Let me come in! . . Now, I beseech you, lords,
Put out this anger; lay a night of sleep
Upon its head, and let its pulse of fire
Flap to exhaustion. Do not, sir, believe
This reptile falsehood: think it o'er again,
And try him by yourself; thus questioning,
Could I, or did I, thus, or such a fault,
In my beginning days? There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours: for, think your morning
Not lost, but given, passed from your hand to his,
The same except in place. Be then to him
As was the former tenant of your age,
When you were in the prologue of your time,
And he lay hid in you unconsciously
Under his life. And thou, my younger master,
Remember there's a kind of god in him,
And after heaven the next of thy religion.
Thy second fears of God, thy first of man,
Are his, who was creation's delegate,
And made this world for thee in making thee.

Duke. A frost upon thy words, intended dog!

Because thy growth has lost its four-legged way
And wandered with thee into man's resemblance,
Shalt thou assume his rights? Get to thy bed,
Or I'll decant thy pretext of a soul,
And lay thee, worm, where thou shalt multiply.
Sir slave, your gibbet's sown.

Torris. Leave him, Gaudentio,
My father and your master are not here;
His good is all gone hence, he's truly dead;
All that belonged to those two heavenly names
Are gone from life with him, and changing, cast
This slough behind, which all abandoned sins
Creep into and enliven devilishly.

Duke. What! stand I in thy shadow? or has Momus
Opened a window 'twixt thy heart and mine?
'Tis plated then!

Torris. We talk like fighting boys:—
Out on't! I repent of my mad tongue.
Come, sir; I cannot love you after this,
But we may meet and pass a nodding question—

Duke. Never! There lies no grain of sand between
My loved and my detested. Wing thee hence,
Or thou dost stand to-morrow on a cob-web
Spun o'er the well of clotted Acheron,
Whose hydrophobic entrails stream with fire;
And may this intervening earth be snow,
And my step burn like the mid coal of Ætna,

Plunging me, through it all, into the core
Where in their graves the dead are shut like seeds,
If I do not—O but he is my son!
If I do not forgive thee then—but hence!
Gaudentio, hence with him, for in my eyes
He does look demons.—

Melch. (*to Torrismond.*) Come out with me and leave him:
You will be cool, to-morrow.

Torris. That I shall;
Cool as an ice-drop on the skull of Death,
For winter is the season of the tomb,
And that's my country now.

Duke. Away with him!
I will not hear.—Where did I leave my book?
Or was it music?—Take the beggar out.
Is there no supper yet?—O my good Melchior!
I'm an eternal gap of misery.—
Let's talk of something else.

Torris. O father, father! must I have no father,
To think how I shall please, to pray for him,
To spread his virtues out before my thought,
And set my soul in order after them?
To dream, and talk of in my dreaming sleep?
If I have children, and they question me
Of him who was to me as I to them;
Who taught me love, and sports, and childish lore;
Placed smiles where tears had been; who bent his talk,

That it might enter my low apprehension,
And laughed when words were lost.—O father, father!
Must I give up the first word that my tongue,
The only one my heart has ever spoken?
Then take speech, thought, and knowledge quite away,—
Tear all my life out of the universe,
Take of my youth, unwrap me of my years,
And hunt me up the dark and broken past
Into my mother's womb: there unbeget me;
For 'till I'm in thy veins and unbegun,
Or to the food returned which made the blood
That did make me, no possible lie can ever
Unroot my feet of thee. Canst thou make nothing?
Then do it here, for I would rather be
At home nowhere, than here nowhere at home.

Duke. Why ask'st thou me? Hast thou no deeds to undo,
No virtues to rebuy, no sins to loose?
Catch from the wind those sighs that thou hast caused;
Out of large ocean pick the very tears,
And set them in their cabinets again.
Renew thyself, and then will I remember
How thou camest thus. Thou art all vices now
Of thine own getting. My son Torrismond
Did sow himself under a heap of crime,
And thou art grown from him: die to the root,
So I may know thee as his grave at least.—

Now, Melchior, we'll away.

Melch. Not yet, my lord:
I wait upon this gentleman.

Duke. Is't so?
Why then, begone! Good morrow to you, sirs.
Farewell! and be that word a road to death
Uncrossed by any other! Not a word!

[*Exit with courtiers: manent Torrismond and Melchior.*

Melch. Will you not stay?
He's gone: but follow not:—
There's not a speck of flesh upon his heart!
What shall we do?

Torris. What shall we do?—why, all.
How many things, sir, do men live to do?
The mighty labour is to die: we'll do't,—
But we'll drive in a chariot to our graves,
Wheel'd with big thunder, o'er the heads of men.

[*Exeunt.*

Cætera desunt.

DRAMATIC SCENES AND FRAGMENTS.

DRAMATIC SCENES AND FRAGMENTS.

I. ERMINIA ABBANDONATA.

ERMINIA *and female attendant.*

Attend.

COME lift your head from that sad pillow, lady,
Let comfort kiss thee dry. Nay, weep no more:
Oh! sure thy brain has emptied all its tears,
Thy breast outsighed its passion, leaving room
For sleep to pour her sweetness into them,
And the cored sleep of sleep, tranquillity,
That opens but one window of the soul,
And, with her hand on sorrow's face, does keep her
Dark in her bed and dayless. Quiet now—
Will you take peace?

Ermin. Good-night; you must go in:
The door of life is shut upon me now;

I'm sepulchred alone. Look in the west;
Mark you the dusty, weary traveller,
That stumbles down the clouds?
Attend. I see the sun
Silently dying.
Ermin. Weep till your sight is found.—
I have been one that thought there was a sun,
A joyful heat-maker; and, like a child
By a brook's side spooning the sparkles out,
I caught at his reflection in my soul,
And found 'twas water painted with a lie,
Cold, bitter water; I have cried it out.
Sometimes you may see some one through the clouds
Stepping about the sky,—and then, in sooth,
He robs some mountain of its child, the day,
And lays it at the sea's door: but for that
I' the west, 'tis the fat, unwholesome star,
The bald fool-planet, that has men upon it,
And they nick-name it 'world.'
And oh! this humpy bastard of the sun,
It was my slave, my dog, and in my lap
Laid down its load of pleasure every night,
And spun me sunshine to delight my eyes,—
Carried my cities, and did make me summer,
And flower-limbed spring, and groves with shady
autumn:
But now the whelp rolls up his woody back,
And turns it on me, and so trundles down,

Leaving this bit of rock for me to live on,
And his round shadow to be cold in. Go!
Follow the rabble clinging at his heels,
Get thee a seat among his rags.—Dost know
That Momus picked a burnt-out comet up
From Vulcan's floor, and stuck a man upon it;
Then, having laught, he flung the wick away,
And let the insect feed on planet oil:—
What was't? Man and his ball.
Attend. O dearest lady!
Let not your thoughts find instruments of mirth
So on the shore where reason has been wrecked,
To lay them in your brain along with grief;
For grief and laughter, mingled in the skull,
Oft boil to madness. Did you hear my words?
Ermin. Ay, comfort was among them,—that's a play-thing
For girls, a rattle full of noisy lies
To fright away black thoughts, and let the sun
In on the breast. For madness, though I hold it
Kinder to man's enjoyment than true sense,
And I would choose it, if they lay before me,
Even as a grape beside an adder's tongue,
To squeeze into my thoughts as in a cup,
Hating the forked and the bitter truth,—
I cannot find it. If my brain were capable
Of this dear madness, should it not be now
All in a bubble with't? What can make mad,

If not the abandonment of one, whose love
Is more true life than the veins' crimson sap?
Leonigild has cut my heart away,
And flung it from him: if I could be so,
Should I not be tempestuously mad?

Attend. Alas! his cruelty looked like a snake
Upon Medusa's temple.

Ermin. Had I been waked
By torchlight in my eyes, and by a voice
That said "your babes are burning, stabbed your hus-
"band,—
"Room on your bosom for their murderer's kisses!"
Why, that to this were tickling to a stab,
A pin-wound to an hell-jawed, laughing gash.
You saw me spurned by him who was—Oh! was!—
What was he? not a father, son, or husband,—
Lend me a word.—

Attend. Indeed your love was much;
Your life but an inhabitant of his.

Ermin. Loved him! 'tis not enough; the angels
might,—
They might think what I mean, but could not speak it.
I dreamt it was the day of judgment once,
And that my soul, in fear of hidden sins,
Went with his stolen body on its shoulders,
And stood for him before the judgment seat:—
O that I now were damned as I was then!
But that same body, that same best-loved soul

Cursed, spurned me yesterday. Should I not rave,
Rave, my girl, rave?
Attend. So most women would,
So all would wonder that another did not.
Ermin. Why now, I rave not, laugh not, think not, care not;
But it is well; so far, I said, 'twas well.
Next was I not abandoned on the rock,
That I might starve? and then you know I prayed,
And when 'twas done, behold! there comes a boat,
Climbing about the waves; I thought and said,
O bless thee, ocean! hither dost thou come,
On the same errand as thy birds returning
Unto their hungry nest; thus has sweet nature
Sown kindness in thy great, and its small, bosom!
And, as I spoke, the waves came sporting on,
And laid their burthen, like a pillow, here:
Look! it's my brother dead. Should I not rave,
Rave, my girl, rave? What comet-dragon is there,
That makes the air bleed fire with galloping rage,
But should be dove-like in my simile?
Attend. Alas! such things,
Such sudden pluckings by the heart as these,
People the mad-house, and cram up the grave!
Ermin. Therefore I laugh: methinks, when I do tell it,
That I am supping up a draught of wine.
Would you know why there's death, and tears, and blood,

And wrenching hearts out by their shrieking roots,
Which are more tender than the mailed quick,
Or the wet eye-ball? I will tell you this,—
But O! be secret as rocks under sea,—
When the world draws the winter o'er his head,
Capping himself so whitely round his Alp,
Muffling his feet with ice, and beds him so;
Then underneath the coverlid and cloak
He has a poisonous strumpet in his arms,
On whom he gets confusion, war, disease,
Prodigies, earthquakes, blights: she's in his blood,
The hell-wombed witch, hagged and hideous nature!
But I'll unwind her.—Nay, I jest, my child:
Leave me; seek something—What is it we want?
O true! 'tis food: take this, and try the huts.

Attend. 'Tis needful truly: I'll procure it quick,
And turn the hour back I go upon.
A little then, good bye. (*Exit.*

Ermin. Yes, I do see
The wronger, and will cut her from my heart,—
Pare myself of her utterly. Thou nature,
Living or dead, thou influence or thou ruler,
I invocate the heaven to hear my charge.
Who tied my heart unto Leonigild
With gordian love-knots of its thousand strings,
Then tore them all away to bleed and wither?
Was it not nature?
Who quickened next that heart a lovely babe,

And when its little smile had learnt its mother,
When thought was rising in its heavenly eye,
Bade the grave jump and snap it? The same nature.
Here lies a brother in my dead embrace,
Loved after, as before, his human life;
For in each other's unborn arms we lay,
Bedfellows in our mother. Who poisoned him,
Alone among the horrible sea-waves,
And then—O murderess above fratricide,
To kill the sister with the brother's corpse!—
Sent him a gift to me? Again 'twas nature.
I had a husband; nature widowed me:—
A child; she kidnapped it to earth a tree:—
A brother; him she murdered with her waves:—
Me she would madden:—therefore I defy,
Curse, and abandon Nature henceforth ever.
And, though I cannot creep up to my mother,
Or flow back to my father's veins again,—
Resex or uncreate me; thus much can I:
I will spunge out the sweetness of my heart,
And suck up horror; woman's thoughts I'll kill,
And leave their bodies rotting in my mind,
Hoping their worms will sting; although not man,
Yet will I out of hate engender much,—
I'll be the father of a world of ghosts,
And get the grave with a carcase. For the rest,
I will encorpse me in my brother's garments,
Pick me a heart out of a devil's side,

And so, my own creator, my own child,
Tread on the womb of nature, unbegotten.
Now then, ye waves, I step on you again,
And into my new self, my life outlived:
Come back and kneel, thou world; submit thy side,
And take me on thy neck again, new-made,
Fiend-hearted, woman-corpsed, but man-arrayed.

II. AN APOTHEOSIS.

DIANEME *and female attendants.*

Dianeme.

SING on, sing ever, and let sobs arise
Beneath the current of your harmony,
Breaking its silvery stillness into gushes
Of stealing sadness: let tears fall upon it,
And burst with such a sound, as when a lute-string,
Torn by the passion of its melody,
Gasps its whole soul of music in one sound,
And dies beneath the waves of its own voice!
Be pale thou mooned midnight, and ye stars
Shed fluttering tremours of inconstant light
Upon the moaning billows; timid leaves
O'erwhelm yourselves with shadow, and give out
Your dewy titterings to the air no more!
Clouds, clouds, dark, deadly clouds, let not the moon

Look on his grave!—It is too light: the day
Will rise before I die: how old is evening?

Attend. The tide of darkness now is at its height.
Yon lily-woven cradle of the hours
Hath floated half her shining voyage, nor yet
Is by the current of the morn opposed.

Dianeme. The hour is coming: I must give my soul
To the same moment on whose precious air
My Casimir soared heavenward, for I know
There are a million chambers of the dead,
And every other minute but the same
Would bear me to the one where he is not,
And that were madness. Bring me yon sick lily,—
Yon fevered one.

Attend. Choose any other, lady,
For this is broken, odourless, and scorched,—
Where Death has graved his curse.

Dianeme. Give it to me;
I'll weep it full. I have a love for flowers:
Guess you not why? Their roots are in the earth,
And, when the dead awake, or talk in sleep,
These hear their thoughts and write them on their leaves
For heaven to look on: and their dews come down
From the deep bosom of the blue, whereon
The spirits linger, sent by them perchance
With blessings to their friends. Besides all night
They are wide-waking, and the ghosts will pause,

And breathe their thoughts upon them. There, poor
blossom,
My soul bedews thee, and my breast shall be
Thy death-bed, and our deaths shall intertwine.
Now, maids, farewell; this is the very echo
Of his expiring time; one snowy cloud
Hangs, like an avalanche of frozen light,
Upon the peak of night's cerulean Alp,
And yon still pine, a bleak anatomy,
Flows, like a river, on the planet's disk,
With its black, wandering arms. Farewell to all:
There is my hand to weep on.
Now my soul
Developes its great beams, and, like a cloud
Racked by the mighty winds, at once expands
Into a measureless, immortal growth.
Crescented night, and amethystine stars,
And day, thou god and glory of the heavens,
Flow on for ever! Play, ye living spheres,
Through the infinity of azure wafted
On billowy music! Airs immortal, strew
Your tressed beauty on the clouds and seas!
And thou the sum of these, nature of all,
Thou providence pervading the whole space
Of measureless creation; thou vast mind,
Whose thoughts these pageantries and seasons are,
Who claspest all in one imagination,
All hail! I too am an eternity;

I am an universe. My soul is bent
Into a girdling circle full of days;
And my fears rise through the deep sky of it,
Blossoming into palpitating stars;
And suns are launched, and planets wake within me;
The words upon my breath are showery clouds,
Sailing along a summer; Casimir
Is the clear truth of ocean, to look back
The beams of my soft love, the world to turn
Within my blue embrace. I am an heaven,
And he my breezes, rays, and harmony;
'Round and around the curvous atmosphere
Of my own real existence I revolve,
Serene and starry with undying love.
I am, I have been, I shall be, O glory!
An universe, a god, a living Ever.

[*She dies.*

III. The Israelite amid Philistines.

Enter Ezril *dragged in by two Venetians.*

Ezril. Help! help, you kindly people of this place!
Help for the helpless old! Have mercy, sirs!
Oh! it is in your hearts, deny it not;
Shut not your ears to its enchanting tongue.
It will unlock a heaven in your souls,
Wherein my pardon and my pity sits.

I kneel to you, as you unto your god:
Reject me not, teach him not cruelty.
Be heavenly, as you can.
1st Venet. Hush! frosty jew!
Or take my answer from this tongue of steel.
Ezril. When you are old, and fearful,
With age's wintry winds shaking your limbs,
Thus may you cry, thus may you wring your hands,—
1st Venet. And thus be struck. Once more have silence with thee,
Or death possess me if I stab thee not.
Now comrade, shall we let the coward live?
2nd Venet. Wilt thou betray us, dotard?
Ezril. By my life,
If you will grant me it to swear upon,
Never!
1st Venet. It is a rubbed and brittle oath,
As what 'tis sworn: break one, thou breakest both.
I'll snap thy being like a frozen breath,
If thou breathest falsely.
Ezril. If I kill my truth,
Drive thy revenge into my midmost heart.
1st Venet. Hark, once again! Where wert thou journeying, jew,
With gold-stuffed panniers, thus?
Ezril. To Venice town.—
Alas! remind me not of my dear riches,
The beauteous jewels of my bosom; take them.—

I would that I were stouter in my soul,
That I dared die!—Be gentle with the sacks;
They're full of fair, white silver: as I tied them,
I felt their strings run tickling through my veins.

1st Venet. O ho! here's royal booty, on my soul:
A draught of ducats! By this silver sight
I love thee, bushy dog, and thou shalt live
To sweep the corners of men's souls again.
Be comforted. Let's toss them on our shoulders,
And swim the Po.

2nd Venet. First, look you here, old man:
There's a clenched hand; dost see?

Ezril. 'Tis hard as iron:
(*aside*) Hell melt it so!

2nd Venet. And in't a sword:—

Ezril. (*aside*) As sharp as are the teeth
Of my heart's father, a fierce curse of thee.—
What then, sir?

2nd Venet. Speak once of us,
Look after us, or press that foot of thine
Upon yon lip of Po, where Venice grows,—
They're in thy muddy body to the wrist.

[*Exeunt Veneti.*

Ezril. The weight of Atlas' shoulder slip upon you!
The waves smile, do they? O, that they would laugh,
Open their liquid jaws and shut them on you!
These are but thieves, the emptiers of my soul,—
These, that have scooped away my sweetest kernel,

My gathered seed of kingdom-shading wealth,
Crown-blossomed, sword-leaved, trunked with strug-
gling armies,
And left the wrinkled skin upon my arms,—
These are but thieves! And he that steals the blood,
A murderer is he? Oh! my thoughts are blunt:—
I'll throw away the workings of my tongue,
Till I've the craft to make a curse so long,
Fangish enough to reach the quick of earth,
That hell whose flaming name my feelings echo,
And rouse it for them.
Death! here comes a man
To stare into my ruin.

Enter MARCELLO.

Marcello. Hail, country of my birth!
We're met in season; winter in us both,
The fruit picked from us, poor and snowy-scalped,
And almost solitary. I did turn
An ermined shoulder on thee, when I stepped
Out of thine airy door of earth and sky,
Upon that watery threshold;
And now I face thee with a ragged front:
A coin of Fate's cross-stamp, that side a Duke,
And this, which Time turns up, (so hell might stick
Upon the back of heaven,) a scratched despair!

* * * * *

IV. LOVERS' IDENTITY.

Erminia. Is it Zenobio?

Zenobio. Ay, that's my body's name, for my dear soul
Is not so called: when you would speak of that,
Which is myself more than the thing you see,
Only say "Erminia."—And what readeth she,
Who called Zenobio?

Erminia. An unhappy tale
Of two who loved, with so unusual faith,
That their affection rose up into heaven,
And there was deified: (for the blind child,
Whom men of this late world invoke and swear by,
Is the usurper of that first love's name,
Indeed an idol, a false deity:)
—A pedant's dream!

Zenobio. We know it to be so.
For not externally this love can live,
But in the soul, as life within the body:
And what is Love alone? Are there not two?
—But, dearest, you were telling—

Erminia. Of this pair:
One from the beauty and the grace of youth,
One, innocent and youthful, perished.
The other,—what could she, O widowed thing!

With but a pale and fading memory
Left in the hollow of her heart?

Zenobio. What could she?
But let her deathly life pass into death,
Like music on the night-wind; moaning, moaning,
Until it sleeps.

Erminia. Worse, worse, much worse than that,
Or aught else of despair or common madness.
Cheerfully did she live, quietly end
A joyous age alone! This is to me
More woeful, and more murderous of hope,
Than any desperate story.

Zenobio. So it would be,
If thought on with the general sense of man.
But know this surely: in that woman's breast
Lived the two souls, that were before divided.
For otherwise, be sure, she *could* not live;
But so, much happier than ever.

V. PRISON THOUGHTS.

Scene, a dungeon: ORAZIO *solus.*

Orazio. I'LL speak again:
This rocky wall's great silence frightens me,
Like a dead giant's.
Methought I heard a sound; but all is still.
This empty silence is so deadly low,

The very stir and winging of my thoughts
Make audible my being: every sense
Aches from its depth with hunger.
The pulse of time is stopped, and night's blind sun
Sheds its black light, the ashes of noon's beams,
On this forgotten tower, whose ugly round,
Amid the fluency of brilliant morn,
Hoops in a blot of parenthetic night,
Like ink upon the chrystal page of day,
Crossing its joy! But now some lamp awakes,
And, with the venom of a basilisk's wink,
Burns the dark winds. Who comes?

Enter EZRIL.

Ezril. There's food for thee.
Eat heartily; be mirthful with your cup;
Though coarse and scanty.

Orazio. I'll not taste of it.
To the dust, to the air with the cursed liquids
And poison-kneaded bread.

Ezril. Why dost thou this?

Orazio. I know thee and thy master: honey-lipped,
Viper-tongued villain, that dost bait intents,
As crook'd and murderous as the scorpion's sting,
With mercy's sugared milk, and poisonest
The sweetest teat of matron charity!

* * * *

VI. MAN'S PETTY UNIVERSE CONTRASTED WITH THE TRUE.

SCENE: *the abyss of Space:* AMBROSIUS *and* CYNTHIA *in the car, returning to the earth. Ambrosius loquitur.*

O WHAT a deep delight it is to cleave,
Out-darting thought, above all sight and sound,
And sweep the ceiling of the universe,
Thus with our locks! How it does mad the heart,
How dances it along the living veins,
Like hot and steaming wine! How my eyes ache
With gazing on this mighty vacancy!
O Universe of earth and air and ocean,
Which man calls infinite, where art thou now?
Sooner a babe should pierce the marble ear
Of death, and startle his tombed ancestor,
'Mid Hell's thick laughter, shrieks, and flamy noises,
With cradle-pulings, than the gathered voice
Of every thunder, ocean, and wild blast,
Find thee, thou atom, in this wilderness!
This boundless emptiness, this waveless sea,
This desert of vacuity, alone
Is great: and thou, for whom the word was made,
Art as the wren's small goblet of a home
Unto the holy vastness of the temple!

* * * * *

VII. RECOGNITION.

SOFT! Stand away! those features—Do not stir!
Be breathless if thou canst!.. The trembling ray
Of some approaching thought, I know not what,
Gleams on my darkened mind. It will be here
Directly: now I feel it growing, growing,
Like a man's shadow, when the sun floats slowly
Through the white border of a baffled cloud:
And now the pale conception furls and thickens.
'Tis settled.—Yes—Beroe!—How dare thy cheek
Be wan and withered as a wrinkling moon
Upon the tumbled waves? Why camest thou here?
I dreamt of thee last night, as thou wert once,
But I shall never dream of thee again.

VIII. RECEPTION OF EVIL TIDINGS.

WHAT's this? Did you not see a white convulsion
Run through his cheek and fling his eye-lids up?
There's mischief in the paper.
Mark again
How, with that open palm, he shades his brain
From its broad, sudden meaning. Once I saw
One who had dug for treasure in a corner,
Where he, by torchlight, saw a trembling man
Burying a chest at night. 'Just so he stood

With open striving lips and shaking hair;
Alive but in his eyes, and they were fixed
On a smeared, earthly, bleeding corpse—his sister,
There by her murderer crushed into the earth.

IX. A RUFFIAN.

THERE'S a fellow
With twisting root-like hair up to his eyes,
And they are streaked with red and starting out
Under their bristling brows; his crooked tusks
Part, like a hungry wolf's, his cursing mouth;
His head is frontless, and a swinish mane
Grows o'er his shoulders:—brown and warty hands,
Like roots, with pointed nails.—He is the man.

X. RECOLLECTION OF EARLY LIFE.

LEAF after leaf, like a magician's book
Turned in a dragon-guarded hermitage
By tress-disheveling spirits of the air,
My life unfolds.

XI. A CROCODILE.

HARD by the lilied Nile I saw
A duskish river-dragon stretched along,
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl:

And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,
No bigger than a mouse; with eyes like beads,
And a small fragment of its speckled egg
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout;
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch
The baulking, merry flies. In the iron jaws
Of the great devil-beast, like a pale soul
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew
A snowy troculus, with roseate beak
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

XII. "BONA DE MORTUIS."

AY, ay: *good man, kind father, best of friends*—
These are the words that grow, like grass and nettles,
Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide,
Like toads, among them.

XIII. ROSILY DYING.

I'LL take that fainting rose
Out of his breast; perhaps some sigh of his
Lives in the gyre of its kiss-coloured leaves.
O pretty rose, hast thou thy flowery passions
Then put thyself into a scented rage,
And breathe on me some poisonous revenge.
For it was I, thou languid, silken blush,
Who orphaned thy green family of thee,

In their closed infancy: therefore receive
My life, and spread it on thy shrunken petals,
And give to me thy pink, reclining death.

XIV. SPEAKER'S MEANING DIMLY DESCRIED.

I KNOW not whether
I see your meaning: if I do, it lies
Upon the wordy wavelets of your voice,
Dim as an evening shadow in a brook,
When the least moon has silver on't no larger
Than the pure white of Hebe's pinkish nail.

XV. ANTICIPATION OF EVIL TIDINGS.

I FEAR there is some maddening secret
Hid in your words, (and at each turn of thought
Comes up a scull,) like an anatomy
Found in a weedy hole, 'mongst stones and roots
And straggling reptiles, with his tongueless mouth
Telling of murder.

XVI. MIDNIGHT HYMN.

AND many voices marshalled in one hymn
Wound through the night, whose still, translucent moments
Lay on each side their breath; and the hymn passed

Its long, harmonious populace of words
Between the silvery silences, as when
The slaves of Egypt, like a wind between
The head and trunk of a dismembered king
On a strewn plank, with blood and footsteps sealed,
Vallied the unaccustomed sea.

XVII. CONCEALED JOY.

JUST now a beam of joy hung on his eye-lash;
But, as I looked, it sunk into his eye,
Like a bruised worm writhing its form of rings
Into a darkening hole.

XVIII. LIFE A GLASS WINDOW.

LET him lean
Against his life, that glassy interval
'Twixt us and nothing; and, upon the ground
Of his own slippery breath, draw hueless dreams,
And gaze on frost-work hopes. Uncourteous Death
Knuckles the pane, and * * *

XIX. A DREAM.

LAST night I looked into a dream; 'twas drawn
On the black midnight of a velvet sleep,
And set in woeful thoughts; and there I saw
A thin, pale Cupid, with bare, ragged wings

Like skeletons of leaves, in autumn left,
That sift the frosty air. One hand was shut,
And in its little hold of ivory
Fastened a May-morn zephyr, frozen straight,
Made deadly with a hornet's rugged sting,
Gilt with the influence of an adverse star.
Such was his weapon, and he traced with it,
Upon the waters of my thoughts, these words:
" I am the death of flowers, and nightingales,
And small-lipped babes, that give their souls to summer
To make a perfumed day with: I shall come,
A death no larger than a sigh to thee,
Upon a sunset hour."—And so he passed
Into the place where faded rainbows are,
Dying along the distance of my mind;
As down the sea Europa's hair-pearls fell
When, through the Cretan waves, the curly bull
Dashed, tugging at a stormy plough, whose share
Was of the northern hurricane—

XX. METAPHOR OF RAIN.

AN amorous cloud
Lets down her rustling hair over the sun.

XXI. MEDITATION.

THE bitter past
And the untasted future I mix up,
Making the present a dream-figured bowl
For the black poison, which is caked and moulded,
By the inside of the enchasing thoughts,
Even as I taste it.

XXII. SWEET TO DIE.

Is it not sweet to die? for, what is death,
But sighing that we ne'er may sigh again,
Getting at length beyond our tedious selves;
But trampling the last tear from poisonous sorrow,
Spilling our woes, crushing our frozen hopes,
And passing like an incense out of man?
Then, if the body felt, what were its sense,
Turning to daisies gently in the grave,
If not the soul's most delicate delight
When it does filtrate, through the pores of thought,
In love and the enamelled flowers of song?

XXIII. EXTREME ACCLIVITY.

ITS impossible ascent was steep,
As are the million pillars of a shower
Torn, shivered, and dashed hard against the earth,
When Day no longer breathes.

XXIV. RAIN.

THE blue, between yon star-nailed cloud
The double-mountain and this narrow valley,
Is strung with rain, like a fantastic lyre.

XXV. LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY.

A. THE king looks well, red in its proper place
The middle of the cheek, and his eye's round
Black as a bit of night.

B. Yet men die suddenly:
One sits upon a strong and rocky life,
Watching a street of many opulent years,
And Hope's his mason. Well! to-day do this,
And so to-morrow; twenty hollow years
Are stuffed with action:—lo! upon his head
Drops a pin's point of time; tick! quoth the clock,
And the grave snaps him.

A. Such things may have been;
The crevice 'twixt two after-dinner minutes,
The crack between a pair of syllables,
May sometimes be a grave as deep as 'tis
From noon to midnight in the hoop of time.
But for this man, his life wears ever steel
From which disease drops blunted. If indeed
Death lay in the market-place, or were—but hush!
See you the tremble of that myrtle bough?

Does no one listen?

B. Nothing with a tongue:
The grass is dumb since Midas, and no Æsop
Translates the crow or hog. Within the myrtle
Sits a hen-robin, trembling like a star,
Over her brittle eggs.

A. Is it no more?

B. Nought: let her hatch.

XXVI. KISSES.

HER kisses are
Soft as a snow-tuft in the dewless cup
Of a redoubled rose, noiselessly falling
When heaven is brimful of starry night.

XXVII. SUBTERRANEAN CITY.

CAN it then be, that the earth loved some city,
Another planet's child, so long, so truly,
That here we find its image next her heart,
Like an abandoned, melancholy thought?

XXVIII. DREAM OF DYING.

SHIVERING in fever, weak, and parched to sand,
My ears, those entrances of word-dressed thoughts,
My pictured eyes, and my assuring touch,
Fell from me, and my body turned me forth

From its beloved abode: then I was dead;
And in my grave beside my corpse I sat,
In vain attempting to return: meantime
There came the untimely spectres of two babes,
And played in my abandoned body's ruins;
They went away; and, one by one, by snakes
My limbs were swallowed; and, at last, I sat
With only one, blue-eyed, curled round my ribs,
Eating the last remainder of my heart,
And hissing to himself. O sleep, thou fiend!
Thou blackness of the night! how sad and frightful
Are these thy dreams!

XXIX. INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE WORLD.

WHY what's the world and time? a fleeting thought
In the great meditating universe,
A brief parenthesis in chaos.

XXX. SLEEPER'S COUNTENANCE CONTEMPLATED.

Duke. THERE smiles methinks
A cherished dream, that lies upon her lips
As the word love deep written in a rose,
With which the story of our youth begins.
Could'st thou but see whose image so delights her!

Ziba. Her thoughts are far from us in early child-
hood:

For 'tis our wont to dream of distant friends
And half-forgotten times. D. I. B.

XXXI. A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

How lovely is the heaven of this night,
How deadly still its earth! The forest brute
Has crept into his cave, and laid himself
Where sleep has made him harmless like the lamb.
The horrid snake, his venom now forgot,
Is still and innocent as the honied flower
Under his head: and man, in whom are met
Leopard and snake, and all the gentleness
And beauty of the young lamb and the bud,
Has let his ghost out, put his thoughts aside
And lent his senses unto death himself.

XXXII. HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

WHY, Rome was naked once, a bastard smudge,
Tumbled on straw, the denfellow of whelps,
Fattened on roots, and, when a-thirst for milk,
He crept beneath and drank the swagging udder
Of Tyber's brave she-wolf; and Heaven's Judea
Was folded in a pannier.

XXXIII. A COUNTENANCE FOREBODING EVIL.

THY gloomy features, like a midnight dial,
Scowl the dark index of a fearful hour.

XXXIV. A LOFTY MIND.

HIS thoughts are so much higher than his state,
That, like a mountain hanging o'er a hut,
They chill and darken it.

XXXV. SORROW.

SORROW! Hast thou seen Sorrow asleep,
When thick sighs break the wholeness of her mouth,
And one tear trembles in her upward eye,
Part clammy on the dark threads of her lash,
Part yet within her dream? One moony night
I found her so, a pale, cold babe, and beauteous,
In slumber, as Consumption, just before
She's christened Death. I pressed her in my arms,
And took upon my lip the hurrying tear
Off her warm neck.

XXXVI. SAD AND CHEERFUL SONGS CONTRASTED.

'SING me no more such ditties: they are well
For the last gossips, when the snowy wind
Howls in the chimney till the very taper
Trembles with its blue flame, and the bolted gates
Rattle before old winter's palsied hand.
If you will sing, let it be cheerily
Of dallying love. There's many a one among you
Hath sung, beneath our oak trees to his maiden,
Light bird-like mockeries, fit for love in spring time.
Sing such a one. D. I. B.

XXXVII. A SUBTERRANEAN CITY.

I FOLLOWED once a fleet and mighty serpent
Into a cavern in a mountain's side;
And, wading many lakes, descending gulphs,
At last I reached the ruins of a city,
Built not like ours but of another world,
As if the aged earth had loved in youth
The mightiest city of a perished planet,
And kept the image of it in her heart,
So dream-like, shadowy, and spectral was it.
Nought seemed alive there, and the bony dead
Were of another world the skeletons.
The mammoth, ribbed like to an arched cathedral,

Lay there, and ruins of great creatures else
More like a shipwrecked fleet, too vast they seemed
For all the life that is to animate:
And vegetable rocks, tall sculptured palms,
Pines grown, not hewn, in stone; and giant ferns,
Whose earthquake-shaken leaves bore graves for nests.

D. I. B.

XXXVIII. MAN'S ANXIOUS, BUT INEFFECTUAL, GUARD AGAINST DEATH.

LUCKLESS man
Avoids the miserable bodkin's point,
And, flinching from the insect's little sting,
In pitiful security keeps watch,
While 'twixt him and that hypocrite the sun,
To which he prays, comes windless pestilence,
Transparent as a glass of poisoned water
Through which the drinker sees his murderer smiling;
She stirs no dust, and makes no grass to nod,
Yet every footstep is a thousand graves,
And every breath of her's as full of ghosts
As a sunbeam with motes. D. I. B.

XXXIX. A DAY OF SURPASSING BEAUTY.

THE earth is bright, her forests all are golden;
A cloud of flowers breathes blushing over her,
And, whispering from bud to blossom, opens

The half-awakened memory of the song
She heard in childhood from the mystic sun.
There is some secret stirring in the world,
A thought that seeks impatiently its word:
A crown, or cross, for one is born to day.

XL. THE SLIGHT AND DEGENERATE NATURE OF MAN.

Antediluvianus loquitur.

PITIFUL post-diluvians! from whose hearts
The print of passions by the tide of hours
Is washed away for ever and for ever,
As lions' footmark on the ocean sands;
While we, Adam's coevals, carry in us
The words indelible of buried feelings,
Like the millennial trees, whose hoary barks
Grow o'er the secrets cut into their core.

XLI. A NIGHT-SCENE.

THE lake, like her, heaves gently
Its breast of waves under a heaven of sleep,
And pictures in its soothed, transparent being
The depth of worlds o'erhanging: o'er the pillow,
Washed by the overflowing, flowery locks,
A silver promise of the moon is breathed:
And the light veil of hieroglyphic clouds

The curious wind rends ever and anon,
Revealing the deep dream of Alpine heights,
Which fill the distance of its wondering spirit,
And on its hectic cheeks the prophecies
Do fearfully reflect, that flicker up
Out of the sun's grave underneath the world.

XLII. DIRGE.

No tears, no sighings, no despair,
No trembling dewy smile of care,
No mourning weeds,
Nought that discloses
A heart that bleeds;
But looks contented I will bear,
And o'er my cheeks strew roses.
Unto the world I may not weep,
But save my sorrow all, and keep
A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,
As the great earth and swelling sea—

* * * *

XLIII. MOURNERS CONSOLED.

DEAD, is he? What's that further than a word,
Hollow as is the armour of a ghost
Whose chinks the moon he haunts doth penetrate.
Belief in death is the fell superstition,
That hath appalled mankind and chained it down,

A slave unto the dismal mystery
Which old opinion dreams beneath the tombstone.
Dead is he, and the grave shall wrap him up?
And this you see is he? And all is ended?
Ay *this* is cold, that was a glance of him
Out of the depth of his immortal self;
This utterance and token of his being
His spirit hath let fall, and now is gone
To fill up nature and complete her being.
The form, that here is fallen, was the engine,
Which drew a mighty stream of spiritual power
Out of the world's own soul, and made it play
In visible motion, as the lofty tower
Leads down the animating fire of heaven
To the world's use. That instrument is broken,
And in another sphere the spirit works,
Which did appropriate to human functions
A portion of the ghostly element.—
This then is all your Death.

XLIV. A GREAT SACRIFICE SELF-COMPENSATED.

TRUE I have had much comfort gazing on thee,
Much too perhaps in thinking I might have thee
Nearly myself, a fellow soul to live with.
But, weighing well man's frail and perilous tenure
Of all good in the restless, wavy world,
Ne'er dared I set my soul on any thing

Which but a touch of time can shake to pieces.
Alone in the eternal is my hope.
Took I thee? that intensest joy of love
Would soon grow fainter and at last dissolve.
But, if I yield thee, there is something done
Which from the crumbling earth my soul divorces,
And gives it room to be a greater spirit.
There is a greater pang, methinks, in nature
When she takes back the life of a dead world,
Than when a new one severs from her depth
Its bright, revolving birth. So I'll not hoard thee,
But let thee part, reluctant, though in hope
That greater happiness will thence arise.

XLV. "LOVE IS WISER THAN AMBITION."

Amala. O GIVE not up the promise of your time
For me: for what? an evanescent woman,
A rose-leaf scarce unfolded ere it falls. Your days
Should be a wood of laurels evergreen:
Seek glory!

Athulf. Glory! To be sung to tuneless harps!
A picture, and a name; to live for death!
Seek glory? Never. The world's gossip Fame
Is busy in the market-place, the change,
At court or wrangling senate, noting down
Him of the fattest purse, the fabulous crest,

The tongue right honied or most poisonous.
If Glory goes among the bristling spears,
Which war is mowing down; or walks the wave,
When Fate weighs kingdoms in their battle-fleets;
Or watches the still student at his work,
Reading the laws of nature in the heavens,
Or earth's minutest creature; she may find me:
If not, I am contented with oblivion,
As all the other millions. My sweet fair,
One little word of confidence and love,
From lips beloved, thrilleth more my heart
Than brightest trumpet-touch of statued Fame.
My bird of Paradise, tell me some news
Of your own home.
Amala. My home should be your heart:
What shall I tell of that?
Athulf. Can you not see?
Surely the love that burns before thy image,
As sunny as a burning diamond,
Must shed its light without. D. I. B.

XLVI. THE MURDERER'S HAUNTED COUCH.

Isbr. So buckled tight in scaly resolution,
Let my revenge tread on, and, if its footsteps
Be graves, the peering eye of critic doubt,
All dazzled by the bold, reflected day,
May take the jaws of darkness that devour

My swift sword's flash, as ravening serpent's famine
Locks up birds' sunny life in black eclipse,
For pity's dewy eyelid closing over
Love's sparkles. I have seen the mottled tigress
Sport with her cubs as tenderly and gay,
As lady Venus with her kitten Cupids;
And flowers, my sagest teachers, beautiful,
Or they were fools, because death-poisonous:
And lies, methinks, oft brighten woman's lips,
And tears have the right pearly run and diamond shoot
When they bowl down false oaths. World, I will win thee;
Therefore I must deceive thee, gentle World.
Let Heaven look in upon my flaming wrath
As into Ætna's hell: the sides man sees
I clothe with olives, promising much peace.
But what's this talk? Must I be one of those
That cannot keep a secret from himself?
The worst of confidants, who oft goes mad,
Through bites of conscience, after many years.
I came to see thee, brother: there thou art
Even in this suit, from which no blood, save his,
This purple doffed by thy imperial life
Shall wash away. To the amazed foe
I will appear thyself returned, and smite him
Ere he has time to doubt or die of horror.
I would I were, thus iron-hooped and sworded,
Thy murderer's dream this night, to cry, Awake!

Awake, Duke Melveric! Duke Murderer!
Wrap thee up quickly in thy winding sheet,
Without ado! The hearse is at the door,
The widest gate of Hell is open for thee,
And mighty goblins summon thee to Death.—
Come down with me! [*he seizes the sleeping Duke.*
Nay, I will shake thy sleep off,
Until thy soul falls out.
What voice more dreadful
Than one at midnight, blood-choaked, crying murder?
Why, Murder's own! His murder's, and now thine!
But cheer up. I will let thy blood flow on
Within its pipes to-night.

Duke. Angel of Death!
Can it be? No, 'tis a grave-digging vision:
The world is somewhere else. Yet even this
Methought I dreamt, and now it stands beside me,
Rattling in iron.

Isbr. Ay, the murderer's vision
Is ever so: for at the word, "I'm murdered,"
The gaolers of the dead throw back the grave-stone,
Split the deep ocean, and unclose the mountain,
And let the buried pass. I am more real
Than any airy spirit of a dream,
As Death is mightier, stronger, and more faithful
To man, than Life.

Duke. Wolfram!—Nay thy grasp
Is warm, thy bosom heaves, thou breath'st, imposter—

Let iron answer iron, flesh crush flesh;
Thou art no spirit, fool.

Isbr. Fool, art thou murderer,
My murderer, Wolfram's? To the blood-stained hand
The grave gives way: to the eye, that saw its victim
Sigh off the ravished soul, th' horrid world of ghosts
Is no more viewless; day and night 'tis open,
Gazing on pale and bleeding spectres ever.
Come, seat thee; no vain struggle. Write thou here,
(And with my blood I trace it on thy brain,)
Thy sentence; which by night, in types of fire,
Shall stand before thee, never to be closed,—
By night the voice of blood shall whisper to thee,
Word slowly after word, and ne'er be silent.
Melveric, thy conscience I will sing to sleep
With softest hymnings; thou shalt not despair,
But live on and grow older than all men,
To all men's dread: like an old, haunted mountain,
Icy and hoary, shalt thou stand 'mid life;
And midnight tales be told in secret of thee,
As of crime's beacon. Thou shalt see thy son
Fall for a woman's love, as thy friend fell,
Beneath the stabs of him, with whom together
He was at one breast suckled. Thou shalt lose
Friends, subjects, crown, strength, health and all power,
Even despair: thou shalt not dare to break
All men's contempt, thy life, for fear of worse:
Nor shalt thou e'er go mad for misery.

Write on. I leave the voice with thee, that never
Shall cease to read thee, o'er and o'er, thy doom.
It will the rest, the worst of all, repeat
Till it be written.
Thou art doomed: no trumpet
Shall wake the bravery of thy heart to battle;
No song of love, no beam of child's glad eye,
Drown that soft whisper, dazzle from thy sight
Those words indelible.
Follow him, dearest curse;
Be true to him, invisible to others,
As his own soul. [*Exit.*

Duke. Hold! mercy! . . . 'Tis enough . . .
Curse shoulders curse, as in a bloody river.
I will no more. D. I. B.

XLVII. HUMAN LIFE: ITS VALUE.

THINK, what I plead for: for a life! the gift
Of God alone, whom he, who saves't, is likest.
How glorious to live! Even in one thought
The wisdom of past-times to fit together,
And from the luminous minds of many men
Catch a reflected truth; as, in one eye,
Light, from unnumbered worlds and furthest planets
Of the star-crowded universe, is gathered
Into one ray.— D. I. B.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ALFARABI;

THE WORLD-MAKER.

A rhapsodical fragment.

'TWAS in those days
That never were, nor ever shall be,
reader,
But on this paper; golden, glorious days,
Such as the sun, (poor fellow! by the way,
Where is he? I've not seen him all this winter,)—
Never could spin: days, as I said before,
Which shall be made as fine as ink can make them;
So, clouds, avaunt! and Boreas, hence! to blow
Old Ætna's porridge. We will make the sun
Rise, like a gentleman, at noon; clasped round
With the bright armour of his May-day beams;
The summer-garland on his beaming curls,
With buds of palest brightness; and one cloud—
Yes, (I'm an Englishman,) one snow-winged cloud,
To wander slowly down the trembling blue;
A wind that stops and pants along the grass,

Trembles and flies again, like thing pursued;
And indescribable, delightful sounds,
Which dart along the sky, we know not whence;
Bees we must have to hum, shrill-noted swallows
With their small, lightning wings, to fly about,
And tilt against the waters:—that will do.
And now, dear climate, only think what days
I'd make if you'd employ me: you should have
A necklace, every year, of such as this;
Each bead of the three hundred sixty five—
(Excuse me, puss, (&) I could'nt get you in,)
Made up of sunshine, moonshine, and blue skies:
Starlight I'd give you in:—but where are we?
I see: 'twas in those days that Alfarabi lived;
A man renowned in the newspapers:
He wrote in two reviews; raw pork at night
He ate, and opium; kept a bear at college:
A most extraordinary man was he.
But he was one not satisfied with man,
As man has made himself: he thought this life
Was something deeper than a jest, and sought
Into its roots: himself was his best science.
He touched the springs, the unheeded hieroglyphics
Deciphered; like an antiquary sage
Within an house of office, which he takes
For druid temple old, here he picked up
A tattered thought, and turned it o'er and o'er
'Till it was spelled; the names of all the tenants,

Pencilled upon the wall, he would unite;
Until he found the secret and the spell
Of life. 'Twas not by Logic, reader;
Her and her crabbed sister, Metaphysics,
Left he to wash Thought's shirt, the shirt bemired
On that proverbial morning. By his own mind,
The lamp that never fails us, dared we trust it,
He read the mystery; and it was one
To the dull sense of common man unknown,
Incomprehensible; a miracle
Of magic, yet as true and obvious,
For thoughtful ones to hit on, as the sun.
He knew the soul would free itself in sleep
From her dull sister, bear itself away,
Freer than air: to guide it with his will,
To bear his mortal sight and memory,
On these excursions, was the power he found.
He found it, and he used it. For, one night,
By the internal vision he saw Sleep,
Just after dinner, tapping at the door
Of his next neighbour, the old alderman.
Sleep rode a donkey with a pair of wings,
And, having fastened its ethereal bridle
Unto the rails, walked in. Now, Alfarabi!
Leap, Alfarabi! There! the saddle's won:
He kicks, he thwacks, he spurs,—the donkey flies.
On soared they, like the bright thought of an eye,
'Mid the infinity of elements.

First through the azure meads of night and day,
Among the rushing of the million flames,
They passed the bearded dragon-star, unchained
From Hell, (of old its sun,) flashing its way
Upon those wings, compact of mighty clouds
Bloodshot and black, or flaring devilish light,
Whose echo racks the shrieking universe,
Whose glimpse is tempest. O'er each silent star
Slept like a tomb that dark, marmoreal bird,
That spell-bound ocean, Night,—her breast o'erwrit
With golden secresies. All these he passed,
One after one: as he, who stalks by night,
With the ghost's step, the shaggy murderer
Leaves passed the dreamy city's sickly lamps.
Then through the horrid twilight did they plunge,
The universe's suburbs; dwelling dim
Of all that sin and suffer; midnight shrieks
Upon the water, when no help is nigh;
The blood-choaked curse of him who dies in bed
By torch-light, with a dagger in his heart;
The parricidal and incestuous laugh;
And the last cries of those whom devils hale
Quick into hell; deepened the darkness.
And there were sounds of wings, broken and swift;
Blows of wrenched poniards, muffled in thick flesh;
Struggles and tramplings wild, splashes and falls,
And inarticulate yells from human breasts.
Nought was beheld: but Alfarabi's heart

Turned in his bosom, like a scorched leaf,
And his soul faded. When again he saw,
His steed had paused. It was within a space
Upon the very boundary and brim
Of the whole universe, the outer edge
Which seemed almost to end the infinite zone;
A chasm in the almighty thoughts, forgotten
By the omnipotent; a place apart,
Like some great, ruinous dream of broken worlds
Tumbling through heaven, or Tartarus' panting jaws
Open above the sun. Sky was there none,
Nor earth, nor water: but confusion strange;
Mountainous ribs and adamantine limbs
Of bursten worlds, and brazen pinions vast
Of planets ship-wrecked; many a wrinkled sun
Ate to the core by worms, with lightnings crushed;
And drossy bolts, melting like noonday snow.
Old towers of heaven were there, and fragments bright
Of the cerulean battlements, o'erthrown
When the gods struggled for the throne of light;
And 'mid them all a living mystery,
A shapeless image, or a vision wrapt
In clouds, and guessed at by its fearful shade;
Most like a ghost of the eternal flame,
An indistinct and unembodied horror
Which prophecies have told of; not wan Death,
Nor War the bacchanal of blood, nor Plague
The purple beast, but their great serpent-sire,

Destruction's patriarch, (dread name to speak!)
The End of all, the Universe's Death.
At that dread, ghostly thing, the atmosphere
And light of this, the world's, black charnel house,
Low bowed the Archimage, and thrice his life
Upraised its wing for passage; but the spell
Prevailed, and to his purposed task he rose.
He called unto the dead, and the swart powers,
That wander unconfined beyond the sight
Or thought of mortals; and, from the abyss
Of cavernous deep night, came forth the hands,
That dealt the mallet when this world of ours
Lay quivering on the anvil in its ore,—
Hands of eternal stone, which would unmesh
And fray this starry company of orbs,
As a young infant, on a dewy morn,
Rends into nought the tear-hung gossamer.
—To work they went, magician, hands, and Co,
With tongs and trowels, needles, scissors, paste,
Solder and glue, to make another world:
And, as a tinker, 'neath a highway hedge,
Turns, taps, and batters, rattles, bangs, and scrapes
A stew-pan ruinous,—or as, again,
The sibylline dame Gurton, ere she lost
Th' immortal bodkin, staunched the gaping wound
In Hodge's small-clothes famed,—so those great hands
Whisked round their monstrous loom, here stitching in
An island of green vallies, fitting there

A mountain extra with a hook and eye,
Caulking the sea, hemming the continents,
And lacing all behind to keep it tight.
'Tis done,—'tis finished; and between the thumb
Depends, and the forefinger,—like a toy,
Button with pin impaled, in winter games
That dances on the board,—and now it flies
Into the abyssal blueness, spinning and bright,
Just at old Saturn's tail. The necromancer
Puffed from his pipe a British climate round,
And stars and moon, and angels beamed upon it.
Just as it joined the midnight choir of worlds,
It chanced a bearded sage espied it's sweep,
And named it GEORGIUM SIDUS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE LILY.

EVER love the lily pale,
The flower of ladies' breasts;
For there is passion on its cheek,
Its leaves a timorous sorrow speak,
And its perfume sighs a gentle tale
To its own young buds, and the wooing gale,
And the piteous dew that near it rests.
It is no earthly common flower
For man to pull, and maidens wear
On the wreathed midnight of their hair.
Deep affection is its dower;
For Venus kissed it as it sprung,
And gave it one immortal tear,
When the forgotten goddess hung,
Woe-bowed o'er Adon's daisied bier:
Its petals, brimmed with cool sweet air,
Are chaste as the words of a virgin's prayer;
And it lives alight in the greenwood shade,
Like a love-thought, chequered o'er with fear,
In the memory of that self-same maid.

I ever have loved the lily pale,
For the sake of one whom heaven has ta'en

From the prison of man, the palace of pain.
In autumn, Mary, thou didst die;
(Die! no, thou didst not—but some other way
Wentest to bliss; she could not die like men;
Immortal into immortality
She went; our sorrows know she went:) and then
We laid her in a grassy bed
(The mortal her) to live for ever,
And there was nought above her head,
No flower to bend, no leaf to quiver.
At length, in spring, her beauty dear,
Awakened by my well-known tear,
And at its thrill returning,
Or her love and anguish burning,
Wrought spells within the earth;
For a human bloom, a baby flower,
Uprose in talismanic birth;
Where foliage was forbid to wave,
Engendered by no seed or shower,
A lily grew on Mary's grave.

Last eve I lay by that blossom fair,
Alone I lay to think and weep;
An awe was on the fading hour:
And 'midst the sweetness of the flower
There played a star of plumage rare,
A bird from off the ebon trees,
That grow o'er midnight's rocky steep;

One of those whose glorious eyes,
In miriads sown, the restless sees,
And thinks what lustrous dew there lies
Upon the violets of the skies:—
And to itself unnumbered ditties
Sang that angel nightingale,
Secrets of the heavenly cities;
And many a strange and fearful word,
Which in her arbour she had heard,
When the court of seraphs sate
To seal some ghost's eternal fate;
And the wind, beneath whose current deep
My soul was pillowed in her sleep,
Thus breathed the mystic warbler's tale.—

KING BALTHASAR has a tower of gold,
And rubies pave his hall;
A magic sun of diamond blazes
Above his palace wall;
And beaming spheres play round in mazes,
With locks of incense o'er them rolled.
Young Balthasar is the Libyan king,
The lord of wizard sages;
He hath read the sun, he hath read the moon,—
Heaven's thoughts are on their pages;
He knows the meaning of night and noon,
And the spell on morning's wing:
The ocean he hath studied well,

Its maddest waves he hath subdued
Beneath an icy yoke,
And lashed them till they howled, and spoke
The mysteries of the Titan brood,
And all their god forbade them tell.
He hath beheld the storm,
When the phantom of its form
Leans out of heaven to trace,
Upon the earth and sea,
And air's cerulean face,
In earthquake, thunder, war, and fire,
And pestilence, and madness dire,
That mighty woe, futurity.

From the roof of his tower he talks to Jove,
As the god enthroned sits above:
Night roosts upon his turret's height,
And the sun is the clasp of its girdle of light;
And the stars upon his terrace dwell:—
But the roots of that tower are snakes in hell.
Balthasar's soul is a curse and a sin,
And nothing is human that dwells within,
But a tender, beauteous love,
That grows upon his haunted heart,
Like a scented bloom on a madhouse-wall;
For, amid the wrath and roar of all,
It gathers life with blessed art,
And calmly blossoms on above.

Bright Sabra, when thy thoughts are seen
  Moving within those azure eyes,
Like spirits in a star at e'en;
  And when that little dimple flies,
    As air upon a rosy bush,
    To hide behind thy fluttering blush;
  When kisses those rich lips unclose,
  And love's own music from them flows;
  A god might love,—a demon does.
  —'Tis night upon the sprinkled sky,
  And on their couch of roses
    The king and lady lie,
  While the tremulous lid of each discloses
    A narrow streak of the living eye;
As when a beetle, afloat in the sun,
On a rocking leaf, has just begun
  To sever the clasp of his outer wing,
    So lightly, that you scarce can see
His little, lace pinions' delicate fold,
And a line of his body of breathing gold,
  Girt with many a panting ring,
Before it quivers, and shuts again,
Like a smothered regret in the breast of men,
    Or a sigh on the lips of chastity.

One bright hand, dawning through her hair,
Bids it be black, itself as fair

As the cold moon's palest daughter,
The last dim star, with doubtful ray
Snow-like melting into day,
Echoed to the eye on water:
Round his neck and on his breast
The other curls, and bends its bell
Petalled inward as it fell,
Like a tented flower at rest.
She dreams of him, for rayed joys hover
In dimples round her timorous lip,
And she turns to clasp her sleeping lover,
Kissing the lid of his tender eye,
And brushing off the dews that lie
Upon its lash's tip;
And now she stirs no more,—
But the thoughts of her breast are still,
As a song of a frozen rill
Which winter spreads his dark roof o'er.
In the still and moony hour
Of that calm entwining sleep,
From the utmost tombs of earth
The vision-land of death and birth,
Came a black, malignant power,
A spectre of the desert deep:
And it is Plague, the spotted fiend, the drunkard of the tomb;
Upon her mildewed temples the thunderbolts of doom,

And blight-buds of hell's red fire, like gory wounds in bloom,
Are twisted for a wreath;
And there's a chalice in her hand, whence bloody flashes gleam,
While struggling snakes with arrowy tongues twist o'er it for a steam,
And its liquor is of Phlegethon, and Ætna's wrathful stream,
And icy dews of death.

Like a rapid dream she came,
And vanished like the flame
Of a burning ship at sea,
But to his shrinking lips she pressed
The cup of boiling misery,
And he quaffed it in his tortured rest,
And woke in the pangs of lunacy.
As a buried soul awaking
From the cycle of its sleep,
Panic-struck and sad doth lie
Beneath its mind's dim canopy,
And marks the stars of memory breaking
From 'neath oblivion's ebbing deep,
While clouds of doubt bewilder the true sky,—
So in the hieroglyphic portal
Of his dreams sate Balthasar,
Awake amidst his slumbering senses,

And felt as feels man's ghost immortal,
Whom the corpse's earthen fences
From his vast existence bar.
The pestilence was in his breast,
And boiled and bubbled o'er his brain;
His thoughtless eyes in their unrest
Would have burst their circling chain,
Scattering their fiery venom wide,
But for the soft, endearing rain,
With which the trembler at his side
Fed those gushing orbs of white,
As evening feeds the waves, with looks of quiet light.
The tear upon his cheek's fierce flush;
The cool breath on his brow;
And the healthy presage of a blush,
Sketched in faint tints behind his skin;
And the hush of settling thoughts within,
Sabra hath given, and she will need them now.
For, as the echo of a grove
Keeps its dim shadow 'neath some song of love,
And gives her life away to it in sound,
Soft spreading her wild harmony,
Like a tress of smoking censery,
Or a ring of water round,—
So all the flowery wealth
Of her happiness and health
Untwined from Sabra's strength, and grew
Into the blasted stem of Balthasar's pale life,

And his is the beauty and bliss that flew
On the wings of her love from his sinking wife.
The fading wanness of despair
Was the one colour of her cheek,
And tears upon her bosom fair
Wrote the woe she dared not speak;
But life was in her. Yes: it played
In tremulous and fitful grace,
Like a flame's reflected breath
Shivering in the throes of death
Against the monumental face
Of some sad, voiceless marble maid.
And what is a woman to Balthasar,
Whom love has weakened, bowed, and broken?
Upon his forehead's darksome war,
His lip's curled meaning, yet unspoken,
The lowering of his wrinkled brow,
'Tis graved,—he spurns, he loaths her now.

Along the sea, at night's black noon,
Alone the king and lady float,
With music in a snowy boat,
That glides in light, an ocean-moon;
From billow to billow it dances,
And the spray around it glances,
And the mimic rocks and caves,
Beneath the mountains of the waves,
Reflect a joyous song

As the merry bark is borne along;
And now it stays its eager sail
Within a dark sepulchral vale,
Amid the living Alps of Ocean,
'Round which the crags in tumult rise
And make a fragment of the skies;
Beneath whose precipice's motion
The folded dragons of the deep
Lie with lidless eyes asleep:
It pauses; and—Is that a shriek
That agonizes the still air,
And makes the dead day move and speak
From beneath its midnight pall,—
Or the ruined billow's fall?
The boat is soaring lighter there,
The voice of woman sounds no more.—
That night the water-crescent bore
Dark Balthasar alone unto the living shore.

Tears, tears for Sabra; who will weep?
O blossoms, ye have dew,
And grief-dissembling storms might strew
Thick-dropping woe upon her sleep.
False sea, why dost thou look like sorrow,
Why is thy cold heart of water?
Or rather why are tears of thee
Compassionless, bad sea?
For not a drop does thy stern spirit borrow,

To mourn o'er beauty's fairest daughter.
Heaven, blue heaven, thou art not kind,
Or else the sun is not thine eye,
For thou should'st be with weeping blind,
Not thus forgetful, bright, and dry.
O that I were a plume of snow,
To melt away and die
In a long chain of bubbling harmony!—
My tribute shall be sweet tho' small;
A cup of the vale-lily bloom
Filled with white and liquid woe—
Give it to her ocean-pall:
With such deluge-seeds I'll sow
Her mighty, elemental tomb,
Until the lamentations grow
Into a foaming crop of populous overflow.

Hither, like a bird of prey,
Whom red anticipations feed,
Flaming along the fearful day
Revenge's thirsty hour doth fly.
Heaven has said a fearful word;
(Which hell's eternal labyrinths heard,
And the wave of time
Shall answer to the depths sublime,
Reflecting it in deed;)
"Balthasar the king must die."
Must die; for all his power is fled,

His spells dissolved, his spirits gone,
And magic cannot ease the bed
Where lies the necromant alone.
What thought is gnawing in his heart,
What struggles madly in his brain?
See, the force, the fiery pain
Of silence makes his eyeballs start.
O ease thy bosom, dare to tell—
But grey-haired pity speaks in vain;
That bitter shriek, that hopeless yell,
Has given the secret safe to hell.
Like a ruffled nightingale,
Balanced upon dewy wings,
Through the palace weeps the tale,
Leaving tears, where'er she sings:
And, around the icy dead,
Maids are winding
Kingly robes of mocking lead,
And with leafy garlands binding
The unresisting, careless head:
Gems are flashing, garments wave
'Round the bridegroom of the grave.
Hark! A shout of wild surprise,
A burst of terrible amaze!
The lids are moving up his eyes,
They open, kindle, beam, and gaze.—
Grave, thy bars are broken,

Quenched the flames of pain,
Falsely fate hath spoken,
The dead is born again.
As when the moon and shadows' strife,
On some rebellious night,
Looks a pale statue into life,
And gives his watching form the action of their light,—
So stilly strode the awakened one,
And with the voice of stone,
Which troubled caverns screech,
Cursing the tempest's maniac might,
He uttered human speech.
" Tremble, living ones, and hear;
By the name of death and fear,
By lightning, earthquake, fire and war,
And him whose snakes and hounds they are,
From whose judgment-seat I come,
Listen, crouch, be dumb.
My soul is drowned beneath a flood
Of conscience, red with Sabra's blood;
And, from yon blue infinity,
Doomed and tortured I am sent
To confess the deed and fly:
Wail not for me,—yourselves repent:
Eternity is punishment;
Listen, crouch, and die."

With that word his body fell,
As dust upon the storm,—
Flash-like darkened was his form;
While through their souls in horror rang
The dragon-shout, the thunderous clang
Of the closing gates of hell.

PYGMALION.

THERE stood a city along Cyprus' side
Lavish of palaces, an arched tide
Of unrolled rocks; and, where the deities dwelled,
Their clustered domes pushed up the noon, and swelled
With the emotion of the god within,—
As doth earth's hemisphere, when showers begin
To tickle the still spirit at its core,
Till pastures tremble and the river-shore
Squeezes out buds at every dewy pore.
And there were pillars, from some mountain's heart,
Thronging beneath a wide, imperial floor
That bent with riches; and there stood apart
A palace, oft accompanied by trees,
That laid their shadows in the galleries
Under the coming of the endless light,
Net-like;—who trod the marble, night or day,
By moon, or lamp, or sunless day-shine white,
Would brush the shaking, ghostly leaves away,
Which might be tendrils or a knot of wine,
Burst from the depth of a faint window-vine,
With a bird pecking it: and round the hall
And wandering staircase, within every wall
Of sea-ward portico, and sleeping chamber,

Whose patient lamp distilled a day of amber,
There stood, and sate, or made rough steeds their
throne,
Immortal generations wrung from stone,
Alike too beautiful for life and death,
And bodies that a soul of mortal breath
Would be the dross of.
Such a house as this
Within a garden hard by Salamis,
(Cyprus's city-crown and capital
Ere Paphos was, and at whose ocean-wall
Beauty and love's paternal waves do beat
That sprouted Venus;) such a fair retreat
Lonely Pygmalion self inhabited,
Whose fiery chisel with creation fed
The ship-wrecked rocks; who paid the heavens again
Diamonds for ice; who made gods who make men.
Lonely Pygmalion: you might see him go
Along the streets where markets thickest flow,
Doubling his gown across his thinking breast,
And the men fall aside; nor only pressed
Out of his elbows' way, but left a place,
A sun-room for him, that his mind had space
And none went near; none in his sweep would venture,
For you might feel that he was but the centre
Of an inspired round, the middle spark
Of a great moon, setting aside the dark
And cloudy people. As he went along

The chambered ladies silenced the half-song,
And let the wheel unheeded whirl and skim,
To get their eyes blest by the sight of him.
So locks were swept from every eye that drew
Sun for the soul through circles violet-blue,
Mild brown, or passionate black.

Still, discontent,
Over his sensual kind the sculptor went,
Walking his thoughts. Yet Cyprus' girls be fair;
Day-bright and evening-soft the maidens are,
And witching like the midnight, and their pleasure
Silent and deep as midnight's starry treasure.
Lovely and young, Pygmalion yet loved none.
His soul was bright and lovely as the sun,
Like which he could create; and in its might
There lived another Spirit wild and bright,
That came and went; and, when it came, its light
On these dim earthy things, turn where he will,
Its light, shape, beauty were reflected still.
Day-time and dark it came; like a dim mist
Shelling a god, it rolled, and, ere he wist,
It fell aside, and dawned a shape of grace,
And an inspired and melancholy face,
Whose lips were smile-buds dewy:—into him
It rolled like sun-light till his sight was dim,
And it was in his heart and soul again,
Not seen but breathed.

There was a grassy plain,

A pasture of the deer,—Olympus' mountain
Was the plain's night, the picture of its fountain:
Unto which unfrequented dell and wood
Unwittingly his solitary mood
Oft drew him.—In the water lay
A fragment of pale marble, which they say
Slipped from some fissure in the agued moon,
Which had caught earth-quake and a deadly swoon
When the sun touched her with his hilly shade.
Weeds grew upon it, and the streamlet made
A wanton music with its ragged side,
And birds had nests there. One still even-tide,
When they were perched and sleeping, passed this man,
Startling the air with thoughts which over-ran
The compass of his mind: writing the sand
Idly he paused, and laid unwitting hand
On the cold stone. How smooth the touch! It felt
Less porous than a lip which kisses melt,
And diamond-hard. That night his workmen wrought
With iron under it, and it was brought,
This dripping quarry, while the sky was starry,
Home to the weary, yearning statuary.
He saw no sky that day, no dark that night,
For through the hours his lamp was full of light,
Shadowing the pavement with his busy right.
Day after day they saw not in the street
The wondrous artist: some immortal feat
Absorbed him; and yet often in the noon,

When the town slept beneath the sweltering June,
—The rich within, the poor man on the stair,—
He stole unseen into the meadow's air,
And fed on sight of summer, till the life
Was too abundant in him; and so, rife
With light creative, he went in alone,
And poured it warm upon the growing stone.
The magic chisel thrust, and gashed, and swept,
Flying and manifold; no cloud e'er wept
So fast, so thick, so light upon the close
Of shapeless green it meant to make a rose:—
And as insensibly out of a stick,
Dead in the winter-time, the dew-drops quick,
And the thin sun-beams, and the airy shower
Raise and unwrap a many-leaved flower,
And then a fruit: so from the barren stock
Of the deer-shading, formless valley-rock,
This close stone-bud, he, quiet as the air,
Had shaped a lady wonderfully fair,
—Dear to the eyes, a delicate delight,—
For all her marble symmetry was white
As brow and bosom should be, save some azure
Which waited for a loving lip's erasure,
Upon her shoulder, to be turned to blush.
And she was smooth and full, as if one gush
Of life had washed her, or as if a sleep
Lay on her eye-lid, easier to sweep
Than bee from daisy. Who could help a sigh

At seeing a beauty stand so lifelessly,
But that it was too beautiful to die?
Dealer of immortality,
Greater than Jove himself,—for only he
Can such eternize as the grave has ta'en,
And open heaven by the gate of pain,—
What art thou now, divine Pygmalion?
Divine! gods counting human. Thou hast done
That glory, which has undone thee for ever.
For thou art weak, and tearful, and dost shiver
Wintrily sad; and thy life's healthy river,
With which thy body once was overflown,
Is dried and sunken to its banks of bone.
He carved it not; nor was the chisel's play,
That dashed the earthen hindrances away,
Driven and diverted by his muscle's sway.
The winged tool, as digging out a spell,
Followed a magnet wheresoe'er it fell,
That sucked and led it right: and for the rest,
The living form, with which the stone he blest,
Was the loved image stepping from his breast.
And therefore loves he it, and therefore stays
About the she-rock's feet, from hour to hour,
Anchored to her by his own heart: the power
Of the isle's Venus therefore thus he prays.
"Goddess, that made me, save thy son, and save
The man, that made thee goddess, from the grave.
Thou know'st it not; it is a fearful coop

Dark, cold, and horrible,—a blinded loop
In Pluto's madhouse' green and wormy wall.
O save me from't! Let me not die, like all;
For I am but like one: not yet, not yet,
At least not yet; and why? My eyes are wet
With the thick dregs of immature despair;
With bitter blood out of my empty heart.
I breathe not aught but my own sighs for air,
And my life's strongest is a dying start.
No sour grief there is to me unwed;
I could not be more lifeless being dead.
Then let me die. . Ha! did she pity me?
Oh! she can never love. Did you not see,
How still she bears the music of my moan!
Her heart? Ah! touch it. Fool! I love the stone.
Inspire her, gods! oft ye have wasted life
On the deformed, the hideous, and the vile:
Oh! grant it my sweet rock,—my only wife.
I do not ask it long: a little while,—
A year,—a day,—an hour,—let it be!
For that I'll give you my eternity.
Or let it be a fiend, if ye will send
Something, yon form to humanize and bend,
Within those limbs,—and, when the new-poured blood
Flows in such veins, the worst must soon be good.
They will not hear. Thou, Jove,—or thou, Apollo—
Ay, thou! thou know'st,—O listen to my groan
'Twas Niobe thou drov'st from flesh to stone:

Shew this the hole she broke, and let her follow
That mother's track of steps and eyelid rain,
Treading them backwards into life again.
Life, said I? Lives she not? Is there not gone
My life into her, which I pasture on;"
Dead, where she is not? Live, thou statue fair,
Live, thou dear marble,—or I shall go wild.
I cover thee, my sweet; I leave thee there,
Behind this curtain, my delicious child,
That they may secretly begin to give
My prayer to thee: when I return, O live!
Oh! live,—or I live not." And so he went,
Leaving the statue in its darksome tent.
Morn after morn, sadder the artist came;
His prayer, his disappointment were the same.
But when he gazed she was more near to woman;
There was a fleshy pink, a dimple wrought
That trembled, and the cheek was growing human
With the flushed distance of a rising thought,
That still crept nearer:—yet no further sign!
And now, Pygmalion, that weak life of thine
Shakes like a dew-drop in a broken rose,
Or incense parting from the altar-glows.
'Tis the last look,—and he is mad no more:
By rule and figure he could prove at large
She never can be born,—and from the shore
His foot is stretching into Charon's barge.
Upon the pavement ghastly is he lying,

Cold with the last and stoniest embrace:
Elysium's light illumines all his face;
His eyes have a wild, starry grace
Of heaven, into whose depth of depths he's dying.
—A sound, with which the air doth shake,
Extinguishing the window of moonlight!
A pang of music dropping round delight,
As if sweet music's honiest heart did break!
Such a flash, and such a sound, the world
Is stung by, as if something was unfurled
That held great bliss within its inmost curled.
Roof after roof, the palace rends asunder;
And then—O sight of joy and placid wonder!
He lies, beside a fountain, on the knee
Of the sweet woman-statue, quietly
Weeping the tears of his felicity.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF THE 'PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.'

WRITE it in gold—A spirit of the sun,
An intellect a-blaze with heavenly thoughts,
A soul with all the dews of pathos shining,
Odorous with love, and sweet to silent woe
With the dark glories of concentrate song,
Was sphered in mortal earth. Angelic sounds
Alive with panting thoughts sunned the dim world.
The bright creations of an human heart
Wrought magic in the bosoms of mankind.
A flooding summer burst on poetry;
Of which the crowning sun, the night of beauty,
The dancing showers, the birds, whose anthems wild
Note after note unbind the enchanted leaves
Of breaking buds, eve, and the flow of dawn,
Were centred and condensed in his one name
As in a providence,—and that was SHELLEY.

Oxford, 1822.

SONNET:

TO TARTAR, A TERRIER BEAUTY.

SNOW-DROP of dogs, with ear of brownest dye,
Like the last orphan leaf of naked tree
Which shudders in bleak autumn; though by thee,
Of hearing careless and untutored eyes,
Not understood articulate speech of men,
Nor marked the artificial mind of books,
—The mortal's voice eternized by the pen,—
Yet hast thou thought and language all unknown
To Babel's scholars; oft intensest looks,
Long scrutiny o'er some dark-veined stone
Dost thou bestow, learning dead mysteries
Of the world's birth-day, oft in eager tone
With quick-tailed fellows bandiest prompt replies,
Solicitudes canine, four-footed amities.

LETTER TO B. W. PROCTER, ESQ.

FROM OXFORD; MAY, 1825.

IN every tower, that Oxford has, 'tis swung,
Quick, loud, or solemn, the monotonous tongue
Which speaks Time's language, the universal one
After the countenance of moon or sun,—
Translating their still motions to the earth.
I cannot read; the reeling belfry's mirth
Troubles my senses; therefore, Greek, shut up
Your dazzling pages; covered be the cup
Which Homer has beneath his mantle old,
Steamy with boiling life: your petals fold
You fat, square blossoms of the yet young tree
Of Britain-grafted, flourishing Germany:
Hush! Latin, to your grave:—and, with the chime,
My pen shall turn the minutes into rhyme,
And, like the dial, blacken them. There sits,
Or stands, or lounges, or perhaps on bits
Of this rag's daughter, paper, exorcises,
With strange black marks and inky wild devices,
The witch of worlds, the echo of great verse,
About the chasms of the universe,
Ringing and bounding immortality.—
Give him thy bosom, dark Melpomene,

And let him of thy goblet and thine eye
Exhaust the swimming, deep insanity.
He hath the soul, O let it then be fed,
Sea after sea, with that which is not read,
Nor wrung by reasoning from a resolute head,
But comes like lightning on a hill-top steeple;
Heaven's spillings on the lofty laurelled people.
Verse to thee, light to thee, wings upraise thee long
In the unvacillating soar of song,
Thou star-seed of a man! But do not dare
To tempt thy Apollonian god too far,
Clogging and smoking thy young snake, Renown,
In the strait, stony shadows of the town,
Lest he grow weak, and pine, and never be
What he was born, twin to Eternity.
So come, shake London from thy skirts away:
So come, forget not it is England's May.
For Oxford, ho! by moonlight or by sun:
Our horses are not hours, but rather run
Foot by foot faster than the second-sand,
While the old sunteam, like a plough, doth stand
Stuck in thick heaven. Here thou at morn shalt see
Spring's dryad-wakening whisper call the tree,
And move it to green answers; and beneath,
Each side the river which the fishes breathe,
Daisies and grass, whose tops were never stirred,
Or dews made tremulous, but by foot of bird.
And you shall mark in spring's heaven-tapestried room

Yesterday's knoppe, burst by its wild perfume,
Like woman's childhood, to this morning's bloom;
And here a primrose pale beneath a tree,
And here a cowslip longing for its bee,
And violets and lilies every one
Grazing in the great pasture of the sun,
Beam after beam, visibly as the grass
Is swallowed by the lazy cows that pass.
Come look, come walk,—and there shall suddenly
Seize you a rapture and a phantasy;
High over mountain sweeping, fast and high
Through all the intricacies of the sky,
As fast and far a ship-wrecked hoard of gold
Dives ocean, cutting every billow's fold.
These are the honey-minutes of the year
Which make man god, and make a god—Shakespeare.
Come, gather them with me. . If not, then go,
And with thee all the ghosts of Jonson's toe,
The fighting Tartars and the Carthaginians:
And may your lady-muse's stiff-winged pinions
Be naked and impossible to fly,
Like a fat goose pen-plucked for poetry.
A curse upon thy cream to make it sour:
A curse upon thy tea-pot every hour;
Spirits of ice possess it! and thy tea,
Changed at its contact, hay and straw leaves be!
A cold and nipping ague on thine urn!
And an invisible canker eat and burn

The mathematic picture, near your fire,
Of the grave, compass-handed, quiet sire!
No more.—Be these the visions of your sorrow
When you have read this doggrel through to-morrow,
And then refuse to let our Oxford borrow
You of the smoky-faced, Augustan town,
And unpersuaded drop the paper down.

ANOTHER LETTER TO THE SAME.

FROM GÖTTINGEN; MARCH, 1826.

TO-DAY a truant from the odd, old bones
And rinds of flesh, which, as tamed rocks and stones
Piled cavernously make his body's dwelling,
Have housed man's soul: there, where time's billows swelling
Roll a deep, ghostly, and invisible sea
Of melted worlds antediluvially,
Upon the sand of ever-crumbling hours,
God-founded, stands the castle, all its towers
With veiny tendrils ivied:—this bright day
I leave its chambers, and with oars away
Seek some enchanted island, where to play.
And what do you that in the enchantment dwell,
And should be raving ever? a wild swell

Of passionate life rolling about the world,
Now sun-sucked to the clouds, dashed on the curled
Leaf-hidden daisies, an incarnate storm
Letting the sun through on the meadows yellow,
Or anything except that earthy fellow,
That wise dog's brother, man. O shame to tell!
Make tea in Circe's cup, boil the cod well,
The well Pierian, which no bird dare sip
But nightingales. There let kettles dip
Who write their simpering sonnets to its song,
And walk on sundays in Parnassus' park:—
Take thy example from the sunny lark,
Throw off the mantle which conceals the soul,
The many-citied world, and seek thy goal
Straight as a star-beam falls. Creep not nor climb,
As they who place their topmost of sublime
On some peak of this planet, pitifully.
Dart eagle-wise with open wings, and fly
Until you meet the gods. Thus counsel I
The men who can, but tremble to be, great:
Cursed be the fool who taught to hesitate,
And to regret: time lost most bitterly!
And thus I write, and I dare write, to thee,
Not worshipping, as those are wont to do,
Who feed and fear some asinine review.
Let Jaggernaut roll on; but we, whose sires
Blooded his wheels and prayed around his fires,
Laugh at the leaden ass in the god's skin.

Example follows precept. I have been
Giving some negro minutes of the night,
Freed from the slavery of my ruling spright
Anatomy the grim, to a new story,
In whose satiric pathos we will glory.
In it despair has married wildest mirth,
And, to their wedding-banquet, all the earth
Is bade to bring its enmities and loves,
Triumphs and horrors: you shall see the doves
Billing with quiet joy, and all the while
Their nest's the scull of some old king of Nile.
But he who fills the cups, and makes the jest,
Pipes to the dancers, is the fool o' th' feast,—
Who's he? I've dug him up and decked him trim,
And made a mock, a fool, a slave of him,
Who was the planet's tyrant, dotard death;
Man's hate and dread. Not, with a stoical breath,
To meet him, like Augustus, standing up;
Nor with grave saws to season the cold cup,
Like the philosopher; nor yet to hail
His coming with a verse or jesting tale,
As Adrian did and More:—but of his night,
His moony ghostliness, and silent might
To rob him, to uncypress him in the light,
To unmask all his secrets; make him play
Momus o'er wine by torch-light,—is the way
To conquer him, and kill; and from the day,
Spurn'd, hiss'd, and hooted, send him back again,

An unmask'd braggart to his bankrupt den.
For death is more " a jest" than life.—You see
Contempt grows quick from familiarity.
I owe this wisdom to Anatomy.—
Your muse is younger in her soul than mine:
O feed her still on woman's smiles and wine,
And give the world a tender song once more;
For all the good can love and can adore
What's human, fair, and gentle. Few, I know,
Can bear to sit at my board, when I show
The wretchedness and folly of man's all,
And laugh myself right heartily. Your call
Is higher and more human: I will do
Unsociably my part, and still be true
To my own soul; but e'er admire you,
And own that you have nature's kindest trust,
Her weak and dear to nourish,—that I must.
Then fare, as you deserve it, well, and live
In the calm feelings you to others give.

THE BODING DREAMS.

I.

IN lover's ear a wild voice cried:
" Sleeper, awake and rise!"
A pale form stood at his bed-side,
With heavy tears in her sad eyes.

"A beckoning hand, a moaning sound,
A new-dug grave in weedy ground
For her who sleeps in dreams of thee.
Awake! Let not the murder be!"
Unheard the faithful dream did pray,
And sadly sighed itself away.
"Sleep on," sung Sleep, "to-morrow
"'Tis time to know thy sorrow."
"Sleep on," sung Death, "to-morrow
"From me thy sleep thou'lt borrow."
Sleep on, lover, sleep on,
The tedious dream is gone;
The bell tolls one.

II.

Another hour, another dream:
"Awake! awake!" it wailed,
"Arise, ere with the moon's last beam
"Her dearest life hath paled."
A hidden light, a muffled tread,
A daggered hand beside the bed
Of her who sleeps in dreams of thee.
Thou wak'st not: let the murder be.
In vain the faithful dream did pray,
And sadly sighed itself away.
"Sleep on," sung Sleep, "to-morrow
"'Tis time to know thy sorrow."
"Sleep on," sung Death, "to-morrow

" From me thy sleep thou'lt borrow."
Sleep on, lover, sleep on,
The tedious dream is gone;
Soon comes the sun.

III.

Another hour, another dream:
A red wound on a snowy breast,
A rude hand stifling the last scream,
On rosy lips a death-kiss pressed.
Blood on the sheets, blood on the floor,
The murderer stealing through the door.
" Now," said the voice, with comfort deep,
" She sleeps indeed, and thou may'st sleep."
The scornful dream then turned away
To the first, weeping cloud of day.
" Sleep on," sung Sleep, " to-morrow
" 'Tis time to know thy sorrow.
" Sleep on, sung Death, to-morrow
" From me thy sleep thou'lt borrow."
Sleep on, lover, sleep on,
The tedious dream is gone;
The murder's done.

LOVE'S LAST MESSAGES.

MERRY, merry little stream,
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?
I left him with an azure dream,
Calmly sleeping on his bier—
But he has fled!

"I passed him in his church-yard bed—
"A yew is sighing o'er his head,
"And grass-roots mingle with his hair."
What doth he there?
O cruel! can he lie alone?
Or in the arms of one more dear?
Or hides he in that bower of stone,
To cause and kiss away my fear?

"He doth not speak, he doth not moan—
"Blind, motionless he lies alone;
"But, ere the grave snake fleshed his sting,
"This one warm tear he bade me bring
"And lay it at thy feet
"Among the daisies sweet."

Moonlight whisperer, summer air,
Songster of the groves above,
Tell the maiden rose I wear,
Whether thou hast seen my love.

" This night in heaven I saw him lie,
" Discontented with his bliss;
" And on my lips he left this kiss,
" For thee to taste and then to die."

THE GHOSTS' MOONSHINE.

I.

IT is midnight, my wedded;
Let us lie under
The tempest bright undreaded,
In the warm thunder:
(Tremble and weep not! What can you fear?)
My heart's best wish is thine,—
That thou wert white, and bedded
On the softest bier,
In the ghosts' moonshine.
Is that the wind? No, no;
Only two devils, that blow
Through the murderer's ribs to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

II.

Who is there, she said afraid, yet
Stirring and awaking
The poor old dead? His spade, it
Is only making,—

(Tremble and weep not! What do you crave?)
Where yonder grasses twine,
A pleasant bed, my maid, that
Children call a grave,
In the cold moonshine.
Is that the wind? No, no;
Only two devils, that blow
Through the murderer's ribs to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

III.

What dost thou strain above her
Lovely throat's whiteness?
A silken chain, to cover
Her bosom's brightness?
(Tremble and weep not: what do you fear?)
—My blood is spilt like wine,
Thou hast strangled and slain me, lover,
Thou hast stabbed me, dear,
In the ghosts' moonshine.
Is that the wind? No, no;
Only her goblin doth blow
Through the murderer's ribs to and fro,
In its own moonshine.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

" COME with me, thou gentle maid,
" The stars are strong, and make a shade
" Of yew across your mother's tomb;
" Leave your chamber's vine-leaved gloom,
" Leave your harp-strings, loved one,
" 'Tis our hour;" the robber said;
" Yonder comes the goblins' sun,
" For, when men are still in bed,
" Day begins with the old dead.
" Leave your flowers so dewed with weeping,
" And our feverish baby sleeping;
" Come to me, thou gentle maid,
" 'Tis our hour." The robber said.

II.

To the wood, whose shade is night,
Went they in the owls' moonlight.
As they passed, the common wild
Like a murderous jester smiled,
Dimpled twice with nettly graves.
You may mark her garment white,
In the night-wind how it waves:
The night-wind to the churchyard flew,
And whispered underneath the yew;

" Mother churchyard, in my breath,
" I've a lady's sigh of death."
—" Sleep thou there, thou robber's wife."
Said he, clasping his wet knife.

THE PHANTOM-WOOER.

I.

A GHOST, that loved a lady fair,
Ever in the starry air
Of midnight at her pillow stood;
And, with a sweetness skies above
The luring words of human love,
Her soul the phantom wooed.
Sweet and sweet is their poisoned note,
The little snakes' of silver throat,
In mossy skulls that nest and lie,
Ever singing " die, oh! die."

II.

Young soul, put off your flesh, and come
With me into the quiet tomb,
Our bed is lovely, dark, and sweet;
The earth will swing us, as she goes,
Beneath our coverlid of snows,
And the warm leaden sheet.

Dear and dear is their poisoned note,
The little snakes' of silver throat,
In mossy skulls that nest and lie,
Ever singing " die, oh! die."

A DIRGE.

(WRITTEN FOR A DRAMA.)

TO-DAY is a thought, a fear is to-morrow,
And yesterday is our sin and our sorrow;
And life is a death,
Where the body's the tomb,
And the pale sweet breath
Is buried alive in its hideous gloom.
Then waste no tear,
For we are the dead; the living are here,
In the stealing earth, and the heavy bier.
Death lives but an instant, and is but a sigh,
And his son is unnamed immortality,
Whose being is thine. Dear ghost, so to die
Is to live,—and life is a worthless lie.—
Then we weep for ourselves, and wish thee good bye.

ANOTHER DIRGE.

(FOR A YOUNG MAIDEN.)

HUSHED be sighing, near the string,
O'er whose tremors deep we sing
The youngest Death, who hath no fears,
Blood, nor pang, nor any tears.
Hushed be sighing!
Fair and young as Venus' child,
Only paler, and most mild;
End of all that's dear and young,
Thee we mean, soft Drop of roses;
Hush of birds that sweetest sung,
That beginn'st when music closes;
The maiden's Dying!

BRIDAL SERENADE.

MAIDEN, thou sittest alone above,
Crowned with flowers, and like a sprite
Starrily clothed in a garment white:
Thou art the only maiden I love,
And a soul of fondness to thee I bring,
Thy glorious beauty homaging.—
But ah! thou wearest a golden ring.

Maiden, thou'st broken no vow to me,
But undone me alone with gentleness,
Wasting upon me glances that bless;
And knew'st that I never was born for thee.
No hope, no joy; yet never more
My heart shall murmur; now 'tis o'er,
I'll bless thee dying at thy door.

DIRGE.

TO her couch of evening rest
'Neath the sun's divinest west,
Bear we, in the silent car,
This consumed incense star,
This dear maid whose life is shed,
And whose sweets are sweetly dead.

DIRGE AND HYMENEAL:

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG AS THE FUNERAL AND WEDDING PROCESSIONS CROSS EACH OTHER AT THE CHURCH-DOOR.

Dirge.

WOE! woe! this is death's hour
Of spring; behold his flower!
Fair babe of life, to whom
Death, and the dreamy tomb,

Was nothing yesterday,
And now is all!
The maiden, from her play
Beside her lover gay,
The church-yard voices call,
Tolling so slow,
Woe! woe!

Hymeneal.

JOY! joy! it is love's day;
Strew the young conqueror's way
With summer's glories young,
O'er which the birds have sung,
Bright weeds from fairy rings;
Here, there, away!
Joy, joy the tree-bird sings,
Joy, joy, a hundred springs'
Melodies ever say,—
Maiden and boy,
Joy! joy!

Dirge.

SHE cut the roses down,
And wreathed her bridal crown.
Death, playful, called her 'blossom,'
And tore her from life's bosom,
Fair maiden, or fair ghost,—

Which is thy name?—
Come to the spectral host;
They pity thee the most,
And, to the cold world's shame,
Soft cry they, low,
Woe! woe!

DIAL-THOUGHTS.

I.

I THINK of thee at day-break still,
And then thou art my playmate small,
Beside our straw-roofed village rill
Gathering cowslips tall,
And chasing oft the butterfly,
Which flutters past like treacherous life.
You smile at me and at you I,
A husband boy and baby wife.

II.

I think of thee at noon again,
And thy meridian beauty high
Falls on my bosom, like young rain
Out of a summer sky:
And I reflect it in the tear,
Which 'neath thy picture drops forlorn,
And then my love is bright and clear,
And manlier than it was at morn.

III.

I think of thee by evening's star,
And softly melancholy, slow,
An eye doth glisten from afar,
All full of lovely woe.
The air then sighingly doth part,
And, or from Death the cold, or Love,
I hear the passing of a dart,
But hope once more, and look above.

IV.

I think of thee at black midnight,
And woe and agony it is
To see thy cheek so deadly white,
To hear thy grave-worm hiss.
But looking on thy lips is cheer,
They closed in love, pronouncing love;
And then I tremble, not for fear,
But in thy breath from heaven above.

DREAM-PEDLARY.

I.

IF there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

II.

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

III.

But there were dreams to sell
Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die.
Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?

IV.

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,

Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call.

V.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to wooe;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

BALLAD OF HUMAN LIFE.

I.

WHEN we were girl and boy together,
We tossed about the flowers
And wreathed the blushing hours
Into a posy green and sweet.
I sought the youngest, best,
And never was at rest

Till I had laid them at thy fairy feet.
But the days of childhood they were fleet,
And the blooming sweet-briar breathed weather,
When we were boy and girl together.

II.

Then we were lad and lass together,
And sought the kiss of night
Before we felt aright,
Sitting and singing soft and sweet.
The dearest thought of heart
With thee 'twas joy to part,
And the greater half was thine, as meet.
Still my eyelid's dewy, my veins they beat
At the starry summer-evening weather,
When we were lad and lass together.

III.

And we are man and wife together,
Although thy breast, once bold
With song, be closed and cold
Beneath flowers' roots and birds' light feet.
Yet sit I by thy tomb,
And dissipate the gloom
With songs of loving faith and sorrow sweet.
And fate and darkling grave kind dreams do cheat,
That, while fair life, young hope, despair and death are,
We're boy and girl, and lass and lad, and man and
wife together.

SONG, ON THE WATER.

I.

WILD with passion, sorrow-beladen,
Bend the thought of thy stormy soul
On its home, on its heaven, the loved maiden;
And peace shall come at her eyes' control.
Even so night's starry rest possesses
With its gentle spirit these tamed waters,
And bids the wave, with weedy tresses
Embower the ocean's pavement stilly
Where the sea-girls lie, the mermaid-daughters,
Whose eyes, not born to weep,
More palely-lidded sleep,
Than in our fields the lily;
And sighing in their rest
More sweet than is its breath;
And quiet as its death
Upon a lady's breast.

II.

Heart high-beating, triumph-bewreathed,
Search the record of loves gone by,
And borrow the blessings by them bequeathed
To deal from out of thy victory's sky.
Even so, throughout the midnight deep,
The silent moon doth seek the bosoms

Of those dear mermaid-girls asleep,
To feed its dying rays anew,
Like to the bee on earthly blossoms,
Upon their silvery whiteness,
And on the rainbow brightness
Of their eyelashes' dew,
And kisseth their limbs o'er:
Her lips where they do quaff
Strike starry tremors off,
As from the waves our oar.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

I.

"SHALL I be your first love, lady, shall I be your first?
Oh! then I'll fall before you, down on my velvet knee,
And deeply bend my rosy head and press it upon thee,
And swear that there is nothing more, for which my heart doth thirst,
But a downy kiss, and pink,
Between your lips' soft chink."

II.

"Yes, you shall be my first love, boy, and you shall be my first,
And I will raise you up again unto my bosom's fold;

And, when you kisses many one on lip and cheek
have told,
I'll let you loose upon the grass, to leave me if you durst;
And so we'll toy away
The night besides the day."

III.

" But let me be your second love, but let me be your
second,
For then I'll tap so gently, dear, upon your window
pane,
And creep between the curtains in, where never
man has lain,
And never leave thy gentle side till the morning star
hath beckoned,
Held in the silken lace
Of thy young arms' embrace."

IV.

" Well thou shalt be my second love, yes, gentle boy,
my second,
And I will wait at eve for thee all lonely in my bower,
And yield unto thy kisses, like a bud to April's shower,
From moonset till the tower-clock the hour of dawn
hath reckoned,
And lock thee with my arms
All silent up in charms."

V.

"No, I will be thy third love, lady, ay I will be the third,
And break upon thee, bathing, in woody place alone,
And catch thee to my saddle and ride o'er stream and stone,
And press thee well, and kiss thee well, and never speak a word,
'Till thou hast yielded up
The first taste of love's cup."

VI.

"Then thou shalt not be my first love, boy, nor my second, nor my third;
If thou'rt the first, I'll laugh at thee and pierce thy flesh with thorns;
If the second, from my chamber pelt with jeering laugh and scorns;
And if thou darest be the third, I'll draw thy dirk unheard
And cut thy heart in two,—
And then die, weeping you."

THE REASON WHY.

I.

I LOVE thee and I love thee not,
I love thee, yet I'd rather not,
All of thee, yet I know not what.
A flowery eye as tender,

A swan-like neck as slender,
And on it a brown little spot
For tears to fall afraid on,
And kisses to be paid on,
Have other maidens too.
Then why love I, love, none but you?
If I could find the reason why,
Methinks my love would quickly die.

II.

Ay, knew I how to hate thee, maid,
I'd hate thee for I knew not what,
Excepting that I'd rather not
Be thy friend or foeman;
For thou'rt the only woman,
On whom to think my heart's afraid;
For, if I would abhor thee,
The more must I long for thee.
What others force me to,
I turn me from; why not from you?
If I could find the reason why,
Methinks my love would quickly die.

III.

Yet should'st thou cease my heart to move
To longings, that I'd rather not,
And tried I hate, I know not what
My heart would do for mourning;

Love I,—it bursts, love scorning.
O loveliest hate, most hateful love,
This combat and endeavour
Is what enslaves me ever.
I'll neither of the two,
Or hate or love the love of you.
And now I've found the reason why,
I know my love can never die.

THE TWO ARCHERS.

I.

AT break of bright May-morning,
When, triumphing o'er dark,
The sun's inspired lark,
All sprites and spectres scorning,
And laughing at all creatures' joys
Who could not hang, and dive, and poise
In their own web and flood of noise,
Dropped, out of his heart's treasure,
The sunbeam's path along,
Sparks and dews of song,
As if there were no pleasure
But to rise and sing and fly,
Winged and all soul, into the sky:

II.

At break of this May-morning,
A maiden young and coy
Saw a wild archer boy
Flying around and scorning,
Birdlike, a withered bowman's arts,
Who aimed, as he, at roses' hearts.
Each cried " come buy my darts,
They are with magic laden
To deify the blood;
An angel in the bud,
Half-closed, is a maiden,
Till, opened by such wound, she fly,
Winged and all soul into the sky."

III.

" You archers of May-morning,"
Said she, " if I must choose,
Such joy is to peruse,
In the star-light adorning,
The urchin's eye, that my desire
Is for his darts, whose breath fans higher
The smitten roses like a fire."
So Love,—'twas he,—shot smiling
His shaft, then flew away;
Alas! that morn of May!
Love fled, there's no beguiling
Repentance, but by hopes to fly,
Winged and all soul, into the sky.

IV.

So one December morning,
When the bold lark no more
Rebuked the ghosts so sore,
When dews were not adorning
Ought but that maiden's cheek, where wide
The blushes spread their leaves, to hide
The broken heart which such supplied;—
She sought the pair of May-day,
And to the old one saith,
"Let thy dart, stedfast Death,
Cure a forsaken lady;
Its point is but for those who'd fly,
Winged and all soul, into the sky."

THE RUNAWAY.

I.

HAS no one seen my heart of you?
My heart has run away;
And, if you catch him, ladies, do
Return him me, I pray.
On earth he is no more, I hear,
Upon the land or sea;
For the women found the rogue so queer,
They sent him back to me.
In heaven there is no purchaser
For such strange ends and odds,

Says a jew, who goes to Jupiter
To buy and sell old gods.
So there's but one place more to search,
That's not genteel to tell,
Where demonesses go to church:—
So christians fair, farewell.

SONG ON THE WATER.

I.

AS mad sexton's bell, tolling
For earth's loveliest daughter,
Night's dumbness breaks rolling
Ghostily:
So our boat breaks the water
Witchingly.

II.

As her look the dream troubles
Of her tearful-eyed lover,
So our sails in the bubbles
Ghostily
Are mirrored, and hover
Moonily.

ALPINE SPIRIT'S SONG.

I.

O'ER the snow, through the air, to the mountain,
With the antelope, with the eagle, ho!
With a bound, with a feathery row,
To the side of the icy fountain,
Where the gentians blue-belled blow.
Where the storm-sprite, the rain-drops counting,
Cowers under the bright rainbow,
Like a burst of midnight fire,
Singing shoots my fleet desire,
Winged with the wing of love,
Earth below and stars above.

II.

Let me rest on the snow, never pressed
But by chamois light and by eagle fleet,
Where the hearts of the antelope beat
'Neath the light of the moony cresset,
Where the wild cloud rests his feet,
And the scented airs caress it
From the alpine orchis sweet:
And about the Sandalp lone
Voices airy breathe a tone,
Charming, with the sense of love,
Earth below and stars above.

III.

Through the night, like a dragon from Pilate
Out of murky cave, let us cloudy sail
Over lake, over bowery vale,
As a chime of bells, at twilight
In the downy evening gale,
Passes swimming tremulously light;
Till we reach yon rocky pale
Of the mountain crowning all,
Slumber there by waterfall,
Lonely like a spectre's love,
Earth beneath, and stars above.

SONG:

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

I.

UNDER the lime-tree, on the daisied ground,
Two that I know of made their bed;
There you may see, heaped and scattered round,
Grass and blossoms, broken and shed,
All in a thicket down in the dale;
Tandaradei—
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

II.

Ere I set foot in the meadow, already
Some one was waiting for somebody;
There was a meeting—O gracious Lady!

There is no pleasure again for me.
Thousands of kisses there he took,—
Tandaradei—
See my lips, how red they look!

III.

Leaf and blossom he had pulled and piled
For a couch, a green one, soft and high;
And many a one hath gazed and smiled,
Passing the bower and pressed grass by;
And the roses crushed hath seen,—
Tandaradei—
Where I laid my head between.

IV.

In this love passage, if any one had been there,
How sad and shamed should I be!
But what were we a doing alone among the green there,
No soul shall ever know except my love and me,
And the little nightingale.—
Tandaradei—
She, I think, will tell no tale.

SONG OF THE STYGIAN NAIADES.

I.

PROSERPINE may pull her flowers,
Wet with dew or wet with tears,
Red with anger, pale with fears,
Is it any fault of ours,

If Pluto be an amorous king,
And comes home nightly, laden,
Underneath his broad bat-wing,
With a gentle, mortal maiden?
Is it so, Wind, is it so?
All that you and I do know
Is, that we saw fly and fix
'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,
Yesterday,
Where the Furies made their hay
For a bed of tiger cubs,
A great fly of Beelzebub's,
The bee of hearts, which mortals name
Cupid, Love, and Fie for shame.

II.

Proserpine may weep in rage,
But, ere I and you have done
Kissing, bathing in the sun,
What I have in yonder cage,
Bird or serpent, wild or tame,
She shall guess and ask in vain;
But, if Pluto does't again,
It shall sing out loud his shame.
What hast caught then? What hast caught?
Nothing but a poet's thought,
Which so light did fall and fix
'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,

Yesterday,
Where the Furies made their hay
For a bed of tiger cubs,—
A great fly of Beelzebub's,
The bee of hearts, which mortals name
Cupid, Love, and Fie for shame.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHERE the hare-bells are ringing
Their peal of sunny flowers,
And a bird of merry soul
Sings away the birthday hours
Of the valley-lily low,
Opening, dewily and slow,
Petals, dear to young and fair
For the prophecy they bear
Of the coming roses—
The free bold bird of merry soul
Amidst his leaves cannot control
His triumphant love of spring.

Thou bird of joyous soul,
Why can'st thou not control
Thy triumphant love of spring?
I know that thou dost rally
Thy spirit proud to sing,

Because to-day is born
The lily of the valley.
Oh! rather should'st thou mourn;
For that flower so meek and low,
Born with its own death-bell,
Only cometh to foretell
Unpitying winter's doom,
Who in scorn doth lay it low
In the tomb.

Vain is all its prayer,
It may flatter, as it will,
The ungentle hours
With its ring of toying flowers;
Unrelenting they must kill
With their scornful breath,
For the very petals fair,
Which the destined flower uncloses
In its innocence,
To plead for its defence,
By the prophecy they bear
Of the coming roses,
Sign the warrant for its death.

A LAMENT.

IN the twilight, silent smiled
All alone the daisy's eyelid,
Fringed with pink-tipped petals piled.

—In the morning 'twas no more;
In its place a gout of gore.
Break of day was break of heart,
Since, dear maiden, dead thou art.

DIRGE.

LET dew the flowers fill;
No need of fell despair,
Though to the grave you bear
One still of soul—but now too still,
One fair—but now too fair.
For, beneath your feet, the mound,
And the waves, that play around,
Have meaning in their grassy, and their watery, smiles;
And, with a thousand sunny wiles,
Each says, as he reproves,
Death's arrow oft is Love's.

EPITAPH.

THE form's divinity, the heart's best grace,
Where are they? Have they their immortal throne
Upon thy maiden's thought, and peerless face,
Thou cold-eyed reader? Yet, beneath this stone
Dust lies, weeds grow: and this is the remain
Of one best union of that deathless twain.

POETIC FRAGMENTS.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

THERE is a mighty, magic tree,
That holds the round earth and the sea
In its branches like a net:
Its immortal trunk is set
Broader than the tide of night
With its star-tipped billows bright:
Human thought doth on it grow,
Like the barren misletoe
On an old oak's forehead-skin.
Ever while the planets spin
Their blue existence, that great plant
Shall nor bud nor blossom want;
Summer, winter, night and day,
It must still its harvest pay;
Ever while the night grows up
Along the wall of the wide sky,
And the thunder-bee sweeps by,
On its brown, wet wing, to dry
Every day-star's crystal cup

Of its yellow summer:—still
At the foot of heaven's hill,
With fruit and blossom flush and rife,
Stays that tree of Human Life.
Let us mark yon newest bloom
Heaving through the leafy gloom;
Now a pinkish bud it grows
Scentless, bloomless; slow unclose
Its outer pages to the sun,
Opened, but not yet begun.
Its first leaf is infancy,
Pencilled pale and tenderly,
Smooth its cheek and mild its eye:
Now it swells, and curls its head,—
Little infancy is shed.
Broader childhood is the next—

* * *

THE NEW-BORN STAR.

THE world is born to-day!
What is the world?—Behold the wonder:
With a mighty thunder,
'Round the sun, it rolls this way;
And its shadow falls afar
Over many a star,
And the interstellar vale,

Through which some aged, patient globe,
(Whose gaunt sides no summers robe,)
Like a prisoner through his grate,
Shivering in despair doth wait
For sunbeams broken, old, and pale.

Bounding, like its own fleet deer
Down a hill, behold the sphere!
Now a mountain, tall and wide,
Hanging weighty on its side
Pulls it down impetuously;
Yet the little butterfly,
Whom the daisy's dew doth glut,
With his wings' small pages shut,
Was not stirred.
Now forests fall, like clouds that gather
O'er the plain's unruffled weather:
Burst great rocks, with thunder, out:
Lakes, their plunged feet about,
Round, and smooth, and heaving ever,
An unawakened serpent-river
Coiled and sleeping.
Silver changes now are creeping
'Round the descending summit of the ball:
Pastures break, and stedfast land
Sinks, melting:—mighty ocean is at hand.—
Space for eternal waves! Be strong and wide,
Thou new-born star! Reflecting all the sky,

And its lone sun, the island-starred tide
Swells billowing by.
At last the dreadful sea is curled
Behind the nations. Mark ye now
The death-intending wrinkles of his brow?
He is the murderous Judas of the world;

* * *

What valley green with stream and tree,
The fairest, sweetest place,

* * * .

THRENODY.

NO sunny ray, no silver night,
Here cruelly alight!
Glare of noon-tide, star of e'en,
Otherwhere descend!
No violet-eyed green,
With its daisies' yellow end,
The dewy debt receive of any eye!
It is a grave: and *she* doth lie
'Neath roses' root,
And the fawn's mossy foot,
Under the sky-lark's grassy floor,
Whose graceful life held every day,—
As lilies, dew—as dews, the starry ray—
More music, grace, delight than they.

When stars are few let light be here,
Of the softest, through the boughs
Berry-laden, sad and few;
And the wings of one small bird,
His form unseen, his voice unheard—
* * *

LINES,

WRITTEN AT GENEVA; JULY, 1824.

THE hour is starry, and the airs that stray,
Sad wanderers from their golden home of day,
On night's black mountain, melt and fade away
In sorrow that is music. Some there be
Make them blue pillows on Geneva's sea,
And sleep upon their best-loved planet's shade:
And every herb is sleeping in the glade;—
They have drunk sunshine and the linnet's song,
Till every leaf's soft sleep is dark and strong.
Or was there ever sound, or can what was
Now be so dead? Although no flowers or grass
Grow from the corpse of a deceased sound,
Somewhat, methinks, should mark the air around
Its dying place and tomb,
A gentle music, or a pale perfume:
For hath it not a body and a spirit,
A noise and meaning? and, when one doth hear it

Twice born, twice dying, doubly found and lost,
That second self, that echo, is its ghost.
But even the dead are all asleep this time,
And not a grave shakes with the dreams of crime:—
The earth is full of chambers for the dead,
And every soul is quiet in his bed;
Some who have seen their bodies moulder away,
Antediluvian minds,—most happy they,
Who have no body but the beauteous air,
No body but their minds. Some wretches are
Now lying with the last and only bone
Of their old selves, and that one worm alone
That ate their heart: some, buried just, behold
The weary flesh, like an used mansion, sold
Unto a stranger, and see enter it
The earthquake winds and waters of the pit,
Or children's spirits in its holes to play.

* * *

STANZAS.

(FROM THE IVORY GATE.)

THE mighty thought of an old world
Fans, like a dragon's wing unfurled,
The surface of my yearnings deep;
And solemn shadows then awake,
Like the fish-lizard in the lake,
Troubling a planet's morning sleep.

My waking is a Titan's dream,
Where a strange sun, long set, doth beam
Through Montezuma's cypress bough:
Through the fern wilderness forlorn
Glisten the giant harts' great horn,
And serpents vast with helmed brow.

The measureless from caverns rise
With steps of earthquake, thunderous cries,
And graze upon the lofty wood;
The palmy grove, through which doth gleam
Such antediluvian ocean's stream,
Haunts shadowy my domestic mood.

* * *

LINES WRITTEN IN SWITZERLAND.

WHAT silence drear in England's oaky forest,
Erst merry with the redbreast's ballad song
Or rustic roundelay! No hoof-print on the sward,
Where sometime danced Spenser's equestrian verse
Its mazy measure! Now by pathless brook
Gazeth alone the broken-hearted stag,
And sees no tear fall in from pitiful eye
Like kindest Shakespeare's. We, who marked how fell
Young Adonais, sick of vain endeavour
Larklike to live on high in tower of song;

And looked still deeper thro' each other's eyes
At every flash of Shelley's dazzling spirit,
Quivering like dagger on the breast of night,—
That seemed some hidden natural light reflected
Upon time's scythe, a moment and away;
We, who have seen Mount Rydal's snowy head
Bound round with courtly jingles; list so long
Like old Orion for the break of morn,
Like Homer blind for sound of youthful harp;
And, if a wandering music swells the gale,
'Tis some poor, solitary heartstring burst.
Well, Britain; let the fiery Frenchman boast
That at the bidding of the charmer moves
Their nation's heart, as ocean 'neath the moon
Silvered and soothed. Be proud of Manchester,
Pestiferous Liverpool, Ocean-Avernus,
Where bullying blasphemy, like a slimy lie,
Creeps to the highest church's pinnacle,
And glistening infects the light of heaven.
O flattering likeness on a copper coin!
Sit still upon your slave-raised cotton ball,
With upright toasting fork and toothless cat:
The country clown still holds her for a lion.
The voice, the voice! when the affrighted herds
Dash heedless to the edge of craggy abysses,
And the amazed circle of scared eagles
Spire to the clouds, amid the gletscher clash
When avalanches fall, nation-alarums,—

But clearer, though not loud, a voice is heard
Of proclamation or of warning stern.
Yet, if I tread out of the Alpine shade,
And once more weave the web of thoughtful verse,
May no vainglorious motive break my silence,
Since I have sate unheard so long, in hope
That mightier and better might assay
The potent spell to break, which has fair Truth
Banished so drear a while from mouths of song.
Though genius, bearing out of other worlds
New freights of thought from fresh-discovered mines,
Be but reciprocated love of Truth:
Witness kind Shakespeare, our recording angel,
Newton, whose thought rebuilt the universe,
And Galileo, broken-hearted seer,
Who, like a moon attracted naturally,
Kept circling round the central sun of Truth.
Not in the popular playhouse, or full throng
Of opera-gazers longing for deceit;
Not on the velvet day-bed, novel-strewn,
Or in the interval of pot and pipe;
Not between sermon and the scandalous paper,
May verse like this ere hope an eye to feed on't.
But if there be, who, having laid the loved
Where they may drop a tear in roses' cups,
With half their hearts inhabit other worlds;
If there be any—ah! were there but few—
Who watching the slow lighting up of stars,

Lonely at eve, like seamen sailing near
Some island-city where their dearest dwell,
Cannot but guess in sweet imagining,—
Alas! too sweet, doubtful, and melancholy,—
Which light is glittering from their loved one's home:
Such may perchance, with favourable mind,
Follow my thought along its mountainous path.
Now then to Caucasus, the cavernous.—

* * *

DOOMSDAY.

IF I can raise one ghost, why I will raise
And call up doomsday from behind the east.
Awake then, ghostly doomsday!
Throw up your monuments, ye buried men
That lie in ruined cities of the wastes!
Ye battle fields, and woody mountain sides,
Ye lakes and oceans, and ye lava floods
That have o'erwhelmed great cities, now roll back!
And let the sceptred break their pyramids,
An earthquake of the buried shake the domes
Of arched cathedrals, and o'erturn the forests,
Until the grassy mounds and sculptured floors,
The monumental statues, hollow rocks,
The paved churchyard, and the flowery mead,
And ocean's billowy sarcophagi

Pass from the bosoms of the rising people
Like clouds! Enough of stars and suns immortal
Have risen in heaven: to-day, in earth and sea
Riseth mankind. And first, yawn deep and wide,
Ye marble palace-floors,
And let the uncoffined bones, which ye conceal,
Ascend, and dig their purple murderers up,
Out of their crowned death. Ye catacombs
Open your gates, and overwhelm the sands
With an eruption of the naked millions,
Out of old centuries! The buried navies
Shall hear the call, and shoot up from the sea,
Whose wrecks shall knock against the hollow mountains,
And wake the swallowed cities in their hearts.
Forgotten armies rattle with their spears
Against the rocky walls of their sepulchres:
An earthquake of the buried shakes the pillars
Of the thick-sown cathedrals; guilty forests,
Where bloody spades have dug 'mid nightly storms;
The muddy drowning-places of the babes;
The pyramids, and bony hiding places,

* * * *

"Thou rainbow on the tearful lash of doomsday's
morning star
Rise quick, and let me gaze into that planet deep and
far,
As into a loved eye;
Or I must, like the fiery child of the Vesuvian womb,

Burst with my flickering ghost abroad, before the sun of doom
Rolls up the spectre sky."

A lowly mound, at stormy night, sent up this ardent prayer
Out of a murderer's grave, a traitor's nettly bed,
And the deeds of him, more dread than Cain, whose wickedness lay there,
All mankind hath heard or read.

" Oh doomsday, doomsday come! thou creative morn
Of graves in earth, and under sea, all teeming at the horn
Of angels fair and dread.
As thou the ghosts shalt waken, so I, the ghost, wake thee;
For thy rising sun and I shall rise together from the sea,
The eldest of the dead."

So crying, o'er the billowy main, an old ghost strode
To a churchyard on the shore,
O'er whose ancient corpse the billowy main of ships had ebbed and flowed,
Four thousand years or more.

* * * *

" World, wilt thou yield thy spirits up, and be convulsed and die?

And, as I haunt the billowy main, thy ghost shall
haunt the sky,
A pale unheeded star.
Oh doomsday, doomsday, when wilt thou dawn at
length for me?"
So having prayed in moonlight waves, beneath the
shipwrecked sea,
In spectral caverns far,
On moonlight, o'er the billowy main, the old ghost
stepped,
And the winds their mockery sung.

* * * *

THRENODY.

FAR away,
As we hear
The song of wild swans winging
Through the day,
The thought of him, who is no more, comes ringing
On my ear.

Gentle fear
On the breast
Of my memory comes breaking,
Near and near,
As night winds' murmurous music waking
Seas at rest.

As the blest
Tearful eye
Sees the sun, behind the ocean,
Red i'th' west,
Grow pale, and in changing hues and fading motion
Wane and die:

So do I
Wake or dream

* * *

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

QUATORZAIN, *extracted from the author's first published volume* '*The Improvisatore*,'

TO MY LYRE.

MY Lyre! thou art the bower of my senses,
Where they may sleep in tuneful visions bound;
These trembling chords shall be their breeze-kissed fences,
Which are with music's tendrils warmly wound,
As with some creeping shrub, which sweets dispenses,
And on each quivering stalk blossoms a sound.
My lyre! thou art the barred prison grate,
Where shackled melody a bond-maid sleeps,
And taunting breezes as her torturers wait:
With radiant joy the hapless prisoner peeps
And sings delight, with freedom's hope elate,
When some faint hand upon the surface sweeps;
And still she beats against the prison bars,
Till brooding silence comes and smothers her pert jars.

II.

Extract from the late Mr. George Darley's "Letters to the Dramatists of the day," published in the London Magazine under the pseudonyme of "John Lacy."

"How the bloom should gather on these two celebrated authors' cheeks, to find a *woman* and a *boy* instructing their

skilless manhood in the vernacular language of the British Muse! Joanna Baillie and young Beddoes, a female extern and a freshman, teaching Byron and Barry Cornwall, after a regular graduation in the college of English Minstrels, their own poetical mother tongue, the very elements of their native poetical dialect, which they have either forgotten, or corrupted with a base intermixture of foreign principles. * * * As to the particular of metre, it may be said that our authoress preceded the epoch of prose-poetry, and that, had it been in vogue in her time, she would have adopted the inglorious system. Being a woman, perhaps she would; being a woman of manly genius, I think she would not. But ay or no has nothing whatever to do with the merits of the question; prose poetry depends neither on Miss Baillie's opinion of it nor mine, but on its own reasonableness or absurdity. However here is *Minor* Beddoes, born in the very zenith of this mocksun of poetry, while it is culminating in the mid-heaven of our literary hemisphere, shining in watery splendour, the gaze and gape of our foolish-faced, fat-headed nation; here is Minor Beddoes, I say, born amidst the very rage and triumph of the Byronian heresy,—nay, in a preface more remarkable for good-nature than good sense, eulogising some of the prose-poets—yet what does Minor Beddoes? Why, writing a tragedy himself, with a judgment far different from that exhibited in his own panegyrical preface, he totally rejects, and therefore tacitly condemns and abjures the use of prose-poetry. But it was not the boy's judgment which led him to this; it was his undepraved ear, and his native energy of mind, teaching him to *respue* this effeminate style of versification. The Brides' Tragedy transcends, in the quality of its rhythm and metrical harmony, the Doge of Venice and Mirandola; just as much as it does Fazio, and the other dramas which con-

form to the rules of genuine English heroic verse, in the energy of its language, the power of its sentiments, and the boldness of its imagery,—that is, incalculably. The impassioned sublimity of this speech of Hesperus is a nearer approach to the vein of our dramatic school of tragedy, than I can recognize in either the rhetoric or poetic:—

Hail, shrine of blood, &c. o

There is a good deal of extravagance here, a good deal of hyperbolical rambling; the luxuriant growth of a fancy which maturer judgment will restrain. The author appears, also, to be making too evident a set at sublimity in this passage; it begins too designedly in the established form of solemnific invocation, and runs too long a gauntlet of second-person pronouns, the rhapsodist's right hand monosyllable, time immemorial. Nevertheless, it betrays a mind in which the rudiments of tragic power are, to my eyes, eminently conspicuous,—tragic powers of the very highest order. I have frequently mentioned the *os magna sonans;* this is the first great qualification for a tragedist, and this qualification the author of The Brides' Tragedy most undeniably possesses. Nay, more: considering the *os magna* as a quality as well as a qualification, there is one species of it *only* which is peculiar to tragedy; that which is proper to epic poetry is essentially different from this. But the *rara avis* among dramatists, is he who possesses the tragic species and not the epic; for any one conversant with the English stage from Shakespeare downwards, will easily perceive that almost all our dramatic writers mistake the *epic* for the *tragic* vein of magniloquence;* now, the author of The Brides' Tragedy is a *rara avis* of this kind. Otway's hollow

* Compare Lady Macbeth's first and second soliloquies, with Zanga's first and last-*speeches*, as instances of this.

heroic, Lee's loud bombast, and Young's elaborate grandiloquence, though they may all be species of the *os sonans*, are none of them of that species proper to tragedy, which can be defined mentally, not verbally, but which may be said to be chiefly differenced and distinguished by *passion*, by being more dependent on sense than sound, on the things presented to the fancy than on the words bruited to the ear. It is from the appearance of this qualification in the author of The Brides' Tragedy, that I would anticipate, with an expectation perhaps too sanguine, a better and more genuine tragedy from his pen than Venice Preserved, Theodosius, or the Revenge, which are all formed on the erroneous and epic principle. His tragedy is certainly a most singular and unexpected production, for this age; exhibiting, as it does, this peculiar knack in the author for the genuine *os* of the stage. After all the abuse my conscience has compelled me to pour forth on the plotlessness, still-life, puling effutiation, poetry, and prose-poetry of modern plays, it is grateful to my heart to acknowledge that this first great quality of legitimate drama is broad upon the surface of The Brides' Tragedy. I am almost tempted to confess, after the perusal of our Minor's poem, that I have been premature in pronouncing the decline of English poetry from the Byronian epoch: and to express my confidence that tragedy has again put forth a scion worthy of the stock from which Shakspeare and Marlow sprung. But whilst I pay this cordial tribute of admiration to our author's genius, and indulge in this prospect of his eventual success as a dramatist, I cannot help avowing my fears that he is deficient in some qualifications, which, although not as splendid, are just as necessary to complete a tragedist, as that *one* which I have unreservedly allowed him. The *os magna*, alone, will not do; even that which is not epic or lyric, but strictly dramatic. He exhi-

bits no skill in dialogue. He displays no power whatever in delineation of character. If it were possible, speaking of works of this kind, to make a distinction between the *vis tragica* and the *vis dramatica*, I should say that he possessed much of the former, but little of the latter. The energy, passion, terribility, and sublime eloquence of the stage, he appears perfectly competent to: his facilities in the artful developement of story, the contrastment and individualization of characters, the composition of effective dialogue, the management of incidents, scenes, and situations, &c. are as yet *under the bushel*, if their non-appearance in his tragedy be not a proof-presumptive of their non-existence in his mind. In a word, The Brides' Tragedy does not exhibit any faculty in the author of representing or imitating human life in a connected series of well-ordered scenes, characters, and dialogues; but it exhibits that qualification of mind, which, if it informed such a ready-made series, would render it not only a mere work of genius, but a work of legitimate dramatic genius, an effective tragedy. We must, however, take off the edge of these exceptions to our author's flexibility of genius, by the recollection of two facts. First, that his tragedy was written premeditatedly for the closet, and not for the stage; hence poetic tragedy, more than dramatic, was his object. Secondly he is a "minor." With the hope that he *will* devote himself to the stage, and with the expectations that increasing years will multiply his dramatic powers which are now apparently confined to one, I conclude my observations on his work."* *London Magazine, Dec.* 1823.

* It may be necessary, perhaps, for me to disavow all intimacy with the author of The Brides' Tragedy, his family, friends, or acquaintance. I was not even educated at the same university with him, nor do I personally know any one who was.

I. L.

NOTES.

Page 103. The dramatic fragment, which the editor has entitled "*Lovers' Identity*," is apparently a very juvenile composition; being in the author's early handwriting, and found with other juvenilia, in a note-book belonging to him at Charter-House.

Page 106. No. VI. Evidently a boyish composition,—written in a very unformed character.

Pages 107-116. All these dramatic fragments, taken from another and later note-book and printed exactly as they there stand, belong to the author's college period; those which follow were written subsequently, and such of them, as were apparently intended for insertion in the "*Death's Jest-Book*," are here distinguished by the letters D. J. B.

Page 133. *Alfarabi.* This also is a juvenile composition, and is inserted in the collection, as indicating at what an early period Beddoes acquired freedom of style and command of language, and how apparent even then, amid his boyish mock-heroics, was the imposing character of his mind, loftily rising from the merely sportive, as a stratum of rock pushes nakedly up through the surface of lower vegetation.

Page 140. *The Romance of the Lily* was given by Beddoes to the editor of "*the Album*," a quarterly magazine published by Andrews of Bond Street, and appeared in its 6th No. (August 1823) with a few words of introduction from the editor of that extinct periodical, and a note of the author's appended. Both introduction and note are here reprinted.

Introduction. "The following poem is from the pen of a young author of great promise and rising fame. He has begged us to withhold his name, 'being unwilling,' he says, 'to risk any notice he may have gained, on so trifling a production as the Romance of the Lily.' The epithet 'trifling' may be applicable to the piece with reference to its length, but we are confident our readers will not deem it so on the score of merit. We think that, in more than one passage of wildness and original beauty, they will be reminded of Mr. Shelley."

Note. The following narrative is given by Meric Casaubon, as an extract from the diary of a friend, (perhaps his father, for his expression is, my F.) who seems to have heard it related by Bishop Andrewes—

"Kalend. August. Narrabat hodie mihi rem miram, Reverendiss. Præsul, Dom. Episcop. Eliensis: quam ille, acceptam auribus suis a teste oculato et auctore, credebat esse verissimam. Est vicus in urbe Londino, qui dicitur, vicus Longobardorum. In eo vico parœcia est, et ædes parœcialis, in quâ fuit Presbyter, homo summæ fidei et notæ pietatis. . . . An. 1563, quo anno si unquam aliàs, pestis grassata est per hanc urbem Londinum. Narravit igitur hic parochus et passim aliis, et ipsi quoque Dom. Episcopo, sibi hoc accidisse. Erat illi amicus in suâ parœciâ insignis, vir, ut omnes existimabant, probus et pius. Ille, peste correptus, advocavit presbyterum illum amicum suum; qui et ægrotanti afficit, et vidit morientem, nec deseruit nisi mortuum; ita demum repetiit domum suam. Post horas satis multas a morte hujus, cum ipse pro mortuo esset relictus in cubiculo; uxor illius idem cubiculum est ingressa, ut ex arcâ promeret lodicem, ut est moris. Ingressa, audit hanc vocem, operi intenta; 'Quis hic est?' Terreri illa, et velle egredi, sed auditur iterum vox illa; 'Quis hic est?' Ac tandem

comperto esse mariti vocem, accedit ad illum;—'quid,' ait, 'Marite; tu igitur mortuus non es? Et nos te pro mortuo compositum deserueramus.' 'Ego vero,' respondit ille, 'verè mortuus fui; sed ita Deo visum ut anima mea rediret ad corpus. Sed tu uxor,' ait, 'si quid habes cibi parati, da mihi; esurio enim.' Dixit illa vervecinam habere se, pullum gallinaceum, et nescio quid aliud: sed omnia incocta, quæ brevi esset paratura. 'Ego,' ait ille, 'moram non fero; panem habes,' ait, 'et caseum?' Quum annuisset, atque petiisset afferri, comedit, spectante uxore: deinde advocato Presbytero, et jussis exire e cubiculo omnibus qui aderant: narrat illi hoc. 'Ego,' ait, 'vere mortuus fui; sed jussa est anima redire ad suum corpus, ut scelus apperiram ore meo, manibus meis admissum, de quo unquam cuiquam nota est suspicio. Priorem namque uxorem meam ipse occidi manibus meis, tanta vafritie, ut omnes res lateret.' Deinde modum perpetrati sceleris exposuit; nec ita multo post expiravit, et *vere tum mortuus est*.

The naiveté of this narration is well followed up by Meric's assuring the reader that there is no absolute necessity for making it 'an article of his faith: yet,' says he, 'I thought them very probable, because believed by such a man.' For this singular instance of believing by proxy, see Casaubon's preface to 'A true and faithful relation of what passed for many years between Dr. John Dee and some spirits.' Folio, 1659."

Page 168. Letter from Oxford.

"The mathematic picture, near your fire."

A fine portrait by Giorgione, much valued by its owner.

Page 171. "The Boding Dreams," and "The Reason Why," with the connecting blank verse at p. 119, were substituted by the author for the opening dialogue of the 3rd

scene of the 1st Act of Death's Jest-Book, which however the editor was unwilling to displace.

Page 174. The piece entitled "Love's Last Messages" appeared in the Athenæum of July, 1832, unknown to the author, who, on being complimented about it by a correspondent, replied that he "imagined he had burnt the only copy some years ago in Göttingen."

Page 180. This "bridal serenade," is the song expunged from Death's Jest-Book, as too "Moorish."

CORRIGENDA.

Page 15. The 5th line of the song should have been

In the mead, nightingale-nested.

Death's Jest-Book, p. 88, after "Pythagoras" insert "had."

Same, pp. 135 and 140, for "beacons fixed" read "beacons fired."

END OF VOL. I.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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